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THE

WORKS OF

EDM. SPENSER

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER

VOL. I.

BICKERS AND SON

1873

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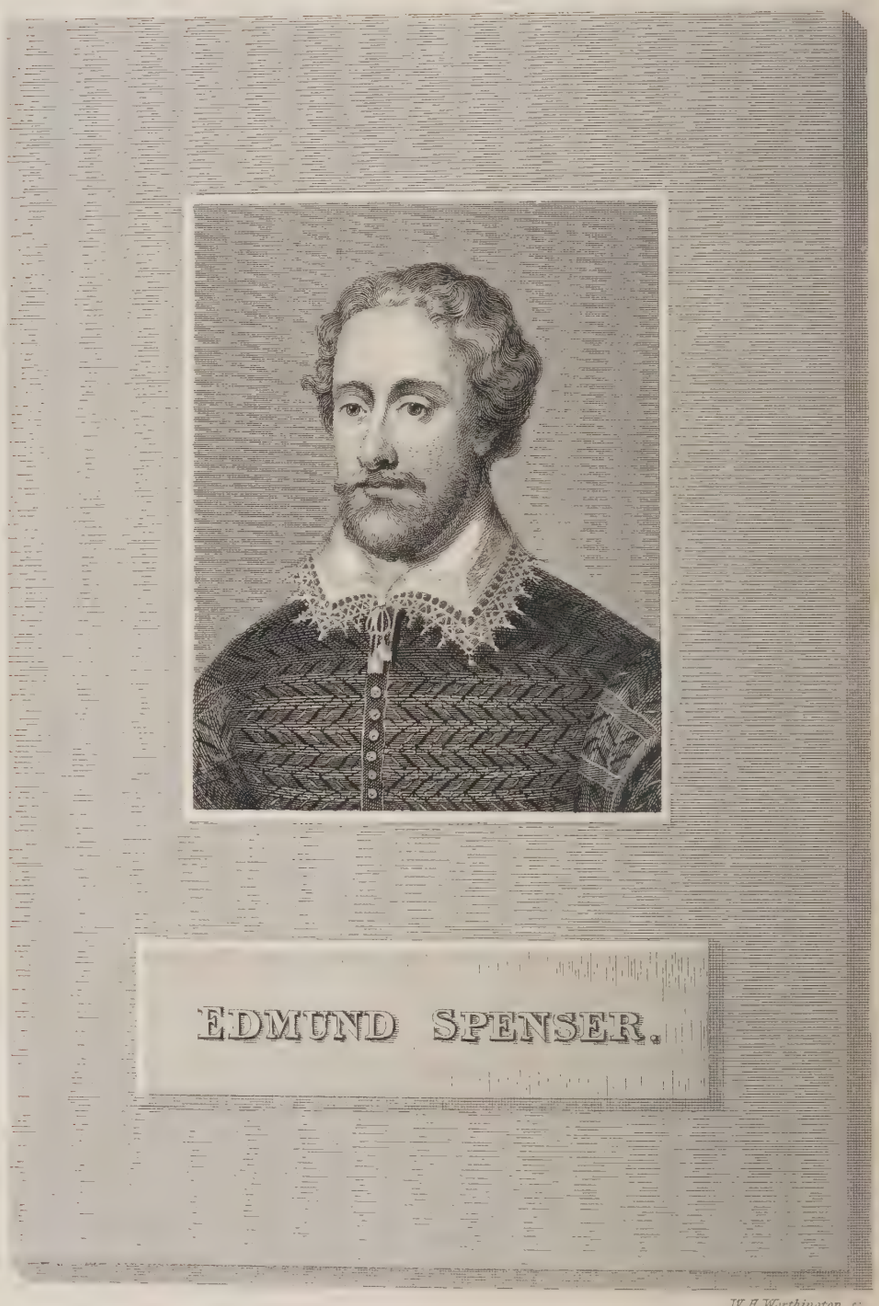
THE

WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. I.



EDMUND SPENSER.

W. H. Worthington sc

THE WORKS OF

Edmund Spenser

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

VOL. I.

LONDON
BICKERS AND SON 1 LEICESTER SQUARE
1873

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PREFACE.

IT was my intention to have dedicated this edition of Spenſer's Works to the late Lord Chancellor Campbell; but ſudden death defeated what was my long-entertained purpoſe, and what, I may now ſtate, had been his Lordſhip's kindly expreſſed deſire: in no other reſpect had I ever indulged any expectation; for, although honoured with his Lordſhip's acquaintance for more than fifty years, I never received, nor aſked any favour at his hands, beyond the continuance of our early, and then more equal, friendſhip.[a] It is well known, from

[a] In the courſe of converſation, not a few years ago, his Lordſhip more than hinted that it might be poſſible to procure for me an appointment connected with the County Courts; but I at once put a negative upon the matter, on the ground that I had long ceaſed to attend in my place as a barriſter, and that during the interval the practice of the law in many important particulars had been altered and improved. As far back as 1832, for different though ſtill profeſſional reaſons, I had

ſeveral paſſages in Lord Campbell's writings, that one of his moſt earneſt aſpirations was that his name ſhould be connected with polite letters, as well as with abſtruſe law; and when he became aware that I had ſomewhat advanced in the preſent undertaking, he, with much delicacy, intimated a wiſh, if the work had no other deſtination, that it ſhould be inſcribed to him. His Lordſhip's formal permiſſion, however, bears date only a comparatively ſhort time before his deceaſe.

In the five volumes now in the hands of the reader, I may be permitted to ſay, that attention has been moſt of all, and very anxiouſly, directed to the purity and accuracy of Spenſer's text. I ſhall preſently, and with great brevity, ſhow in what degree this firſt duty of an editor has hitherto been neglected or diſcharged. With a view to attainable fidelity I have not omitted to conſult,

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declined the office of ſtipendiary magiſtrate; and in 1848 or 1849 I requeſted Lord Campbell not to interpoſe in my behalf with a view to ſuch duties. I was then Secretary to the Commiſſion on the Britiſh Muſeum, and had finally, and I fear unwiſely, devoted myſelf to literature. I only mention theſe particulars to ſhow that while his Lordſhip, for ſeveral of his "Lives of the Chancellors," was drawing upon my ſmall reſources, he was not unmindful of a more than due return. I am aware that in other inſtances he was ſuppoſed to have been negligent of the claims of individuals from whom he had derived, perhaps over-eſtimated, information and aſſiſtance. I may be allowed to add that Lord Campbell made me the medium through which his biographical labours originally reached the public.

and indeed to collate, every old impreſſion from the year 1579, when "The Shepherds Calendar" was firſt publiſhed, to the year 1679, when the laſt of the early impreſſions of Spenſer's Poems made its appearance. For the original language of the poet, I was, of courſe, mainly indebted to the two iſſues of "The Fairy Queen;" the firſt three books in 1590, and the whole ſix books in 1596: to theſe authorities I have endeavoured to make my reprint minutely conform.

How faulty the late Rev. H. J. Todd was in this particular may be illuſtrated by a few proofs out of many. His edition of "The Works of Edmund Spenſer" appeared in 1805, and has long been out of print: his text has ſince been almoſt univerſally followed; the only exception, I believe, being an impreſſion, in five vols. 12mo. publiſhed at Boſton, U. S. in 1855, under the care of Profeſſor F. J. Child of Harvard College, Maſſachuſetts. This able and well-inſtructed editor alſo made Todd's text the groundwork of his own, but with various judicious corrections derived from early ſources. For inſtance, Todd ſo miſprinted a line in Book IV. Canto vii. St. 47, (vol. iii. p. 209), as directly to contradict the meaning of the poet: he gave the paſſage,—

> "Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
> Ne ought mote *ceaſe to* mitigate his paine;"

when the laſt line ought to run—

" Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his paine."

Todd's corruption is not warranted by any of the old copies, not even by the folio 1611, by which in ſome other places he was miſled. Here Profeſſor Child avoided the blunder, probably by reference to the edition in 4to. 1596, to which he ſeems to have reſorted. Such, however, was not the caſe with a ſmall, but ſtill an important, miſtake in Canto ix. St. 23, of the ſame Book (vol. iii. p. 241), which miſtake Todd twice repeated elſewhere, and it has been adopted by all ſubſequent editors. The poet, in a ſimile, repreſents Æolus as diſplaying his wrath againſt Neptune for depriving him of his miſtreſs :—

" As when Dan Æolus, in great diſpleaſure
For loſſe of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threaſure,
Upon the Sea to wreake his *full* intent."

So ſtands the paſſage in Todd, and ſo it is repeated in every modern impreſſion, although in every old one the laſt line, as may be eaſily imagined, is given as follows :—

" Upon the ſea to wreake his fell intent."

In another place we have "*full* revenge" for "fell revenge;" but there the folio 1611, upon which Todd too much relied, was to blame. The third repetition by Todd of *full* for "fell," (B. v.

C. v. St. 5; vol. iii. p. 374), however, may ſerve to ſhow that it was not a mere typographical error; and ſuch could hardly have been the fact when, in Book v. Canto v. St. 31, (vol. iii. p. 383), Todd printed "*feareful* mayd," inſtead of "faithfull mayd," a change which entirely perverts the ſenſe of the poet. The ſame may be ſaid of *boaſt* for "hoaſt," in "The Ruins of Time," (vol. iv. p. 299), but in this inſtance the compoſitor moſt likely miſtook.

We might bring forward various other evidences of Todd's want of care, not want of competence; and he ſets out, in his very firſt page, with a corruption, which he would aſſuredly have avoided, had he gone for his text to editions earlier than that of 1611. Spenſer, in the introductory lines to his "Shepherds Calendar," (vol. i. p. 2), addreſſes Sir Philip Sidney as—

"the preſident
Of nobleſſe and of chevalree,"

which Todd, and every editor, from firſt to laſt after the 4to. 1591, alter to—

Of *nobleneſſe* and chevalree,

rejecting a word ſanctioned by Shakeſpeare, Drayton, Daniel, and by many other writers of their day, beſides ſacrificing the poet's elegance of expreſſion in repeating the prepoſition.[b] The

[b] In the ſame way *idleneſſe* was not unfrequently abbreviated

true text is contained in the impreſſions of "The Shepherds Calendar" of 1579, 1581, and 1586, and ſuch we are bound to preſerve it. Todd's re-impreſſion of E. Kirke's notes to the laſt-named production, as they imperfectly ſtand in the folio 1611, led him into ſeveral abſurdities, which he would have eſcaped had he gone to better authority. The careleſs omiſſion of connecting words, and other miſprints, have made nonſenſe of ſome remarkable paſſages.

For theſe I muſt be content to refer the reader to the notes at the foot of each page; obſerving, with reference to the general body of ſuch illuſtrations in our volumes, that whenever I have been indebted to preceding editors, I have added their names, and have only ſubjoined the initial C. to ſuch new matter as appeared to require the acknowledgment of my own reſponſibility. I have been anxious not to appropriate a line, or even a word, that belonged to others; and if in any inſtance I have not aſſigned to the right owner what is unqueſtionably his due, it has ariſen from accident or inadvertence.[c]

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to "idleſſe;" as in Spenſer's line, Book VI. Canto ii. St. 31, (vol. iv. p. 69), though Todd, and all others after him, in oppoſition to the old copies, and to the plain requirements of the metre, printed *idleneſſe*, making it a word of three, inſtead of a word of two ſyllables.

[c] How ſcrupulous I have been in avoiding the introduction of

It will be obvious to thoſe who read it, that the biography of Spenſer, and the proper elucidation of it by reference to his own works or to thoſe of authors of the time, has coſt me conſiderable labour and reſearch. As regards facts my induſtry has not been altogether unrewarded, for I have been fortunate enough to diſcover ſeveral points that are either entirely new, or have only been gueſſed at by perſons who have hitherto written the Life of the poet. Thus, as to the laſt, it was ſpeculated upon by Chalmers, that Spenſer had had a wife before his avowed marriage about 1594,

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my own or any other ſpeculative changes in the text may be ſeen from the courſe I purſued regarding a paſſage in "Colin Clout's come Home again," vol. v. p. 53, where the poet, applauding Queen Eliſabeth, ſays,—

> "Her deeds are like great gluſters of ripe grapes,
> Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine."

Here "bunches" may be, but can hardly be, what the poet wrote, becauſe the "gluſters" (or *cluſters*, as we now ſpell the word) are in fact the "bunches," and cluſters of grapes do not load the "bunches," but the *branches* of "the fruitfull vine." I would therefore read:—

> "Her deeds are like great gluſters of ripe grapes
> That load the *branches* of the fruitfull vine."

This alteration only ſuppoſes that the old compoſitor miſread *branches* "bunches," which is much more probable, than that Spenſer ſhould have written that the cluſters loaded the cluſters, *i. e.* the "bunches." I have, however, left the original text unamended, partly from diffidence in my own judgment, ſeeing that no editor or critic, however aſtute and ſhrewd, has yet been ſtruck by the faultineſs of the paſſage. My note *ad l.* merely gives my individual opinion on the point.

while Todd ſtrenuouſly denied the poſition. Neither of them adduced a particle of evidence; but, on the other hand, with the aid of a zealous friend, I was lucky enough to find, in a pariſh regiſter of the year 1587, belonging to a church near which our poet and many of his connections muſt have reſided, an entry recording that Edmund Spenſer, (then a very unuſual combination,) in Auguſt of the year I have mentioned, had a daughter baptized Florence,—a name that for various reaſons our poet was likely to have choſen. If Edmund Spenſer had a daughter in 1587, in all probability he had a wife, though when and where he was married ſtill remains to be diſcovered.

Paſſing over minor matters, it may alſo be remarked, that authors have diſputed whether our poet really died in poverty ſo extreme, that the Earl of Eſſex ſent him a ſmall ſum of money to relieve his immediate wants, which ſum Spenſer returned, declaring that it came too late to be of any uſe. This fact has hitherto depended upon the authority of Ben Jonſon, in a Converſation with Drummond of Hawthornden; but I have been able to prove, by an extract from a contemporary production in verſe (poem it can hardly deſerve to be called) that the whole ſtory is true to the very letter. Again, much diſcuſſion has been carried on during the laſt century on the queſtion whether Spenſer ever finiſhed his great work? ſome

perſons contending that the concluſion of "The Fairy Queen" had been burned by the Iriſh rebels at Kilcolman; and others, that it was loſt in St. George's Channel: a third ſet of diſputants have inſiſted that it never had any exiſtence. That the laſt is unqueſtionably the true ſtate of the caſe I have eſtabliſhed by the teſtimony of a new witneſs, who was a popular author at the time of Spenſer's death, who continued a favourite poet and pamphleteer far into the ſeventeenth century, and who could not have been ignorant of the incompleteneſs of "The Fairy Queen," whether in print or in manuſcript, at the date when its author expired.

The Stationers' Regiſters have hitherto been too much neglected by biographers and critics as a ſource of information regarding Spenſer and his productions. I do not mean that theſe curious records have not been referred to and quoted; but when quoted the extract was often inaccurately made, and in ſome caſes the entries of particular and important works were altogether overlooked.[d]

[d] I have myſelf failed to mention, in its proper place, an entry in the Stationers' Regiſters that may have related, and probably did relate, to one of our poet's earlier efforts. Under the date of 1 July, 1587, we find Thomas Orwyn producing to the Clerk of the Stationers' Company a book called "The Complaint of Time." Now, in 1591 Ponſonby publiſhed Spenſer's "*Complaints*," the firſt poem in which is called "The Ruins of *Time*," while "Virgil's Gnat," the third piece in the volume, is expreſſly ſtated to have been "long ſince dedicated" to the

For example, and it is the only proof of the ſort I ſhall think it neceſſary here to adduce, much debate has ariſen reſpecting Spenſer's "View of the State of Ireland," why it was ſo frequently multiplied in manuſcript, and why it never was printed? Certainly, no copy in type has yet been heard of: if it were printed about the year 1598, it muſt have been rigidly and effectually ſuppreſſed; but at all events I have eſtabliſhed from the Stationers' Regiſters, for the firſt time, that in April of the year laſt named there was an intention to print it, and that it was to have been publiſhed, if farther authority for it could be procured, by the bookſeller who had ſucceeded to Ponſonby's property in all Spenſer's copyrights.

J. P. C.

Earl of Leiceſter, and the ſixth piece, "Muiopotmos," is dated 1590, all the others being of 1591. My notion, if not my belief, therefore is, that ſome of the nine performances publiſhed by Ponſonby under the title of "Complaints," in 1591, had been already printed in 1587, and entered by Orwyn in that year under the general title of "The Complaint of Time." This partial explanation of a difficulty, that has preſented itſelf to all Spenſer's modern editors, did not occur to me, until, in July 1861, I was preparing a ſeries of articles on the Regiſters at Stationers' Hall for "Notes and Queries."

THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER, the author of "The Faerie Queene" and of the other works, in verſe and proſe, contained in the enſuing volumes, was born in 1552, twelve years earlier than Shakeſpeare. It has been uſual to fix this event in 1553; but Spenſer himſelf tells us, in the ſixtieth ſonnet of his "Amoretti," printed in 1595, entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and, in all probability, written at the cloſe of 1593, that he had already completed his fortieth year. His birth is thus carried back to 1552.[a]

Although he was unqueſtionably born in London, a

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[a] For Spenſer's ſixtieth ſonnet, ſee vol. v. p. 146. He tells the lady whom he was then addreſſing, that the year of his courtſhip, juſt ended, appeared to him longer

"Than all thoſe forty which my life outwent."

See Profeſſor Craik's "Spenſer, and his Poetry," 3 vols. 12mo. 1845, vol. iii. p. 229:—"This was in the end of the year 1593, ſo that he would appear to have been born in 1552." See alſo Profeſſor Child's "Memoir of Spenſer," prefixed to his edition of the Poems, 5 vols. 12mo. Boſton, 1855:—"The ſixty-eighth ſonnet was written on Eaſter Sunday; the ſixty-ſecond on the 1ſt of January; the fourth alſo, on the firſt day of the year: we conclude, therefore, that the ſonnets from the fourth to the ſixty-ſecond, were compoſed in the year 1593, and the ſixtieth toward the end of the year. . . . If then the poet were forty-one years old, it would appear that he was born in 1552."

point to which we ſhall more particularly advert preſently, there is ſome reaſon to think that he may have ſpent his youth in Warwickſhire, and that his father was reſident in that county in 1569:[b] an Edmund Spenſer, who may have been the poet's father, is mentioned, in the muſter-book of the Hundred, as an inhabitant of Kingſbury. We do not at that date find the name of Edmund, in connection with Spenſer, in any other family of the ſame name; and, ſince it is not at all known where the poet received his early education, we truſt we may be allowed to conjecture that it was in the county which gave birth to Shakeſpeare. In his ſeventeenth year Spenſer was ſent to the Univerſity of Cambridge, having been admitted, as the College records teſtify, a ſizar of Pembroke Hall on 20th May, 1569.[c]

By this date he could hardly have become acquainted with Shakeſpeare; but the fact that Spenſer had paſſed his youth in Warwickſhire may afterwards have led him to return there, or to cultivate the friendſhip of diſtinguiſhed men from that county;[d] and it is matter of

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[b] See the "Life of Shakeſpeare," prefixed to the edition of his Works, 6 vols. 8vo. publiſhed by Whittaker and Co. in 1858, vol. i. p. 95. An opinion is alſo there given that Spenſer muſt have been born before 1553.

[c] This fact, and the dates when Spenſer took the degrees of Bachelor and Maſter, we believe, were originally aſcertained by the Rev. Dr. Farmer, author of the "Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare," 8vo. 1766: they are confirmed by G. Chalmers in his "Supplemental Apology," &c. 8vo. 1797, p. 23.

[d] Several eminent literary men of that day were from Warwickſhire, ſuch as Drayton and Thomas Greene; while Daniel, though not a Warwickſhire man, fell in love with a Warwickſhire lady, which (together, perhaps, with Shakeſpeare's riſing reputation) made him thus celebrate the Avon in his "Delia," 4to. 1592:—

"No, no, my verſe reſpects nor Thames, nor theaters,
Nor ſeekes it to be knowne unto the great,
But Avon, rich in fame though poore in waters,
Shall have my ſong, where Delia hath her ſeate."
(Sign. G, 4 b.)

not unintereſting ſpeculation, whether an intimacy may not thus have been commenced between our great poet of real life, and our great poet of romantic fiction, which led Shakeſpeare ſo feelingly to lament the death of Spenſer in his "Midſummer Night's Dream;" and Spenſer, ſo zealouſly to applaud Shakeſpeare, almoſt by name, in more than one of his memorable productions.[e] On this diſputed ſubject we ſhall neceſſarily be called upon to ſay more hereafter.

Wherever Spenſer may have paſſed his youth, and been educated, whether at Kingſbury, in London, or elſewhere, we have it on his own aſſertion, in one of the laſt ſeparate poems he ever wrote, that he was born in the metropolis, though he does not inform us in what part of it:—

The Burbadges, and ſome other famous actors of the time, were alſo from Warwickſhire. Wood tells us (*Ath. Oxon.* i. p. 765, edit. Bliſs) that William Warner, author of "Albion's England," 4to. 1586, was "a Warwickſhire man:" A. Chalmers, on the other hand, aſſerts (Biogr. Dict. xxxi. p. 165) that Warner was "a native of Oxfordſhire." How little they attended to his works is ſhown by the fact that, like Spenſer, he himſelf informs us, in ch. 62, that he "firſt breathed the air in London." Elſewhere he gives the very year of his birth, at which Ellis (*Specimens*, ii. 297) only gueſſed, viz. 1558. Warner's "Albion's England" went through many re-impreſſions: we quote from that of 1602, p. 272.

[e] Spenſer had died only the year before "Midſummer Night's Dream" was printed, though it had been acted ſeveral ſeaſons earlier. We are fully perſuaded that the couplet, in Act v. Sc. 1,—

> "The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,—

had reference to the death of Spenſer, in grief and poverty, in the January preceding. On the revival of plays, it was very common to make inſertions of new matter eſpecially adapted to the time; and this, we apprehend, was one of the additions made by Shakeſpeare ſhortly before his drama was publiſhed in 1600. For Spenſer's alluſions to, and applauſe of, Shakeſpeare, ſee his "Tears of the Muſes" (the "thrice three Muſes") vol. iv. p. 335; and "Colin Clout's come Home again," vol. v. p. 48. Shakeſpeare had a brother Edmund, born in 1580, but the probability is that he was ſo baptized after Edmund Lambert. See the *Life of Shakeſpeare* (Whittaker and Co. 1858), vol. i. p. 59.

"At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my moſt kyndly Nurſe,
That to me gave this Life's firſt native ſourſe,
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of auncient fame." [f]

This paſſage has, neceſſarily, been cited or referred to by all the biographers of Spenſer; and they have juſtly conſidered it ſo decided and unequivocal, that ſome of them have paſſed over, without due notice, the teſtimony of Camden, who, giving an account of the unhappy death of the author of "The Faerie Queene," twice over ſtates that he was "a Londoner." [g] Camden was himſelf born in the Old Bailey, the year before Spenſer, and may have felt ſome pride in recording that he was a townſman. We ſubjoin, in a note, the whole of what he ſays of the poet in his "Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth," in the obituary for the year 1598-9, although it anticipates various points requiring future notice: to theſe we ſhall recur at the proper time.

Camden ſays nothing of the poet's immediate family, nor of the "houſe of ancient fame," from which, in other places and at earlier dates, Spenſer (perhaps more fre-

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[f] "Prothalamion," printed in 1596, and probably written early in that year. See vol. v. p. 261.

[g] See "Hiſtory of England," by Kennett, vol. ii. p. 612, edit. 1719. Camden, having ſpoken of the deaths of Doctors Stapleton and Cozens, thus proceeds:—

"The laſt was Edmund Spenſer, born at London, and a ſtudent in Cambridge, who had ſo happy a genius for poetry that he outwent all the poets before him, not excepting his fellow-Londoner, Chaucer himſelf; but, through a fate common to that fraternity, he was always poor, though he had been ſecretary to the Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland. For he had ſcarce fixed himſelf in his new retirement, and had got a little leiſure to purſue his ſtudies, but the rebels rifled and threw him out of houſe and home, ſo that he returned to England in a bare condition, where he died not long after, and was interred in Weſtminſter, not far from Chaucer, at the Earl of Eſſex's charge. His hearſe was attended by the gentlemen of his faculty, who caſt into his tomb ſome funeral elegies, and the pens they were wrote with."

quently and vauntingly than became his own pre-eminence) claimed to have been deſcended. This "houſe" was that of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, and our poet alludes to it again in his "Muiopotmos," ſpecially dated 1590, though publiſhed in a collection called "Complaints" in 1591; in his "Tears of the Muſes," of the later year; and in his "Proſopopoia, or Mother Hubberd's Tale," alſo of 1591. Theſe three productions are ſeverally dedicated to as many of the daughters of Sir John; and there Spenſer mentions his "kindred" and affinity to the "houſe of ancient fame" of which they were ornaments,[h] and we have no reaſon to believe that they in any way diſowned or ſlighted the relationſhip. On the contrary, we may hope and believe that they were proud of a connection with the author of the then juſt publiſhed "Faerie Queene," the beſt, if not the moſt popular, production of the kind that had appeared in any language. By his "Colin Clout's come Home again" (which was not printed until 1595, although the inſcription of it to Sir Walter Raleigh bears date at the cloſe of 1591) it is clear that theſe ladies, Carey, Compton, and Strange, had ſhown no indiſpoſition to welcome the tribute of their poet; and he eſpecially praiſes them under the names of "Phillis, Charillis, and ſweet Amarillis," at the ſame time repeating his aſſertion that he was a member of their family.[i]

This relationſhip, however diſtant and although Spenſer did not ſpell his name preciſely in the ſame way, makes it ſingular that we ſhould know ſo little about his

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[h] See vol. iv. pp. 325, 383, 455.

[i] The whole paſſage, laudatory of the three ſiſters, may be ſeen in vol. v. p. 51, where he terms them—

> "The honor of the noble familie,
> Of which I meaneſt boaſt my ſelfe to be."

immediate origin. We can do no more than conjecture the Chriſtian name of his father, and of his mother the ſurname has never been aſcertained; that her firſt name was Elizabeth, we learn from the ſeventy-fourth ſonnet of his "Amoretti;" but to what rank of life ſhe belonged, or where her family reſided, not the ſlighteſt hint is given. In the ſonnet referred to, Spenſer rejoices that the Chriſtian name of the lady who, we apprehend, became his ſecond wife (he did not marry her until the firſt three books of the "Faerie Queene" had been about four years publiſhed) was the ſame as that of the Queen, and of his mother: he is ſpeaking of the "moſt happy letters" forming "Elizabeth," and belonging to three perſons eſpecially dear to him:—

> "The firſt my being to me gave by kind,
> From mother's womb deriv'd by dew deſcent;
> The ſecond is my ſovereigne Queene moſt kind,
> That honour and large richeſſe to me lent:
> The third my love, my lives laſt ornament,
> By whom my ſpirit out of duſt was rayſed," &c.
>
> Vol. v. p. 154.

Preſuming, as there is ſome reaſon to believe, that his father's names were like his own, and his mother's Chriſtian name certainly Elizabeth, we may likewiſe preſume that after their marriage they ſettled in London in the firſt inſtance, where their ſon Edmund Spenſer was born in 1552.[j] It has generally been too poſitively affirmed that this event took place in Eaſt Smithfield, near the Tower, then by no means a part of the metropolis uninhabited by perſons of rank and reſpectability; but this fact depends ſolely upon a manuſcript note, by a diſtinguiſhed biographical antiquary of the laſt century,

[j] He had a ſiſter, Sarah, but whether older or younger than himſelf does not clearly appear. He generouſly provided for her out of the "large richeſſe" that the Queen gave him in 1586, or not long afterwards, viz. the lands, &c. in the neighbourhood of Cork.

in a copy of a work in itſelf of little authority.[k] In oppoſition to this ſtatement, we may mention that all ſearch hitherto made, for an entry of the birth of Spenſer, in pariſh regiſters in that diſtrict of the town, has failed to obtain the required information.[l]

In the hope of procuring ſome clue to the marriage of the elder Edmund Spenſer, with his wife Elizabeth, or to the birth of their children, we carried our inveſtigations farther weſt; but, although we traced nothing, on thoſe points, that we thought might poſſibly have eſcaped a haſty examination, we were ſurpriſed to meet with a memorandum which, we have ſome reaſon to think, eſtabliſhes a fact in the poet's hiſtory that has never before been ſuſpected. Todd, and other biographers have argued that, when Edmund Spenſer married, about five years before his death, he was a bachelor.[m] Of this we entertain grave doubts, not merely becauſe it is unlikely that a man of ſuch a delicate and ſuſceptible mind would remain ſingle until he was more than forty, but becauſe, in the regiſters of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand (which have, often and often, been examined in the hope of diſcovering matters of the ſort), we met with an entry of the baptiſm of an infant, who is named Florence, and who is recorded as the daughter of Edmund Spenſer. It ſtands in the book, among the baptiſms for the year 1587, preciſely in this form:—

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[k] Oldys' MS. notes, in a copy of Winſtanley's "Lives of the moſt famous Engliſh Poets," 8vo. 1687.

[l] Mr. G. Chalmers formerly earneſtly promoted an examination of theſe records, when it was diſcovered either that they had not been kept, or that they had been deſtroyed by the great fire, excepting in a comparatively few inſtances: ſince then, inquiries of the ſame kind have been twice inſtituted, (once within the laſt few months, and with reference to this work,) but with ſimilarly unfavourable reſults.

[m] "That Spenſer was a bachelor before he was married to this perſon (his wife Elizabeth, celebrated in Book vi. C. 10, of the 'Faerie Queene') I am perſuaded," &c. Todd's *Life of Spenſer*, vol. i. p. cxii.

"26 Auguſt [1587]. Florenc Spenſer, the daughter of Edmond."[n]

That ſhe was a legitimate daughter we can hardly doubt, ſince nothing to the contrary (as was then uſually the caſe[o]) is ſtated on the face of the regiſter; and if the child had been baſe-born ſhe would probably have borne her mother's ſurname. We are to recollect alſo that St. Clement Danes was a moſt likely pariſh for Spenſer to reſide in; for there, at the bottom of what is ſtill called Eſſex Street, his young friend and patron, Robert Devereux, had a large manſion and gardens:[p] the Lords Grey of Wilton alſo lived in the ſame neighbourhood. Another circumſtance to be taken into account

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[n] Our firſt hint upon this curious point was derived from Mr. Peter Cunningham, and we have ſince ourſelves carefully examined the regiſtration, which is remarkable becauſe it omits the final *e* in "Florence." The ſurname of the father is always added to the Chriſtian name of the child: in the entries of the year preceding, we obſerved the baptiſm of the daughter, Elizabeth, of a man of conſiderable note in his day, Chidiock Tichbourne, who, it will be remembered, was executed, in the very year in which his child was born, for his ſhare in Babbington's conſpiracy: the Editor has a broadſide ballad by Deloney upon the event. Tichbourne was a poet and the friend of poets, though we never meet with his name in connection with Spenſer.

[o] As in the inſtance of *Edward* Shakeſpeare, the actor (a name new in our dramatic hiſtory) it is recorded, in the Regiſter of St. Giles, Cripplegate, that his child Edward was "baſe-born."—*Life of Shakeſpeare* (Whittaker and Co.), 1858, vol. i. p. 185.

[p] It was from this houſe that the Earl of Eſſex took his departure on 8th Feb., 1600-1, when he broke out into what was called "rebellion" againſt Elizabeth. The Regiſter of St. Clement Danes, under that date and two days afterwards, contains ſome remarkable entries upon the ſubject. We find there recorded the killing of Captain Owen Saliſbury, one of Eſſex's boldeſt and oldeſt retainers, and of a "footman" of the Earl of Southampton. Oppoſite their names the following ſingular note is placed, and it is a ſolitary example of the kind:—

"Theſe were ſlayn: ſadd and heavy day was the 8 of Feb: whereof thoſe two fyrſt named had no ſolemnity of buriall, ſave by tombling into the ground.—[A name is here illegibly eraſed] was ſlayn in —— ſtreet, but buryed in S[t.] Andrewes."

In the rebinding of the volume part of the note was cut away, but the unnamed ſtreet was in all probability Fleet Street. Owen Saliſbury had ſerved under Eſſex at Cadiz and in Ireland, if not in Flanders.

is the name given to the infant: Florence was not only ſuch a name as Spenſer, with his Italian and poetical aſſociations, would be likely to chooſe, but it was a name which had been long known in the family of the patron, with whom Spenſer, ſeven years before, had gone to Ireland in the capacity of ſecretary. Florence was the name of the wife of Edmund, Lord Grey of Wilton, who died in 1511, and we may well believe that it continued a favourite appellation during the next generations. Although nothing is added in the regiſter (as was ſometimes done) reſpecting the godfather or godmothers on the occaſion, it is not by any means impoſſible, that ſome of the Grey or Devereux family ſtood at the font as ſponſors for Florence Spenſer.

We are, therefore, ſtrongly of opinion that the poet was a huſband, and had a daughter in 1587, having married after his return to London with Arthur, Lord Grey, at the concluſion of his government of Ireland. The unexpected diſcovery of this entry, and the wiſh to ſhow how careleſſly theſe curious ſources of knowledge are often inſpected, have led us to anticipate a little what ought properly to come afterwards, and will be mentioned in its place in the progreſs of our memoir.

In order to aſcertain with our own eyes whether there really exiſts no record of the birth and baptiſm of an Edmund Spenſer, in the middle of the ſixteenth century, we have gone through the drudgery of turning over the leaves of very many church-regiſters, in different parts both of the town and country: excepting in the ſolitary inſtance juſt noticed, we have met with no memorandum of the kind relating to any *Edmund* Spenſer, during the whole fifty years which preceded the demiſe of Queen Elizabeth. Spenſer was not a very common name, but ſtill we have ſeen it in connection with Gabriel, Edward, and James, though never once preceded

by Edmund; and this fact of itſelf ſhows that the combination, Edmund Spenſer, was very unuſual. Of courſe, there are many ſuch ſources of information which it has not been in our power to inſpect; and it ſo happens that, in not a few caſes, as regards ſacred edifices within the limits of the City of London, the regiſters were deſtroyed by the great fire of 1666. It is to be recollected alſo that Spenſer was born not long after the keeping of ſuch documents was rendered imperative; and even then, years often elapſed before any great regularity in this reſpect was obſerved, or could be enforced.

We have ſurmiſed that the poet received the firſt part of his education in Warwickſhire; and in the ſame year that we hear of his father (as indeed he may have been) at Kingſbury, the ſon was removed, as we have ſtated, to Cambridge: ſo that the well-connected family was probably in circumſtances to enable them to defray the, then comparatively ſmall, charges of a college education for their ſon. Upon this queſtion we are entirely without poſitive information, and we never again learn, on the authority of the ſon, a ſingle word reſpecting his father, nor more, regarding his mother, than that her name was Elizabeth. Either Spenſer owed little to his parents, or he was ſomewhat remiſs in repaying what he owed. When he was matriculated at the Univerſity, on 20th May, 1569, he was in his ſeventeenth year; and he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts on 16th January, 1573, and proceeded Maſter of Arts on 26th June, 1576. We know that portions of "The Faerie Queene," under that name, were in exiſtence four years afterwards, and that Spenſer continued for ſome time to reſide at Cambridge; but that part of his great work which contains a grateful eulogium upon his *alma mater* (he expreſſly and affectionately calls Cambridge his "mother") was moſt likely not written until more than ten years after he had relinquiſhed

her foſtering care. It occurs in Book iv. Canto 11, of "The Faerie Queene," enumerating the rivers who attended the marriage of the Thames and Medway:—

> "Next theſe the plenteous Ouſe came far from land,
> By many a city and by many a towne;
> And many rivers taking under hand
> Into his waters as he paſſeth downe,
> The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.
> Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
> My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
> He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
> With many a gentle Muſe and many a learned wit."[q]

Spenſer would be purſuing his ſtudies at Cambridge in 1569, and we cannot agree with thoſe who are of opinion that, in the very ſame year, he interrupted them, and was employed by the Court to bring public diſpatches from Sir Henry Norris, the Queen's Ambaſſador in France, then at Tours. In order to have conveyed them to London, the meſſenger muſt, at ſome previous date, have quitted this country, or perhaps have been reſident with the Ambaſſador, in order to be in readineſs for the duty. It was certainly an Edmund Spenſer to whom the "letters," as they are called in the warrant,[r] were en-

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[q] See vol. iii. p. 284. This paſſage could hardly have been penned earlier than 1591 or 1592, unleſs we ſuppoſe it to have formed part of the *Epithalamion Thameſis*, ſpoken of by Spenſer in his letter to Gabriel Harvey of April, 1580. That poem may have been written in what is now called the Spenſerian ſtanza.

[r] The following are the words and letters of the entry in the office-book of the Treaſurer of the Queen's Chamber. We are indebted for it to the Shakeſpeare Society's publication of "Extracts from the Accounts of Revels at Court, in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I." (edited by Peter Cunningham, Eſq.), 8vo. 1842, Introd. p. xxx.:—

> "Payde upon a bill, ſigned by Mr. Secretarye, dated at Wyndſor, xviij° Octobris, 1569, to Edmonde Spencer, that broughte lettres to the Quene's Matie from Sir Henrye Norrys, knighte, her Ma^ts Embaſſador in Fraunce, beinge then at Towars in the ſayde Realme, for his charges the ſome of vj^li xiij^s iiij^d, over and beſydes ix^li preſted to hym by Sir Henrye Norrys." vj^li xiij^s iiij^d

truſted; and it ſeems to us more likely that the individual ſhould have been the father of our poet, although we do not hear from any other quarter, that he held any office under the Queen, or connection with the government. On the other hand, we have no information whatever as to the nature of his occupations at any time; but aſſuredly the youth of the ſon, if nothing elſe, would ſeem to diſqualify him for ſuch an important and confidential office. Gaſcoigne and Churchyard, it is true, were, ſeven years ſubſequently, employed in the ſame way, according to the ſame authority; but the firſt was an old ſoldier, as well as a poet, who died the year after the diſcharge of this duty; and the ſecond was a man much advanced in life, who had commenced authorſhip while Edward VI. was on the throne, although he outlived Elizabeth.[s] The Edmund Spenſer, named in the warrant may, without any wide ſtretch of conjecture, have

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"Preſted" means that 9*l.* had been advanced, or lent, in *ready* money, and the whole ſum of 15*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* would be at leaſt equal to 75*l.* at preſent.

[s] It will not here be out of place to ſhow the terms in which Gaſcoigne and Churchyard are ſpoken of in the office-book of the ſame Treaſurer of the Queen's Chamber. It will be remarked that they are called "gentlemen," while no ſuch addition is made to the name of Edmonde Spencer.

"Paid upon a warrant ſigned by Mr. Secretaire Walſingham, dated at Hampton Court xxj° Novembr. 1576, to George Gaſcoigne, gent. for bringinge of Lettres in poſt for her Maties affaires frome Andwarpe to Hampton Courte . . . . xx^li

"Paid upon a warrant ſigned by Mr. Secretarie Walſingham, dated at Hampton Courte 16 January 1576, to Thomas Churcheyarde, gent. for carrying of Lettres in poſt for her Maties affaires to Mr Edward Horſey, and Mr. doctor Wilſon in the Lowe Contries, thone beinge at Marſhe in Luxemburghe, and the other at Bruxells or els where . . . . . xviij^li"

CUNNINGHAM'S *Revels Accounts*, Introd. p. xxxi.

In the next year Churchyard received 12*l.* for bringing letters from Dr. Wilſon at Bruſſels, but his name does not occur again.

been the father of the poet, who, by the reaſon of his family connection with Sir John Spencer, poſſibly obtained the ſituation of one of the royal meſſengers. To ſuppoſe that it was ſo, entirely removes the difficulty ariſing not merely out of the youth of the author of "The Faerie Queene" in 1569, but out of his ſtudies juſt commenced at Cambridge.

Much ſtreſs ought to be laid upon another circumſtance, more or leſs connected with thoſe ſtudies. In ſpite of his youth, 1569 was the year in which Spenſer's earlieſt effort in verſification was printed. It is to be ranked among the oldeſt ſpecimens of blank verſe in Engliſh;[t] and we ſhall ſee ere long that Spenſer, with the example

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[t] They ought, therefore, to have been included by Biſhop Percy in his volume of "Poems in Blank Verſe (not Dramatique) prior to Milton's Paradiſe Loſt," which was intended to form a ſupplement to his other volume of the "Songes and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey and others, followed by the ſecond and fourth books of Virgil by the ſame noble poet, his verſion of Eccleſiaſtes, &c. Theſe very curious reprints were moſt unfortunately burned in the fire at the office of Meſſrs. Nichols in 1808: only a very few imperfect copies were ſaved, and apparently one entire one, which is now before us. As it is neceſſarily a rarity, and is of much importance in the hiſtory of our early literature, we ſubjoin a brief liſt of its contents, premiſing that the printing of it commenced before 1771, for T. Warton had a copy of a ſmall portion of it, on which he recorded that Dr. Percy had preſented it to him in that year: the work was therefore nearly forty years in the preſs, and at laſt was accidentally conſumed. It begins with, 1. The "Songes and Sonnettes" of Surrey, "and other," pp. 270. 2. The ſecond and fourth books of "Virgiles Aenæis," Eccleſiaſtes, certain Pſalms and additional poems by Surrey, pp. 112. 3. Sir T. Wyat's "proſe Oration in his own defence," pp. 29. 4. A new title-page, "Poems in Blank Verſe, prior to Milton's Paradiſe Loſt;" including Turbervile's Ovid's Epiſtles; Gaſcoigne's Steele Glas; Precepts of State, by B. Rich, pp. 54. 5. Aſke's "Elizabetha Triumphans," pp. 39. 6. Vallans' "Tale of Two Swannes," Breton's "Speeches at Elvetham," and Chapman's "Poem on Guiana," pp. 27. 7. Marlow's "Firſt Book of Lucan," pp. 22. Among theſe Spenſer's blank verſe poems prefixed to Vander Noodt's "Theatre for Worldlings," 1569, ought to have been included; but perhaps, as originally printed, they were not within Biſhop Percy's reach. The Rev. Mr. Dyce was obviouſly not aware

of ſeveral friends, was an innovator, as regards Engliſh poetry, in other reſpects. John Vander Noodt publiſhed his "Theatre, &c., for Voluptuous Worldings" (the full title of which we have inſerted in its proper place[u]) in the year laſt above named, the dedication being dated 25th May, 1569. The work is, in a manner, introduced by certain emblems (miſcalled "epigrams") and viſions, accompanied by woodcuts, tranſlated by Spenſer from Petrarch and Bellay: they are his, as it ſeems to us, upon the cleareſt evidence, becauſe he afterwards publiſhed them with many alterations (one of thoſe alterations being the ſubſtitution of rhyme for blank verſe) as his own productions.[v] The differences are as ſmall as, under the circumſtances, could be at all expected, and the original wording is preſerved by Spenſer in nearly all caſes where it was poſſible to do ſo.

Who Vander Noodt might be, excepting that he was a Flemiſh phyſician reſident in England, and what claim he may have had upon Spenſer, nothing has come down to our day to inform us.[w] Another name, well known in our poetical literature, has however been

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that Marlow's "Firſt Book of Lucan" had ever been reprinted by Biſhop Percy: ſee "The Works of Marlow," vol. i. p. lv; vol. iii. p. 266.

[u] See vol. v. p. 19.

[v] In his "Complaints," 4to. 1591, vol. iv. p. 289. The main doubt upon the ſubject has been produced by the youth of Spenſer in 1569, and by the ſtatement of Vander Noodt that he himſelf had rendered the poems from "the Brabant tongue." This may have been very true; he may have originally rendered them from the Brabant tongue into French, but it is certain that the poetical dreſs they wear in Engliſh was given to them by Spenſer. For the ſake of compariſon we have inſerted Spenſer's earlier verſions in vol. v. pp. 20, 24.

[w] As "curer of ſouls," his "Theatre, &c., for Voluptuous Worldlings" had been printed in French by John Day, the year before it came from Bynneman's preſs in Engliſh: as "curer of bodies," he publiſhed in 1569 a treatiſe for "The Governance and Preſervation of them that fear the infection of the Plague." He there ſpelt his name, or it was ſpelt for him, Vandernote.

connected with Spenſer, and preciſely at the date at which we have arrived; we mean George Turbervile, who, like Spenſer, made early efforts to bring blank verſe into uſe in our language: this was a ſort of bond of connection between the two poets, which has not hitherto been noticed, but which renders it more likely that he and Spenſer ſhould at this time have been intimate. Turbervile was ſecretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, the Engliſh ambaſſador in Muſcovy, in 1569, and he dates various poems, in the ſhape of epiſtles, from Ruſſia. One of theſe epiſtles is headed "To Spencer," but no Chriſtian name is given: he is mentioned by his ſurname alſo in two other metrical productions in the ſame volume;[x] but there is nothing in any of the three to warrant us in diſtinctly affirming that the Spencer thus diſtinguiſhed was our Edmund Spenſer. Still, the ſimilarity of taſtes and purſuits in the two individuals is to be taken into account, and Anthony Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, boldly ſupplies the "Edmund,"[y] as if the epiſtle had certainly been addreſſed to

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[x] It does not ſeem clear when this volume of "Tragical Tales" by Turbervile was firſt publiſhed; we have uſed an edition in 1587, and to it are annexed "Epitaphes and Sonnettes," with the date of 1569. Anthony Wood (*Ath. Oxon.* i. p. 355, edit. Bliſs) ſays that the ſecond edition of them appeared in 1570. According to Turbervile, Spenſer, even in 1569, was in love, and he encourages him to open his mind to the lady:—

> "My Spenſer, ſpare to ſpeake
> and ever ſpare to ſpeed:
> Unleſs thou ſhow thy hurt, how ſhall
> the Surgeon know thy need?"

He ends thus:—

> "Wherfore be bold to boord
> the faireſt firſt of all:
> Aye Venus aides the forward man,
> and Cupid helps his thrall."

The above are not from the Epiſtle at the head of which "To Spencer" is placed, but from a ſeparate poem to him. There were more than two editions of Turbervile's "Tragical Tales" anterior to that of 1587.

[y] Vol. i. p. 627, in the edition of the late Dr. Bliſs.

our poet: if the epiſtle were, as we believe, ſent to him, we need not heſitate in making him the owner of the ſame name in the two other poems. Turbervile was older than Spenſer, but he was acquainted with the younger man's inclinations and abilities, and paid him the compliment of ſending a verſified letter to him from the remoteſt corner of Europe, even at the early age of ſeventeen.

At Cambridge Spenſer formed an intimacy with a conſiderable ſcholar, but pedantic, vain, conceited, and of peculiar habits and temper—Gabriel Harvey; who afterwards became notorious, among other things, for his pen and pamphlet war with a man much his ſuperior in wit and general abilities, Thomas Naſh. Harvey became a fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after Spenſer had been entered a ſizar there.[z] Harvey's taſte was unqueſtionably bad, and there is no doubt that he influenced Spenſer in his early attempts, not to adapt the claſſical meaſures to our language, but to torture our language into ſome conformity with the claſſical meaſures. The endeavour to carry out this deſign muſt have been ſubſequent to Spenſer's adoption of heroic blank verſe in the emblems and viſions he had produced for Vander Noodt in 1569; and to theſe, among other pieces, Harvey

[z] For this fact we are indebted to Meſſrs. C. H. and Thompſon Cooper, who diſcovered it while making reſearches for their excellent *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes*, a work that deſerves to be, and will be, welcomed by all. They communicated it in a letter publiſhed in "Notes and Queries," of 21ſt January, 1860: "It is ſomewhat remarkable (they ſay) that none of the biographers of Spenſer appear to have been aware that Gabriel Harvey . . . between his leaving Chriſt's College, and being elected a fellow of Trinity Hall, was a fellow of Pembroke Hall. He was elected a fellow there (being then B.A.) 3rd November, 1570; but we are not now enabled to ſtate how long a period elapſed before he removed to a fellowſhip at Trinity Hall." This intelligence is the more intereſting becauſe it ſhows how and where the friendſhip between Spenſer and Harvey commenced, the one being a ſizar, and the other a fellow of the ſame Hall. If, as is ſuppoſed, Harvey were born in 1545, he was ſeven years older than Spenſer.

ſeems to allude in a printed letter to Spenſer, which we ſhall have frequent occaſion to mention: it, however, did not come from the preſs until eleven years after the emblems and viſions had been originally given to the world.[a] As is well known, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Edward Dyer were *participes criminis* in the violent undertaking to introduce hexameters, pentameters, and other Greek and Latin forms of verſe into Engliſh. The only chance of ſucceſs in ſuch an uncouth experiment was to make our accent ſupply the place of quantity, but that method ſeems never to have been adopted, though it occurred to the mind of Spenſer, who inconſiderately engaged in an enterpriſe which he ſoon abandoned.

Another of Spenſer's college friends was Edward Kirke, who became a ſizar of Pembroke Hall about a year and a-half after Spenſer had been entered there. Of Kirke we ſhall have an opportunity of ſaying more by-and-bye, and it has been plauſibly conjectured that Harvey was, in fact,

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[a] Namely, in 1580, in a publication entitled by Harvey "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters, lately paſſed betweene two Univerſitie men, touching the Earthquake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh refourmed Verſifying." It conſiſts of one letter from Spenſer, and of two from Harvey, Harvey's firſt letter being devoted to the earthquake to which Shakeſpeare is ſuppoſed to have alluded in "Romeo and Juliet," Act i. Sc. 3. The letter of Spenſer, and the ſecond letter of Harvey, are mainly occupied by the project of reforming Engliſh verſification; but the latter alſo adverts to ſome of Spenſer's then finiſhed, but unpubliſhed, works, and particularly to his "Viſions," which Harvey calls *Dreams*, and ſpeaks of them thus:—"I like your Dreames paſſingly well; and the rather bicauſe they ſavour of that ſingular extraordinarie veine and invention, whiche I ever fancied moſte, and in a manner admired onelye in Lucian, Petrarche, Aretine, Paſquill, and all the moſt delicate and fine conceited Grecians and Italians. . . . I dare ſaye you wyll holde your ſelfe reaſonably wel ſatisfied, if youre Dreames be but as well eſteemed of in Englande as Petrarche's Viſions be in Italy; whiche, I aſſure you, is the very worſt I wiſh you." It is, we think, to be preſumed that Gabriel Harvey, thus writing in 1580, refers to Spenſer's tranſlations from Petrarch, not in their firſt ſhape of 1569, but as they were printed, long afterwards, among our poet's "Complaints" in 1591.

college tutor to both Spenſer and Kirke. Two of our very earlieſt dramatic poets were alſo acquainted with Spenſer, viz., John Still, of Chriſt's College, ſubſequently Biſhop of Bath and Wells, author of the famous old comedy "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (firſt printed in 1575), and Thomas Preſton, ſubſequently Maſter of Trinity Hall, author of the notorious tragedy "Cambyſes, King of Perſia," which came from the preſs ſtill earlier.[b]

It has been repeatedly ſtated, on the authority ſolely of a note by E. K. to Spenſer's Eclogue for June where he ſpeaks of Spenſer "removing out of the Northparts," that, after leaving Cambridge in 1576, he went for ſome time into the north of England, where he had friends and relations,[c] and that he there fell in love with a young lady, whom, in various works but eſpecially in "The Shepheardes Calender," he has celebrated by the name of Roſalind. In his firſt Eclogue he repreſents himſelf as deeply in love, but diſappointed and rejected; and in the Eclogue for April, Hobbinol (the paſtoral name given to Gabriel Harvey) laments that Colin Clout had abandoned him, and employed all his time in courting "fair Roſalind:"—

"But now from me hys madding mynd is ſtarte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So nowe fayre Roſalind hath bredde hys ſmart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne."

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[b] This may be doubted as the oldeſt edition has no date, but it was licenſed to John Allde in 1569. Spenſer mentions both Still and Preſton in a Letter to Gabriel Harvey, dated "Leyceſter Houſe, this 5 of October 2579" (for 1579). This is the firſt of "Two other very commendable Letters, of the ſame men's writing, both touching the foreſaid Artificiall Verſifying, and certaine other Particulars," 4to. 1580. They are anterior in date, but ſubſequent in publication, to the "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters" mentioned in the preceding note.

[c] See Todd's "Life of Spenſer," vol. i. p. ix. Meſſrs. Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes*, vol. ii. p. 259. Prof. Child's "Memoir of Spenſer," vol. i. p. xi., &c.

Meaning that Spenſer had forſaken his friend for a ſtranger. In June the cauſe of Colin's melancholy is explained; for, after expreſſing an earneſt wiſh that he had the poetic power of Tityrus, he exclaims,—

> "Then ſhould my plaints, cauſde of diſcurteſee,
> As meſſengers of this my painfull plight
> Flye to my love, where ever that ſhe bee,
> And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
> As ſhee deſerves that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.—
> And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree
> Didſt underfong my laſſe to wexe ſo light,
> Shouldeſt well be knowne for ſuch thy villanee."

Thus we ſee that ſome favoured ſwain, here called Menalcas, whoſe real name has never been aſcertained any more than the ſurname of Roſalind, had by treachery deprived Spenſer of the lady; and in the Eclogue for Auguſt we meet with a ſong in which he reſigns all hope of her.[d]

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[d] Spenſer's paſſion for Roſalind became almoſt proverbial, eſpecially among paſtoral poets: thus Drayton, in the Eighth Eclogue of his "Shepheard's Garland," 1593, Sign. I. 4 b:—

> "And I to thee will be as kinde,
> As Colin was to Roſalinde,
> Of courteſie the flower."

The charming Eclogue by A. W., in Daviſon's "Poetical Rhapſody," 1602, muſt have been of ſtill earlier date, as it was written in commemoration of Sidney, and there we meet with the following unnoticed mention of Spenſer's amorous diſappointment:—

> "Tway ſore extremes our Colin preſſe ſo neare
> (Alas, that ſuch extremes ſhould preſſe him ſo!)
> The want of wealth, and loſſe of love ſo deare;
> Scarce can he breath from under heapes of wo:
> He that beares heaven beares no ſuch weight, I trow."

Spenſer's loſs of the patronage of Sydney by his death is alſo tenderly touched upon in the ſame Eclogue:—

> "Ah Colin! I lament thy caſe
> For thee remaines no hope of grace:
> The beſt reliefe
> Of Poets griefe
> Is dead, and wrapt full cold in clay."

This paſſion and its diſappointment muſt, of courſe, have been prior to the publication, and indeed to the writing, of "The Shepheardes Calender;" and if the author, as conjectured, really took up his abode for ſome time anterior with friends and relations in the north, it is not unlikely, as has been recently alleged, that it was at Hurſtwood in Lancaſhire,[e] and that in that neighbourhood the cruel Roſalind, "the widow's daughter of the glen," reſided. Spenſer affects the northern dialect in his paſtoral effuſions, and it is more than probable that he penned ſome of them in Lancaſhire. In that from which we have juſt made a citation Hobbinol aſks Thenot if he does not know "Colin, the ſoutherne ſhepheardes boy," as if Spenſer had come from the ſouth, and had written in the north.

Having taken his Maſter's degree in 1576,[f] it ſeems

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[e] "In a communication inſerted in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for Auguſt, 1842, which has not attracted the attention it deſerves, the writer, Mr. F. C. Spenſer, dating from Halifax, produces ſuch evidence as can leave ſcarcely a doubt that the branch of the Spenſers, from which the poet was deſcended, was that of the Spenſers, or Le Spenſers, of Hurſtwood, near Burnley, in the eaſtern extremity of Lancaſhire, and that the family to which he immediately belonged was probably ſeated on a little property, ſtill called Spenſer's, at Filley Cloſe, in the foreſt of Pendle, at the foot of Pendle Hill, about three miles to the northward of Hurſtwood." PROF. CRAIK'S *Spenſer and his Poems*, vol. i. p. 11.

[f] While ſtill at Pembroke Hall, it has been ſtated, by ſome of Spenſer's earlier biographers, that he unſucceſsfully ſtood for a fellowſhip againſt no leſs an antagoniſt than Biſhop Lancelot Andrews. This ſeems to be a miſtake, for the competition was between Thomas Dove (afterwards Biſhop of Peterborough) and Andrews. During his reſidence at Cambridge Spenſer muſt have had ſome diſagreement with Dr. Perne, the head of Pembroke Hall, and this fact is, we think, ſufficiently, though ſomewhat obſcurely, teſtified by Gabriel Harvey in one of his printed Letters to Spenſer, dated 7th April, 1580, where he abuſes Dr. Perne coarſely and elaborately, and then terms him our poet's "old controller;" as if the head of Pembroke Hall had been called upon, by ſome irregularity or miſconduct on the part of Spenſer, to exerciſe his authority. Thomas Dove, who was defeated by Andrews, is not to be confounded with John Dove who tranſlated "The Shepheardes Calender"

certain that, if Spenſer had viſited the North of England in the interval, he came to London in 1578, the year before his "Shepheardes Calender" iſſued from the preſs. On his own evidence, in one of his letters to Harvey, dated from Leiceſter Houſe, 5th October, 1579, we learn that he was then, in ſome unexplained capacity, in the ſervice of the Earl, and that, probably on his Lordſhip's behalf, he had had an interview with, or at all events had ſeen, the Queen. He alſo ſpeaks of being about to viſit the continent on Leiceſter's buſineſs. Whether he ever performed this duty is doubtful; but he was no ſooner emancipated from College than he appears to have been actuated by a truant diſpoſition, and talked freely to his friend Harvey of travelling in various parts of the world. Upon this point the reader muſt draw his own concluſions, and we have elſewhere furniſhed the few exiſting materials for arriving at a deciſion.

"The Shepheardes Calender," which came out with the date of 1579 at the bottom of the title-page, was anonymouſly dedicated, at the back of that title-page, in eighteen ſhort lines, to Sir Philip Sidney, who, however, is not there named, but indicated as

"the preſident
Of Nobleſſe and of chevalree."[g]

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into Latin, of which tranſlation a copy is, we believe, ſtill preſerved in Caius College. It was moſt likely completed not very long after the death of Archbiſhop Grindal (whom Spenſer in his paſtorals celebrates and praiſes as Algrind) in 1583.

[g] This, which is the firſt paſſage in Spenſer's Works, affords alſo our firſt proof of the neceſſity of a reviſion of the text as given by Todd. He printed "The Shepheardes Calender" from one of the later and corrupted impreſſions, and gave the ſuppoſed language thus:—

"the preſident
Of *nobleneſſe and* chivalrie;"

inſtead of

"the preſident
Of nobleſſe and of chevalree,"

To him, it is generally allowed, Spenſer was introduced by Gabriel Harvey,[h] who certainly had adviſed him to come to London. Sidney was two years younger than Spenſer, and it has been ſuggeſted, rather than proved, that the latter had been ſtaying with the former at or near Penſhurſt; and there Spenſer may have acquired from Sidney and Harvey, and perhaps from Sir Edward Dyer, the temporary taſte, before alluded to, for the employment of claſſic meaſures in Engliſh.

Our poet's miſtaken devotion to this ſpecies of compoſition, a year after the ſucceſs of his "Shepheardes Calender" where we meet with nothing of the ſort, may be ſeen from his Letter to Harvey, dated from Weſtminſter in April, 1580:—"I like your late Engliſh hexameters ſo exceedingly well, that I alſo enure my penne ſometime in that kinde; whyche I fynde, indeede, as I have often heard you defende in worde, neither ſo harde, nor ſo harſhe, that it will eaſily and fairly yeelde it ſelfe to our moother tongue." He proceeds to touch upon the greateſt difficulty in the enterpriſe, the dealing with the accent, and adds, "but it is to be wonne with cuſtome, and rough words muſt be ſubdued with uſe." He begs Harvey to forward to him "the rules and precepts of art" which he obſerved; if not, he would follow thoſe Sidney had given him; and Spenſer refers to Sir Edward Dyer for "the good liking and eſtimation" in which he held ſome ſatirical hexameters Harvey had com-

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as it ſtands in the earlieſt edition of 1579. "Nobleſſe" is Spenſer's own word, and it is a word in Shakeſpeare and in many other poets and writers of the time. The change was made in the folio 1611; and "nobleſſe" having been converted into a triſyllable, *noblenesſe*, it became neceſſary to omit "of," ſo that the poet's elegance of expreſſion was alſo ſacrificed. Every modern edition we have been able to conſult has *noblenesſe* for "nobleſſe."

[h] See Todd's "Life of Spenſer," vol. i. p. ix. Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes*, vol. ii. p. 259, &c.

poſed, and tranſmitted. Spenſer, therefore, was at this time prepared to go nearly all lengths for the introduction of the ancient metres into Engliſh; and it is fortunate that he afterwards altered his judgment, as well as his practice, for even a "Faerie Queene" in Engliſh hexameters would ſcarcely have been readable.[i]

Spenſer merely ſubſcribed his poetical dedication of "The Shepheardes Calender" *Immerito;* and his young patron, ſpeaking of the work in his "Defence of Poeſie" (firſt publiſhed eight or nine years after the death of its author) ſays nothing to diſturb the poet's *incognito*, while he thus timidly does juſtice to the merits of the paſtorals:—"The Shepheards Kalender hath much poetrie in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſticke language I dare not allow, ſince neither Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil in Latine, nor Sanazara in Italian did affect it."[j] Perhaps Sidney felt ſome reſerve in applauding too highly a work dedicated to himſelf, as ſtated in large type on the title-page;[k] but, on the other hand, it was Sidney's

[i] Thomas Naſh with great wit and humour points out the abſurdity of the attempt; but this was ſome years after Spenſer had relinquiſhed it. "The Hexamiter verſe, I graunt, is a gentleman of an auncient houſe, (ſo is many an Engliſh begger) yet this clyme of ours he cannot thrive in: our ſpeech is too craggy for him to ſet his plough in: hee goes twitching and hopping in our language, like a man running upon quagmiers, up the hill in one ſyllable, and downe the dale in another, retaining no part of that ſtately ſmooth gate which he vaunts himſelfe with amongſt the Greeks and Latins." "Strange Newes of the intercepting of certaine Letters," 4to. 1592. Sign. G. 3.

[j] Edit. folio 1598, p. 513. It came out originally in 4to. 1595, when it was called "An Apologie of Poetrie." Sir John Harington had, however, preceded his tranſlation of "Arioſto," in 1591, by "An *Apologie* of Poetrie," and hence perhaps the change in the title of Sidney's eſſay on the ſame ſubject after its firſt appearance in 1595.

[k] That Sidney received the dedication of "The Shepheardes Calender" with a high eſtimate of its merit, and with due honour to the poet, we may be ſure. In the very ſame year Stephen Goſſon inſcribed to the ſame patron a production of a very different character, viz. his

own error to be too imitative of exiſting examples, and therefore to be afraid of

"Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme."

He did not truſt enough to his own powers; and had he lived, with all his grace and purity of ſtyle and thought, he could never have riſen to the rank of a great, bold, and original writer. Spenſer adopted "ruſtic language" with the ſtricteſt dramatic propriety, for he at once ſaw the unfitneſs of making herdſmen and clowns talk like kings and courtiers.

Although "The Shepheardes Calender" has the figures 1579 on the title-page, it was not really publiſhed until 1580, as we now reckon the commencement of the year; for it was thus entered at Stationers' Hall on the 5th December, 1579, by Hugh Singleton, the printer, whoſe name is at the foot of the title-page:—

"5 Decembr. [1579]
"Hughe Singelton. Lycenced unto him the Shepperdes calender, conteyninge xij ecloges proportionable to the xij monethes ——— vj^{d}."

The year 1579, according to the regiſters and the then popular mode of calculation, would not expire until 25th March, ſome months after Singleton had carried Spenſer's work in a printed ſhape (as we may preſume from the particularity of the entry) to the hall of the Company of Stationers, in order that it might be duly

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"School of Abuſe," which he himſelf calls "a pleaſant invective againſt Poets, Pipers, Players, Jeſters and ſuch like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth." This liberty he ſeems to have taken without Sidney's privity or conſent; and we have it on the evidence of Spenſer himſelf, in one of his Letters to Gabriel Harvey, printed in 1580, that Goſſon "was for his labour ſcorned; if at leaſt, it be in the goodneſs of that nature to ſcorn." Beſides plays and poems, Goſſon was himſelf "a penner of paſtorals; he had been an actor, afterwards went into the church, and died Rector of St. Botolph, Biſhopgate. In 1598 he preached at Paul's Croſs, and publiſhed, a ſermon called "The Trumpet of War."

licenſed before it was publiſhed.[1] The practice had not then commenced of requiring the name of ſome known perſon, of poſition and reſpectability, to be placed upon the cover as teſtimony of the moral fitneſs of a book, tract, or ballad, and that it was unobjectionable on the ſcore of religion or politics. E. K.'s preliminary epiſtle bears date on 16th April preceding the date of the entry at Stationers' Hall; and the work probably went through the proceſs of typography during the interval.

The epiſtle is addreſſed, with ſome adulation, "to the moſt excellent and learned, both Orator and Poete, Mayſter Gabriel Harvey;" and it is ſubſcribed only with the initials E. K. who profeſſes to be ſufficiently well ſeen in the "drift and purpoſe," as well as in the language of "the new Poet" (never giving a hint of that new poet's name) as to be qualified for the office of editor, "the rather that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance, he had been made privy to the author's counſel and ſecret meaning." Until recently, nobody has been in a condition to decide whom the initials E. K. repreſented: he has even been termed "an unknown and officious friend," and it certainly nowhere appears that the "new Poet" authoriſed the publication at the time it came out. It was, indeed, long ago conjectured that

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[1] In about a year and three-quarters from the date of the original entry, Singleton aſſigned over "The Shepheardes Calender," to John Harriſon in this form, as we find it recorded in the regiſters:—

"29 October [1581].

"John Harriſon:—Aſſigned over from Hugh Singleton to have the ſheppardes callender, which was Hughe Singletons copie . vj^{d}"

In accordance with this memorandum, the ſubſequent impreſſions of 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597, were printed for John Harriſon. We have obtained theſe entries, and other particulars of the ſame kind, from the two volumes of "Extracts from the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company," iſſued by the Shakeſpeare Society in 1849. See vol. ii. pp. 104, 128, of the "Extracts," &c.

E. K. might mean E. Kirke, from the mention of a "Mrs. Kirke" twice in the correſpondence between Spenſer and Harvey; and it turns out that this conjecture was well founded. There is now every reaſon to believe that the young fellow-colleger of Spenſer, of the name of Edward Kirke, whom we have before introduced (p. xxv), wrote the prefatory epiſtle to Harvey, and moſt likely ſuperintended "The Shepheardes Calender" through the preſs. He was, we apprehend, junior to Spenſer, for the records of Pembroke Hall eſtabliſh that he did not enter there as a ſizar until conſiderably more than a year after our poet. This ſeems all that is known of Kirke, excepting that he ſubſequently removed to Caius College; that he proceeded B.A. in 1575, and commenced M.A. in 1578.[m] We may gueſs that the Mrs. Kirke ſpoken of in Spenſer's letter to Harvey of 5th Oct. 1579, three months anterior to the date of the entry at Stationers' Hall, was the mother of Edward Kirke, who was perhaps then in London correcting the preſs of his friend's "Shepheardes Calender," as the proofs were furniſhed to him by Hugh Singleton. It was Edward Kirke that took upon himſelf, as far as we can judge, the reſponſibility of publiſhing a work that might be objectionable to many perſons and parties, covertly alluded to or cenſured in it; but that Spenſer had intended it to be printed we cannot doubt, ſeeing that he prefixed to it, though anonymouſly, the dedication in verſe to Sir Philip Sidney.

Had it been required in 1579, as it was ſhortly after-

[m] For this new information reſpecting Edward Kirke, we are glad to acknowledge our obligations to the *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes* of Meſſrs. Cooper, vol. ii. p. 244. How long Kirke lived after 1580, and whether he was at any time engaged in any other literary capacity or purſuit has not been diſcovered. We are not aware that Spenſer ever mentions, or alludes to him.

wards, that a book licenſed at Stationers' Hall ſhould have firſt received the ſanction of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, the Biſhop of London, or of ſome of the ſpecial perſons appointed to that duty, it is juſt poſſible that "The Shepheardes Calender" might never have ſeen the light.[n] Some of the eclogues are decidedly of a

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[n] We only ſay that "it is juſt poſſible," becauſe at a later date, the higheſt church dignitaries did ſanction the publication of ſome works ſtrongly objected to by ſeverer ſticklers. Thus Shakeſpeare's "Venus and Adonis" was licenſed under the hands of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and one of the Wardens of the Company of Stationers, on 18th April, 1593; while on 1ſt July, 1592, the celebrated Robert Greene's "Philomela" had obtained the authority of the Biſhop of London. Sidney's "Arcadia" was licenſed on 23rd Auguſt, 1588, at the inſtance of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury; and the ſame prelate in 1592 gave his warrant for that extraordinary and moſt popular tract, Thomas Naſh's "Pierce Pennileſs' Supplication to the Devil." Theſe circumſtances have not been noted by thoſe who have made extracts from the regiſters. We may add here an important order made by the Company, on 25th June, 1600, reſpecting that notorious ballad "The Wanton Wife of Bath," certainly never authoriſed by Archbiſhop, Biſhop, or Warden, but incautiouſly reprinted by Percy in vol. iii. p. 146 of the firſt edition of his "Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry" in 1765, and excluded afterwards. What follows ſhows, for the firſt time, that the original appearance of "The Wanton Wife of Bath" in print in 1600 cauſed much ſcandal, and the puniſhment of the printers and ſtationer:

"25 June, 1600.

"Yt is ordered, tuching a diſordered ballad of the Wife of Bathe, printed by Edward Aldee & William White, and ſold by Edward White, that all the ſame ballates ſhal be brought in & burnt; and that either of the Printers, for their diſorders in printing yt, ſhall pay v^{s} a pece for a fine. And that Mr. White for his offence and diſorder in ſelling [it] ſhall pay x^{s} for a fine. And their impriſonment is reſpited till another tyme."

Hence it appears that the Company took upon themſelves, by their own bye-laws, not only to fine but to impriſon members who contravened eſtabliſhed orders, by printing or ſelling pieces of an evil tendency, and not licenſed. Nevertheleſs, "The Wanton Wife of Bath" continued to be printed and reprinted; and we have two copies before us, both in black letter, and both anterior to the Civil Wars. Another copy, in Roman type, came out as recently as the rigid reign of Queen Anne. The calling in and burning, in fact, excited public curioſity, and, as uſual, increaſed the diſſemination of the miſchief.

political and religious aſpect; and though the dialogue is diſtributed among clowns and ſhepherds, their remarks are often ſo ſevere, perſonal, and objurgatory, that not a few public men might be diſpoſed to take offence at them. Indeed, it is known that Lord Burghley was highly diſpleaſed by the applauſe beſtowed upon Archbiſhop Grindal; and as a young man, who had his fortune to make, Spenſer may have been unwilling to put his name to the publication. Edward Kirke ſubjoined only his initials to the epiſtle to Harvey, and afforded no clue to the diſcovery of the author: the words "unſtayed youth," and the "labyrinth of love" in which that "unſtayed youth" had involved himſelf, were much too general to lead even to an inference; while the anticipation of the manner in which the "new poet" would be admired thereafter, and "his worthineſs ſounded by the tromp of fame," might only be looked upon as the expreſſion of the ſomewhat extravagant opinion of enthuſiaſtic friendſhip.

It is true that, although E. K. only dates from the metropolis of the kingdom, and not from his college or univerſity, he ſpeaks of the "new poet" as the common friend of himſelf and Harvey, and ſome of their mutual acquaintances might gueſs at the ſecret; yet it is unqueſtionable that, as far as the public was concerned, it was not diſcloſed for many years. One of Spenſer's contemporaries, a poet of much and not unmerited celebrity, even as late as 1587, when "The Shepheardes Calender" had gone through three or four ſeparate editions,[o] was ſo ill informed upon the ſubject that, when

[o] It was printed and reprinted at leaſt five times between 1579 and 1597, which fact ſufficiently proves its popularity, independently of the many notices of it by poets and proſe writers of the period. Surely this is a ſufficient anſwer to the Latin tranſlator of it, Dr. Jonn Dove, who, perhaps reſident in his college, knowing little that was going on in the

writing in lamentation of the untimely death of Sidney, he actually imputed to him the authorſhip of "The Shepheardes Calender." We refer to George Whetſtone, and to his poem, entitled "Sir Philip Sidney, his honourable Life, his valiant Death, and true Virtues," which was publiſhed immediately after the funeral. There, after noticing Sidney's "Arcadia," and deſcribing it as "a book moſt excellently written," he proceeds as follows:—

> "What elſe he wrote his will was to ſuppreſſe,
> But yet the dark a dyamond cannot drowne:
> What be his workes the fineſt wittes doe geſſe;
> The Shepheard's notes that have ſo ſweete a ſound,
> With lawrell bowghes his healme long ſince have crownd.
> And not alone in poeſie he did paſſe,
> But every way a learned knight he was."

The terms "Shepheard's notes," if they ſtood alone, might very fairly be deemed equivocal, becauſe "Shepherd" was, at that date and long afterwards, the uſual deſignation of a poet, ſo that "ſhepherd's notes" might only mean *poet's* notes; but, as if to make his want of knowledge on ſuch a topic indiſputable, Whetſtone added the ſubſequent marginal memorandum, juſt oppoſite the ſtanza we have cited:—

> "The laſt Sheppards Calender, the reputed worke of S. Phil. Sydney—a worke of deepe learning, judgement and witte, diſguiſed in Shep. Rules."

It is, therefore, evident that, in 1587, Whetſtone not only did not know that "The Shepheardes Calender" was by Spenſer, but believed that it was the work of

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world, and deſirous of evincing his own induſtry and taſte in diſcovering it and its merits, ſpeaks of "The Shepherd's Calendar" in his dedication as *opuſculum jam penè deletum, et quaſi ſepultum.* Todd (Life, p. xiii.) thinks it ſtrange that Dove ſhould have ſo treated it; yet, at the ſame time, he admits that the Latin tranſlator had never even heard of the firſt impreſſion of "The Shepheardes Calender." As ſhown in our notes, Todd himſelf much too rarely reſorted to it.

Sidney, to whom, he adds, it was aſſigned by general reputation.[P] The laſt is the moſt ſingular, becauſe the eclogues had been dedicated to Sidney, and his name ſtood boldly upon the title-page in the capacity of patron; ſo that, if he had been the author of the paſtorals, he muſt have inſcribed them to himſelf as—

> "the preſident
> Of nobleſſe and of chevalree."

We only adduce this circumſtance to ſhow how ignorant well-informed people were, even at a late period, as to the authorſhip of "The Shepheardes Calender." In fact the work was anonymous in all the 4to. impreſſions; nor was Spenſer's name coupled with it, in any publication or republication of theſe famous paſtorals, until they appeared in the folio of his collected works printed for Matthew Lownes in 1611.

[P] Yet Whetſtone, ſuppoſing the laudatory lines of G. W. prefixed to Spenſer's "Amoretti," 1595, (vol. v. p. 113,) to be from his pen, was a perſonal friend and admirer of our poet. The fact that, in 1587, Whetſtone named Sidney as the individual who had produced "The Shepheardes Calendar" was pointed out by the writer (*ſit venia*) of the preſent Life of Spenſer as long ſince as the year 1820: ſee "The Poetical Decameron," vol. i. p. 68. The year before Whetſtone publiſhed his poem on Sidney's death, (the original of which is preſerved in the State Paper Office) William Webbe printed his "Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetry" (4to. 1586), and he doubted whether he might attribute "The Shepheardes Calender" to Spenſer, whom he ventured to point out only by the two firſt letters of his ſurname—"Maiſter Sp. or what other rare ſchollar of Pembroke Hall." Three years later, viz. in 1589, Puttenham, in his "Arte of Engliſh Poeſie," p. 51, ſpeaks of "that other gentleman who wrote the late Shepheardes Callender," without attempting to name him. The laſt edition in 4to. came out in 1597; and in 1598, Francis Meres, who was well ſeen in all the poetry of his day, did not ſcruple to print Spenſer's name at length in his *Palladis Tamia*, fo. 280 b.—"As Theocritus is famouſed for his *Idyllia* in Greeke, and Virgil for his *Eclogs* in Latin, ſo Spenſer, their imitatour in his Shepheardes Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poetical invention and moſt exquiſit wit." We are not ſurpriſed that John Dove, tranſlating this *Calendarium Paſtorum* into Latin not long after 1583, ſhould call it ἀδέσποτος, adding that it was *rithmo Anglicano eleganter compoſitus.*

But if we are to blame Whetſtone for not being aware of Spenſer's claim in 1587, how almoſt unpardonable muſt we deem William Browne, the diſtinguiſhed author of "Britannia's Paſtorals," for utterly ignoring our poet's reputation as a poet of the ſame claſs in 1616. Excepting that, in one place, he names the "Arcadia," we might almoſt fancy that he was in no better condition than Whetſtone, in ſuppoſing that Sidney was alſo the writer of "The Shepheardes Calender:" at all events, ſpeaking of paſtoral poetry, Browne ſays:—

> "Sidney began (and if a wit ſo meane
> May taſte with him the dewes of Hippocrene)
> *I ſung the Paſtorall next.*" [q]

This ſtatement is, of courſe, untrue in all its parts; for Sidney did not begin, nor did Browne "ſing the paſtoral next," unleſs we are to diſmiſs Spenſer altogether, and to ſuppoſe that his "Shepheardes Calender" has not, and never had, any exiſtence: this, too, is ſaying nothing of the well-known and greatly admired paſtorals of Drayton and Lodge, which were printed in 1593 and 1595, and without taking into account the paſtorals of Challoner,

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[q] "Britannia's Paſtorals," fo. 1616. Book ii. Song 2. In the ſame way, but at an earlier date, 1597, Biſhop Hall claimed to be "the firſt Engliſh Satiriſt," when (to ſay nothing of Donne whoſe manuſcript is dated 1593) he had been preceded by Lodge at leaſt two years in the ſatires contained in his "Fig for Momus," 1595. In his "Defiance to Envy" Hall has a ſtanza, which is directly aimed at Spenſer, and as we do not recollect to have ſeen it quoted, we ſubjoin it:—

> "Or ſcour the ruſted ſwords of elviſh knights
> Bathed in Pagan blood, or ſheath them new
> In miſty moral types; or tell their fights,
> Who mighty giants, or who monſters ſlew:
> And by ſome ſtrange enchanted ſpear and ſhield
> Vanquiſh'd their foe and wan the doubtful field."

Farther on he attacks paſtoral poets, both Spenſer and Drayton, although Hall had himſelf at one time been the author of ſuch productions. Theſe have unfortunately, with many others, all periſhed.

Goſſon, Rankin, Eedes, and Biſhop Hall, which are mentioned by writers and critics of their day, but either never were publiſhed, or are now unhappily loſt.[r] We are, however, to bear in mind that Browne, when he wrote what we have quoted, claiming the ſecond place as a paſtoral poet, was a very young man; and we are ſure, from other parts of his works, that he had the higheſt and juſteſt admiration of Spenſer, while nobody has more beautifully and loftily expreſſed his praiſes in reference to "The Faerie Queene."[s]

The diſcovery of the name of a perſon in Spenſer's own college, whoſe initials correſpond with the E. K., placed at the end of the epiſtle to Gabriel Harvey introducing "The Shepheardes Calender," puts an end to the abſurd ſpeculation hazarded by ſome critics, that Spenſer had, in fact, been his own editor, and conſequently his own laudator;[t] and to the ſcarcely leſs improbable notion

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[r] There are, beſides, ſeveral paſtorals in poetical miſcellanies, ſuch as "England's Helicon," 1600, and Daviſon's "Poetical Rhapſody," 1602: the latter are eſpecially praiſeworthy.

[s] We cannot refrain, though a little out of place here, from extracting one paſſage from "Britannia's Paſtorals," Book ii. Song 1.

> "He ſung th' heroicke Knights of Faiery-land
> In lines ſo elegant, of ſuch command,
> That had the Thracian plaid but halfe ſo well,
> He had not left Eurydice in hell:
> But ere he ended his melodious ſong,
> An hoſt of Angels flew the clouds among
> And rapt this Swan from his attentive mates,
> To make him one of their aſſociates
> In heaven's faire quire; where now he ſings the praiſe
> Of Him that is the firſt and laſt of dayes.
> Divineſt Spencer, heaven-bred happy Muſe!
> Would any power into my braine infuſe
> Thy worth, or all that Poets had before,
> I could not praiſe till thou deſerv'ſt no more."

The wonder is that, inſtead of being utterly ignorant of Spenſer's Paſtorals, Browne was not thoroughly acquainted with every line of them.

[t] See Nares's "Gloſſary, illuſtrating Engliſh Authors," &c. under

that Gabriel Harvey had penned the letter to himſelf, and had, beſides, ſupplied the "general argument," the Gloſſary, and the explanatory notes, in which he ſo often figures under the name of Hobbinol. We are now in a poſition to be able to aſſert pretty diſtinctly that they were all contributed by Edward Kirke.

The title, "The Shepheardes Calender," was, as Kirke remarks, not new to Spenſer: he "applied an old name to a new work," the old "Shepherd's Kalender," which was little more than an almanac, with ſigns of the weather, &c. having been originally printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and not unfrequently afterwards by other typographers.[u] According to the regiſters of the Stationers' Company, it was republiſhed as late as 1591 (the year when Spenſer's work appeared for at leaſt the fourth time); but it was in folio, the ſize then commonly given to it, and of a character as different as its proportions. In the autumn of the ſame year this old "Shepherd's Kalender" was aſſigned from one bookſeller to another; and it is open to ſpeculation, whether this revived demand might not be occaſioned, in ſome degree, by the ſucceſs of Spenſer's paſtorals with the ſame title.[v]

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the word "Frembd," where he aſſerts that "Spenſer was, probably, the original commentator on the 'Shepherd's Kalender.'" Under the word "Miſter" Nares calls it, without qualification, "Spenſer's own gloſſary" that accompanied the edition of 1579.

[u] Dibdin (Ames, ii. 265) deſcribes the original edition as a quarto, and gives it the date of 1508. It was firſt reprinted in 1528.

[v] "The Sheperde's Calender," in folio, was entered for republication to Robert Whalley, the ſon, who had derived it from his father, on 1ſt March, 1590-1; and on 12th Oct. 1591, Robert Whalley aſſigned it to Thomas Adams: ſee the Stationers' Regiſter of thoſe reſpective dates. It ſeems not unlikely that Thomas Lodge, who, in 1590, printed the beautiful ſtory on which Shakeſpeare founded his "As You like it," under the title of "Roſalynd, Euphues' Golden Legacy," intended to write a work, perhaps in imitation of Spenſer's "Shepheardes Calender," to be called "The Sailor's Kalender." He mentions it at the very end of his "Roſalynd;" and, as that production was written at ſea, poſſibly

Another paſſage, in Kirke's introductory epiſtle, requires obſervation: it occurs where he is excuſing himſelf for having publiſhed "The Shepheardes Calender" at all, and particularly for adding to it his own explanations of various words and alluſions: he ſays;—"Thus much I have adventured upon frendſhip, him ſelfe being for long time furre eſtraunged: hoping that this will the rather occaſion him to put forth diverſe other excellent works of his, which ſlepe in ſilence; as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and ſondry others." We muſt underſtand the words "for long time furre eſtraunged" to mean, that Spenſer was then at a conſiderable diſtance, not that he was adverſe to the publication, or Kirke's reaſoning would not be very concluſive; viz., that becauſe Spenſer was much oppoſed to the appearance in print of his "Shepheardes Calender," therefore he would be induced to put forth ſome other productions which "ſlept in ſilence," three of thoſe being his "Dreams," his "Legends," and his "Court of Cupid."

Of his "Dreams" we have already ſpoken, expreſſing our opinion that they were, at leaſt in part, the *Viſions* originally publiſhed by Vander Noodt, in 1569.[x] Theſe

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he meant his "Sailor's Kalender" to relate to his own adventures on ſhipboard. If he deſigned a ſeries of Marine Eclogues, the work would (like Phineas Fletcher's "Piſcatory Eclogues," 1633) have had entire novelty to recommend it, even if Lodge had failed to diſplay in it his uſual taſte, invention, and ability. He never fulfilled his promiſe.

[x] It ſhould be noted that Spenſer himſelf tells us, in the poſtſcript to his letter to Harvey of April, 1580, that E. K. (*i. e.* Edward Kirke) had wittily diſcourſed upon the "Dreams" and upon the "pictures" by which they were accompanied (they have wood-cuts in illuſtration of them in Vander Noodt's "Theatre, &c., for Worldlings"), a fact to which E. K. himſelf adverts in his "Gloſſe" to "The Shepheardes Calender," for November (vol. i. p. 134,) where he ſays:—"But I have already diſcourſed that at large, in my Commentarye upon the *Dreames* of the ſame author." The loſs of this production, excepting as far as it may have been preſerved by Vander Noodt, is, on every ac-

are alſo mentioned by Harvey, in his letter of 1580, as "fully finiſhed;" and we apprehend that they had then been altered and reduced to rhyme as they afterwards came out in 1591, without commentary, in the volume called "Complaints," on which we ſhall have much to ſay in its proper place. Regarding the "Legends," we have no information; but, with others, think it very likely that ſome of them, if not all, were afterwards embodied in "The Faerie Queene," to which from their title they ſeem to belong: there we have the "*Legends* of Holineſs," "Temperance," "Chaſtity," &c.; and, we apprehend, that Spenſer, having firſt written them ſeparately, afterwards combined them and conſolidated them. In the ſame way, "The Court of Cupid" may have been altered, and enlarged to "The Maſque of Cupid," which occupies Book iii. Canto 12, of "The Faerie Queene." Theſe were known to Edward Kirke to be in exiſtence, and, we may perhaps conclude, ready for the preſs at the time when he was ſo inſtrumental in bringing "The Shepheardes Calender" before the world.

That "The Faerie Queene," was in being, and by that name, as early as the year following the publication of "The Shepheardes Calender," we have upon the cleareſt evidence, although due weight does not ſeem always to have been given to it. That evidence comes to us under the hand of Gabriel Harvey himſelf in his letter to Spenſer (there called "Immerito") above mentioned as having been printed in 1580.[y] The tract as already ſtated (p.

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count, to be lamented; and we have Spenſer's own ſtatement regarding it, that, with the enlargement and E. K.'s contributions, it had become "full as great as the 'Calender.'" It may have been an entirely ſeparate work, but of a ſimilar character to the "Viſions."

[y] As it will occupy ſo ſmall a ſpace, and as Spenſer had a ſhare in the tract, we may avail ourſelves of this opportunity of quoting the entry

xxiv.) is entitled, "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters, lately paſſed betweene two Univerſitie Men, touching the Earthquake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh Refourmed Verſifying." The ſubjects of the earthquake and "reformed verſifying" do not ſeem very cloſely connected; but, although Harvey coupled them, we are here only intereſted in what he ſays to prove that "The Faerie Queene" was then known to him by that title, and by the diſparaging deſignation—given to her, we may be ſure, by Harvey himſelf—of "The Elviſh Queene." His words are theſe:—

"But ſee how I have the Arte Memorative at commaundement. In good faith, I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene:* howbeit, by good chaunce, I have nowe ſent hir home at the laſte, neither in better nor worſe caſe than I founde hir. And muſt you of neceſſitie have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your nine Comœdies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muſes (and, in one man's fanſie, not unworthily) come not neerer Arioſtoe's Comœdies, eyther for the fineſſe of plauſible elocution, or the rareneſſe of Poetical Invention, than that *Elviſh Queene* doth to his Orlando Furioſo, which, notwithſtanding, you wil needes ſeeme to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly profeſſed yourſelf in one of your laſt letters."

"The Tears of the Nine Muſes" (vol. iv. p. 323)

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of the "Three Letters" as it ſtands in the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company:—

"30 Junij [1580].

"H. Bynneman. Rd. of him for three proper and wittie letters, paſſed betweene two Univerſitie men, touching the earthquake vj$^{d.}$"

The "Two other very commendable Letters," alſo of 1580, appear to have been included in the ſame entry, though ſeparately publiſhed. The firſt of theſe, by Spenſer, bears date "Leyceſter Houſe, this 5 of October, 1579;" but Harvey's anſwer is "23 Octob. 1579.'

could never have been the "nine comedies" dedicated to the Muſes by Spenſer, which, according to Harvey, muſt have been dramatic compoſitions: if ſo, they have been entirely and irretrievably loſt; but, however loth to part with the hope of recovering them, we may conſole ourſelves with the reflection that Spenſer's genius was anything but theatrical, and we can hardly ſuppoſe that the poet intended his comedies for repreſentation. Harvey, whoſe taſte was more than queſtionable, and whoſe judgment was certainly defective, clearly eſtimated them far above what he had ſeen of "The Faerie Queene," which, probably, he had never attentively read, even if he had opened it, and which he returned to its author preciſely in the ſtate in which he had received it. It is a point, however, in Harvey's favour that he does not profeſs to be able to decide upon its merits; not ſo much, perhaps, becauſe he did not think himſelf competent, but becauſe he rather wiſhed to paſs from the trifling ſubject without the diſtinct declaration of an opinion. Touching, therefore, only ſlightly on "The Elviſh Queene," he proceeds again to advert to Spenſer's nine comedies in theſe terms, ſtill more concluſively ſhowing that they muſt have been dramas:—

"Beſides that, you know, it hath bene the uſual practiſe of the moſt exquiſite and odde wittes in all nations, and ſpecially in Italie, rather to ſhewe and advaunce themſelves that way than any other; as namely, thoſe three notorious dyſcourſing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Arioſto paſſe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey: being, in deede, reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Ariſtophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong."

This paſſage, if nothing elſe, makes it evident that Harvey does not uſe the word "comedies" in its moſt extenſive ſenſe, as Dante and others had employed it, but that he meant nothing but dramatic performances like thoſe of Ariſtophanes, Menander, Plautus, and Terence. However, being himſelf, as his ſelf-love flattered Harvey, one of the "exquiſite and odd wits" he had applauded, he could not away with "The Faerie Queene;" and that it was not to his taſte, he made ſtill more evident by the following gird at it and its author in the next ſentence:—"But I will not ſtand greatly with you in your owne matters. If ſo be the Faerye Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muſes, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I ſaye —and yet I will not ſay that I thought. But there an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or ſome good Aungell putte you in a better minde."

He ſincerely compaſſionated Spenſer's error of judgment, in preferring his "Faerie Queene" to his "Nine Comedies;" and, as a kind, pitying friend, hoped that ere long the poet would, by divine inſpiration, ſee reaſon to repent his unfortunate deciſion. Happy is it for us, and for poſterity, that Spenſer, like a man of great original powers, followed his own convictions, and the bent of his own genius, and did not ſubmit his fine taſte to the "exquiſite and odd wit" of his pedantic, petulant, and ſelf-ſatisfied critic.

How long, before Harvey wrote, Spenſer had placed in his friend's hands what he had then compoſed of "The Faerie Queene," we have no means of knowing; but in his letter, dated "*Quarto nonas Aprilis*, 1580," Spenſer had recalled Harvey's attention to it, and expreſſed a ſtrong deſire that the manuſcript ſhould be returned to him immediately. We quote the poet's own words, becauſe they not merely prove that he was then anxious to proceed

with his great work, but becauſe, beſides his "Dreams," of which we need now ſay no more, they mention another loſt production called "The Dying Pelican," as "preſently to be imprinted:"—

"Nowe, my *Dreames*, and *dying Pellicane* being fully finiſhed (as I partelye ſignified in my laſte letters) and preſentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche, I praye you hartily, ſend me with al expedition; and your frendly letters and long expected judgement wythal, whyche let not be ſhorte, but in all pointes ſuche as you ordinarilye uſe, and I extraordinarily deſire."

As Harvey's judgment had been "long expected" by Spenſer, "The Faerie Queene," or rather the portion of it then written, muſt have been long in Harvey's hands —ſo long, that Spenſer was evidently ſomewhat out of patience at its detention. This was in the ſpring of 1580; and as E. K.'s epiſtle before "The Shepheardes Calender" is dated preciſely at the ſame period in the preceding year, it is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that, as ſoon as Spenſer had completed his Paſtorals, if not earlier, he ſet about the compoſition of his "Faerie Queene." Poſſibly, as we hear no more of it for about ten years after 1580, the poet was in ſome degree diſcouraged by the manner in which Harvey had treated it; and, inſtead of taking it "in hand forthwith," had laid it by in a temporary fit of diſtruſt and diſſatisfaction.

His "Dying Pelican," we know only by name; but we ſhall find it mentioned again eleven years after the time when Spenſer told Harvey that it was "fully finiſhed," and "preſently to be imprinted." No ſuch piece, nor anything like it, was ever entered at Stationers' Hall, and we are confident that it never came from the preſs. We muſt make the ſame remark as to another performance, announced by Spenſer in a poſtſcript to

his letter to Harvey of April, 1580, under the title of *Stemmata Dudleiana*, "addreſſed you know to whom," and than which, the poet ſays, "I never did better." Of courſe it relates to the family of the Earl of Leiceſter, with whom Spenſer was reſiding in October, 1579, and whoſe manſion he had not quitted, when he dated from Weſtminſter in April of the ſucceeding year. It was by Sidney that Spenſer muſt have been introduced to the favourable notice of his noble uncle. Harvey had probably made Spenſer known to Sidney, and Sidney to Leiceſter.

It is extremely likely that the appointment which Spenſer procured, as Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton,[a] in the ſummer of 1580, interfered with the completion of the duty the Earl of Leiceſter had wiſhed him to diſcharge abroad, as mentioned in Spenſer's letter, and as already noticed on p. xxix.: it may be, that part of that duty was to be performed in Ireland; and it is generally underſtood that the poet obtained the office of truſt and confidence under Lord Grey through the intereſt of Lord Leiceſter. The new Lord Deputy arrived in Dublin on 12 Auguſt, 1580; and it has always been taken for granted, without any very diſtinct evidence on the point, that Spenſer accompanied him on the voyage. Whatever may have been the caſe with

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[a] Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, had previouſly been the patron of George Gaſcoigne, the poet, who died in 1577. Among his productions is one called "Gaſcoigne's Woodmanſhip," by which it appears that Lord Grey preſented him with "a croſſ-bow, *cum pertinentiis*," and "often uſed Gaſcoigne's company when he killed his winter deer." See Gaſcoigne's "Herbes," edit. 1587, p. 156. In 1572, Gaſcoigne was ſent to Holland, and wrote an account of his voyage, &c. to Lord Grey: it is in verſe, and the poet there calls his patron "mine alderliefeſt Lord."—*Ibid.* p. 163. The ſame nobleman had extended his favour alſo to Spenſer's friend, George Turbervile: in fact Arthur Lord Grey ſeems always to have had ſome eminent poet in his retinue.

his Lordſhip, as regards his viceregal appointment,[b] it ſeems quite clear that Spenſer, in his ſubordinate capacity, was very glad to viſit Ireland, ſince it opened to a young man of ſeven or eight and twenty a new and wide proſpect of occupation and advancement.

His hopes were in part realized before the end of ſpring enſuing his arrival, for, on the 22nd March, 1580-1, he obtained the lucrative ſituation of Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances in the Iriſh Court of Chancery.[c] A leaſe of the lands of the Abbey and Manor of Enniſcorthy, in the county of Wexford, was perhaps a more queſtionable boon, when we bear in mind that the reſerved rent was 300*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* with the condition of keeping the whole in repair. This grant was made by the Crown in the ſame year (the date of the month is not ſupplied), and on 9th Dec. 1581, Spenſer aſſigned his intereſt in it to a perſon of the name of Richard Synot, who afterwards conveyed it to Sir Henry Wallop, at that time Treaſurer of the War in Ireland.[d] This fact makes it probable that the leaſe was a valuable one, notwithſtanding the high rent, and that Spenſer received a conſideration from Synot, and Synot from Sir Henry Wallop. Such was by no means an unuſual courſe, and thoſe who had influence enough to ſecure royal grants,

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[b] Sir Philip de M. Grey Egerton, in his introduction to the Camden Society's publication in 1847, "A Commentary on the Services and Charges of William, Lord Grey of Wilton, K.G., by his ſon Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, K.G.," p. xiv. ſtates that the appointment of the latter as Lord Deputy of Ireland took place in July, 1580; but, by the letter there cited, dated 29th June, it appears that the nomination had then been made, and that Lord Grey was by no means ſatisfied with it. The formal appointment under the Great Seal may have been deferred till July. See, reſpecting Lord Grey and his conduct, G. Whetſtone's "Engliſh Mirror," 4to. 1586, p. 156.

[c] This fact was, we believe, firſt brought to light by Mr. Hardiman, in his work on "Iriſh Minſtrelſy," publiſhed in 1832, vol. i. p. 320.

[d] See Collins's "Peerage," vol. iv. p. 310.

whether of land or otherwiſe, often ſold them afterwards to parties who had themſelves no power to obtain them.[e]

Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was either recalled from his government of Ireland, or he reſigned it by his own wiſh in 1582, but the exact date does not ſeem to have been aſcertained. Holinſhed ſtates that it happened at the end of Auguſt, 1582, and he precedes this date by obſerving:—"The Lord Deputy, after long ſuit for his revocation, received her Majeſty's letters for the ſame."[f] He returned immediately to London, for the ſake of his own vindication from charges of undue ſeverity, moſt likely bringing his ſecretary with him, as a perſon who could, if neceſſary, give important teſtimony in his favour. Spenſer's reappearance at Court would render it not improbable that he was the "Maiſter Spenſer" who was ſubſequently employed as an envoy to Scotland, and whoſe name occurs in the poſtſcript of a letter from St.

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[e] Some difficulty has been thrown in the way of decided concluſions regarding this grant, by the fact ſtated by Todd, on the authority of MSS. at Lambeth, that another perſon of the name of Spenſer (the Chriſtian name is wanting) was at this period confidentially employed in Ireland, or in communications between England and Ireland. This Spenſer, however, is ſtated by Sir William Pelham, then Lord Juſtice in Ireland, to be "growing in years," but as having, "in many ways, deſerved conſideration." When Profeſſor Child, in his "Memoir of Spenſer," (p. xxiv.) obſerves that there is no reaſon for identifying with the poet the Spenſer who, in 1569, brought deſpatches from France, according to Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," he forgot that that Spenſer is eſpecially called *Edmonde*. Such is not the caſe with the Mr. Spenſer ſpoken of by Sir W. Pelham, under date of the 14th July, 1580, and it is important to note alſo that this was a full month before our poet reached Dublin. The name of Spenſer, or Spencer, was, of courſe, not very uncommon, but the combination, Edmund Spenſer, was, as we have already ſtated, very unuſual.

[f] The ſeverities he inflicted, and eſpecially the ſlaughter of the priſoners at Smerwick, were diſapproved by the Queen and Council; but Spenſer, as will be ſeen in his "View of the State of Ireland" (vol. v. p. 293), which was written about 1596, three years after the death of Lord Grey, vindicates his patron's conduct as neceſſary firmneſs, and not deſpotic or deliberate cruelty.

Andrews, 2nd July, 1583, written by James VI. to Elizabeth.[g] The King there tells the Queen :—"I have ſtaied maiſter Spenſer upon the lett^r quhilk is written with my auin hand, quhilk ſall be readie within tua daies;" the meaning, when tranſlated into Engliſh, being that James had detained maſter Spenſer, in order that he might be the bearer of a letter to be written by the King's own hand, which ſhould be ready within two days. If the poet were the perſon here mentioned without Chriſtian name, we may conclude that he waited at St. Andrews until 4th July, and then travelled with the letter to London.

On the other hand, it has been doubted whether Spenſer returned to England with Lord Grey, or whether he did not remain in Dublin to diſcharge his duties as one of the Clerks of the Court of Chancery. Unqueſtionably he did not relinquiſh that office until five or ſix years afterwards, viz. in June, 1588, when he was appointed Clerk, or Secretary of the Council of Munſter; and he is ſpoken of by his friend, Lodowick Bryſkett, in a ſmall work he ſubſequently publiſhed, called "A Diſcourſe of Civil Life," as preſent at a party of diſtinguiſhed perſons aſſembled, and holding a dialogue, in a cottage near Dublin. This "Diſcourſe," (not printed till 1606,) unleſs it were written from a ſomewhat remote recollection of what had paſſed, muſt have been compoſed between the years 1584 and 1589.[h]

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[g] Todd's "Life," and Child's "Memoir," p. xxiii.

[h] Malone's reaſoning upon this point has, ſomewhat haſtily, been deemed concluſive; becauſe Bryſkett may have put down his record of the converſation even as late as 1593, without adverting to the circumſtance that Dr. Long, another of the party on the occaſion, had died in 1589, and had not been raiſed to the primacy until 1584. We do not ſay that this is likely, but that it is not impoſſible. Bryſkett's "Diſcourſe of Civil Life" is dedicated to Arthur, Lord Grey, who died in Oct. 1593; and "Mr. Edmund Spenſer, your Lordſhip's Secretary," is

Beſides, if Spenſer had not been in Ireland in 1586, he could not have addreſſed the Sonnet to Gabriel Harvey (inſerted in his "Four Letters and certain Sonnets, eſpecially touching Robert Greene," publiſhed in 1592) which is dated "Dublin, 18th July, 1586."[i] We therefore incline to the opinion that, although Spenſer, as Secretary, may have returned to London with Lord Grey in Auguſt, 1582, he was afterwards chiefly reſident in Ireland; and that he was certainly in Dublin in 1586, when he wrote his ſonnet to Harvey, as well as in 1588, on the 22nd June, in which year he was made Clerk of the Council of Munſter. His duties then became active and important, and his preſence at his poſt could hardly have been diſpenſed with.

During the interval between 1582, when Lord Grey quitted his office of Lord Deputy, and 1588, when Spenſer became Clerk of the Council of Munſter, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenſer's earlieſt patron, had been ſlain before Zutphen: he expired at Arnheim on 16th Oct.

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particularly mentioned in the dedication. Spenſer and Bryſkett were intimate friends, and, as we ſhall ſee hereafter, the former addreſſed the latter in his thirty-third ſonnet (vol. v. p. 132), on the ſubject of the unfiniſhed "Faerie Queene." See alſo vol. v. p. 81.

[i] It will be found in vol. v. p. 264. Spenſer's ſonnet could have no relation to Greene, who did not die until ſix years after it was written: Harvey inſerted it in order to parade his own praiſes from Spenſer's pen; and as our poet is ſo far concerned in this celebrated tract, it may be worth while to give the entry of it preciſely as it ſtands in the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company: we believe that it has never yet been printed.

"iiij^to December [1592]

"John Wolf. Entred for his copie Doctor Harvie's Letters and certen Sonnettes touchinge Roberte Greene and Thomas Naſhe . . . . . vj^d

"This was entred in a court holden this day."

The title-page of the tract itſelf does not mention the name of Thomas Naſhe, but "other parties abuſed" by Greene, of whom Naſh, as Greene's friend, could not have been one.

1586, and was buried in St. Paul's on 16th Feb. 1587.[j] Our poet's muſe, though certainly abſent in Ireland, could not be a ſilent mourner upon a cataſtrophe, that,

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[j] We may be allowed, in a note, to correct a miſtake made by Dr. Zouch and other biographers of Sidney, where they ſay that their hero failed in his application to Lord Burghley, to be made joint Maſter of the Ordnance with the Earl of Warwick. The fact is that Sidney did become joint Maſter, but not until 1585, the delay having, we may feel aſſured, been occaſioned by the oppoſition of Lord Burghley. We will alſo here venture to ſubjoin a letter, preſerved in the State Paper Office and only recently diſcovered, from Fulke Greville, Sidney's friend, to Sir F. Walſingham, Sidney's father-in-law, reſpecting the printing of the "Arcadia." The date is aſcertained from the indorſement by Walſingham's Secretary, "November, 1586." It proves that it was intended to publiſh the "Arcadia" four years before it actually came out in 4to. 1590; and that Fulke Greville was anxious to induce Sir F. Walſingham to prevent its appearance, at all events in a defective ſtate. Other intereſting facts and circumſtances, connected with Sidney and his works, are ſtated in the ſame letter, which, however, is moſt difficult to be decyphered: we print it preciſely as it ſtands in the original.

"To the Right honorable S^r^ francis Walſingham.

"S^r^, this day one ponſonby, a bookebynder in poles church yard, came to me and told me that ther was one in hand to print Sr Philip Sydney's old arcadia, aſking me yf it were done with your honors conſent, or any other of his frendes? I told him to my knowledge, no: then he advyſed me to give warninge of it, ether to the archbiſhhope or doctor Coſen, who have, as he ſays, a copy to peruſe to that end.

"S^r^, I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yeat in this I muſt preſume; for I have ſent my lady, your daughter, at her requeſt, a correction of that old one, don 4 or 5 years ſinſe, which he left in truſt with me; wherof there is no more copies, and fitter to be printed then the firſt, which is ſo common: notwithſtanding, even that to be amended by a direction ſett down undre his own hand, how & why; ſo as in many reſpects, eſpetially the care of printing of it, is to be don with more deliberation.

"Beſydes, he hathe moſt exellently tranſlated, among divers other notable workes, monſieur du Pleſſis book againſt Atheiſme, which is ſinſe don by an other; ſo as both in reſpect of lov betwen Pleſſis and him, beſydes other affinities in ther courſes, but eſpetially Sr Philip's uncomparable judgement, I think fit ther be made ſtay of that mercenary book, ſo that Sr Philip might have all thos religious works which ar worthily dew to his lyfe and death.

"Many other works, as Bartas his Spanyard, 40 of the pſalms

for a time, filled with diſmay and ſorrow all claſſes, and may be ſaid to have wakened to anguiſh and deſpair nearly all the poets of England. No ſubject was ever mourned with, perhaps, ſo many ſeparately publiſhed elegiac effuſions; and it is matter of ſurpriſe that more of them were not collected together and printed. Of a comparatively ſmall aſſemblage of them, moſt likely

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tranſlated into myter, &c. which requyre the care of his frends, not to amend, for I think it falls within the reach of no man living, but only to ſee to the paper, and other common errors of mercenary printing. Gayn ther wilbe, no doubt, to be diſpoſed by you: let it be to the pooreſt of his ſervants; I deſyre only care to be had of his honor, who, I fear, hath caried the honor of thes latter ages with him.

"S^{r}, pardon me, I make this the buſneſs of my lofe, and deſyre God to ſhew that he is your God. From my Lodge, not well, this day in haſt.

"Your honors

"FOULK GREVILL.

"S^{r}, I had wayted on you my ſelfe for anſwer, becauſe I am jelous of tyme in it, but in trothe I am nothing well. Good S^{r}, think of it."

It is to be obſerved that Ponſonby was the ſtationer who publiſhed the "Arcadia," in 4to. 1590, as well as the folios of 1593, 1598, &c. He was alſo Spenſer's publiſher of "The Faerie Queene," "Complaints," and other productions. It will be ſeen from the following, extracted from the Stationers' Regiſters, that Ponſonby himſelf entered Sidney's "Arcadia" for the preſs, two years before it came out: it has, we think, never yet been quoted:—

"23 Auguſti [1588.]

"Wm Ponſonby. Rd of him for a booke of Sr Php Sidney's makinge, intitled Arcadia: authoriſed under the Archb. of Cante hand . . . . . vj$^{d.}$"

Florio, in the dedication of the Second Book of his tranſlation of Montaigne, fol. 1603, tells Lady Rutland and Lady Penelope Rich that he had "ſeene the firſt Septimaine of that arch-poet Du Bartas," rendered into Engliſh by Sidney, and he entreats them to honour the age by making it public. This verſion has never ſince been heard of, but that there was an intention to print it is evident from the ſubſequent entry at Stationers' Hall, made by Ponſonby at the ſame time as the entry regarding the "Arcadia."

"Wm Ponſonby. Item, Rd of him for a tranſlation of Saluſt de Bartas, done by the ſame Sr P. into engliſhe . . vj$^{d.}$"

Sylveſter tranſlated portions of Du Bartas in 1590 and 1591.

made by Spenſer, including his own and Lady Pembroke's contributions, we ſhall ſpeak immediately; but there were many others, by Breton, Churchyard, Philips, Whetſtone, and minor verſifyers, all of which deſerved preſervation, if not for their own merits, on account of the admirable ſubject of them. The conſequence has been that ſeveral are now loſt, but that they once exiſted is teſtified by the Stationers' Regiſters.[k]

The ſmall aſſemblage of them made by Spenſer was not publiſhed by itſelf, but appended to a work of a totally different character, ſome years afterwards: we cannot, however, but believe that this appendix to "Colin Clout's come Home again," 1595, was intended for the preſs in 1587, and one of the pieces there given was entered in the uſual manner late in the ſummer of that year.[l] Spenſer calls his own "paſtoral elegy," after Sidney's poetical name, "Aſtrophel," and follows it by ſome ſtanzas, of

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[k] See the "Extracts from the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company" (publiſhed by the Shakeſpeare Society in 1849) vol. ii. pp. 222, 224, &c. Dr. Butler, late Biſhop of Litchfield, formerly Maſter of Shrewſbury School (where Sir Philip Sidney was educated) reprinted ſome of theſe as a preſent to the Roxburghe Club, in 1837, 4to. Various others, ſtill extant, might have been added.

[l] In the ſubſequent form, and, it will be obſerved, that the Stationers' Regiſter diſcloſes the name of the writer, which was not given by Spenſer:—

"xxij^{do} Auguſti [1587]

"John Woulfe. Rd of him for printinge the Mourning Muſes of Lod. Bryſkett, upon the death of the moſt noble Sr Phlp Sydney, knighte, &c. . . . . vj$^{d.}$"

It is remarkable that Ritſon (*Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 145) ſhould not have been aware that this poem was ever printed; while T. Warton attributes it to Spenſer, and charges him with borrowing in it from the Italian (Obſ. on "The Faerie Queene," vol. i. p. 222). Malone tells us that Bryſkett's "Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis" was written in Dublin, and he is moſt likely right (Shakeſp. by Boſwell, vol ii. p. 580). There, we apprehend, Spenſer obtained it from his friend, and afterwards forwarded it to England with other pieces of the ſame kind.

a ſimilar form and character, avowedly by Sidney's ſiſter, Lady Pembroke, whom Spenſer names Clorinda. Next to it comes Bryſkett's "Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis;" and thirdly, a "Paſtoral Æclogue" from the ſame pen, and ſubſcribed by his initials, in which Lycon, the writer of the paſtoral, and Colin, meaning Spenſer, are the ſpeakers. Matthew Roydon's "Elegy, or Friends Paſſion for his Aſtrophil," is the fourth production of this claſs, and it is ſucceeded by two anonymous epitaphs. By whom the ſecond of theſe was compoſed is nowhere ſtated, and its merit is not ſo ſtriking as to render it of much conſequence to whom it is attributed; but the firſt epitaph, beginning,

"To praiſe thy life, or waile thy worthie death,"

is by Sir Walter Raleigh, as is eſtabliſhed by the evidence of a contemporary, although none of the biographers of Sidney, Spenſer, or Raleigh have ever yet given the laſt his undoubted property. The final ſtanza of this epitaph runs thus (vol. v. p. 107):—

"That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whoſe vertues, wounded by my worthleſſe rime,
Let Angels ſpeake, and heaven thy praiſes tell."

Sir John Harington publiſhed his tranſlation of the *Orlando Furioſo* in 1591; and, in a note to the Sixteenth Canto, we read:—"And our Engliſh Petrarke, Sir Philip Sidney, or (as Sir Walter Raleigh, in his epitaph, worthily calleth him) *the Scipio and the Petrarke of our time*, often comforting himſelfe in the ſonets of Stella, though deſpairing to attaine his deſire," &c. Hence it is indubitable that Sir John Harington was referring to the laſt epitaph but one among the poems on the death of Sidney collected by Spenſer, and ſubſequently printed at

his inſtance with another of his own poems of far greater importance. To this latter we ſhall have occaſion to refer more particularly.

The chief object of the Council of Munſter, when Spenſer was appointed its ſecretary, was to repair, as far as poſſible, the ravages of war and rebellion by re-peopling the province with perſons, eſpecially natives of England, who were willing to embark capital in the improvement of the ſoil, and in the promotion of civilization among the inhabitants. Various adventurers, or "undertakers" as they were called, obtained extenſive grants of the territory which had formerly been the property of the Deſmonds and their adherents. Among the reſt Sir Walter Raleigh had intereſt enough to ſecure to himſelf a diſtrict, it is ſaid, of no fewer than 42,000 acres. Spenſer, as may be ſuppoſed, obtained a much ſmaller ſhare, and he was moſt probably indebted for it to the ſame court-favourite: his eſtate in the county of Cork was eſtimated at ſomething more than 3,000 acres; but there is conſiderable difference as to the date when he firſt became poſſeſſed of theſe lands, including the caſtle and manor of Kilcolman.

Some have aſſerted that the grant bore date on 27th June, 1586; but it has been recently ſhown that, at all events, certain Letters Patent for the purpoſe are not anterior to 26 October, 1591: there the property is ſaid to conſiſt of 3,028 acres, in the Barony of Fermoy in the county of Cork, and the manor and caſtle of Kilcolman are ſpecifically named.[m] The true mode of reconciling the diſcrepancy may be, and probably was, this:—that Spenſer received the grant of his new eſtate in the ſummer of 1586, but that the formal document con-

[m] See Hardiman's "Iriſh Minſtrelſy," vol. i. p. 320, who quotes the original document preſerved in the Rolls Office, Dublin.

veying it to him, as forfeited land, was not iſſued until 1591. We know that our poet dated his "Colin Clout's come Home again" (vol. v. p. 29), "from my houſe of Kilcolman" on the 27th December, 1591, which reads as if he had not very recently come into poſſeſſion, and the delay may have been occaſioned by other circumſtances, without imputing it to hoſtility on the part of the Lord Treaſurer. The uncertain condition of the affairs of Ireland, and an unwillingneſs on the part of the government to complete the gift, until they could be tolerably ſure of enabling the new owner to retain it, may have had ſomething to do with the poſtponement at the office of the Great Seal; and we are to remember that that owner, in a comparatively few years, was obliged to abandon the eſtate in conſequence of the re-aſſertion of their right by the rebels. Even the greater importunity of powerful adventurers, anxious to obtain their patents, may have occaſioned the neglect of the claims of a man in the dependent ſituation of Spenſer. Be that as it may, for the whole 3,028 acres, with the caſtle of Kilcolman, our poet was only to pay an annual rent of 17*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, ſo that the advantage to himſelf was very conſiderable indeed.

Upon the ſuppoſition that Spenſer was a married man in 1587, and that he was the father of Florence Spenſer, baptized at the end of Auguſt in that year (ſee p. xvi.), we may farther ſpeculate that he may have taken a wife in 1586 upon the ſtrength of the ample proviſion then made for him in the county of Cork. It will be obſerved, too, that he calls the lady to whom he was ſubſequently united "my life's laſt ornament" (vol. v. p. 154), as if he were referring to ſome previous period, when he had obtained a *firſt* "ornament" of a ſimilar deſcription. It would, however, be very unwiſe to adopt any poſitive concluſion founded upon evidence ſo incomplete; and

whether, if Spenſer had a wife in 1587, he took her with him to Ireland, or left her behind him in England, or what became of her afterwards, we are at preſent totally ignorant.

If, as we believe, he received the original grant in 1586, we may readily imagine that he did not very long defer a viſit to his recently acquired and highly valuable property.[n] At Kilcolman he ſeems to have taken up his abode, and there we hear of him late in the ſummer of 1589, when he received a viſit from his friend and patron, Sir Walter Raleigh. At this date the enterpriſing knight had recently returned from the expedition to Spain and Portugal, which had been commanded by Sir John Norris, as the general of the land forces, and by Sir Francis Drake, as the admiral of the fleet. The Earl of Eſſex and Sir Roger Williams joined them without the royal permiſſion, and ſome unexplained difference ſeems to have ariſen, in the courſe of the undertaking, between Sir Roger Williams and Sir Walter Raleigh. It is quite certain that Raleigh did not land from the fleet at Cork or Waterford, but that he ſubſequently went from London to Ireland in ſome diſgrace with the Queen, foſtered by Eſſex: this

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[n] We ſubjoin the deſcription of the property as we find it in Smith's "Natural and Civil Hiſtory of the County and City of Cork," vol. i. p. 333:—"Two miles north-weſt of Doneraine is Kilcolman, a ruined caſtle of the Earls of Deſmond; but more celebrated for being the reſidence of the immortal Spenſer, where he compoſed his divine poem, 'The Faerie Queene.' The caſtle is now almoſt level with the ground. It was ſituated on the north ſide of a fine lake in the midſt of a vaſt plain, terminated to the eaſt by the county of Waterford mountains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or as Spenſer terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the ſouth, and the mountains of Kerry to the weſt. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and muſt have been, when the adjacent lands were wooded, a moſt pleaſant and romantic ſituation; from whence, no doubt, Spenſer drew ſeveral parts of the ſcenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds."

incident is feelingly alluded to by Spenſer in "Colin Clout's come Home again," where, ſpeaking of Raleigh, he ſays,—

> "His ſong was all a lamentable lay
> Of great unkindneſſe and of uſage hard
> Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea," &c.[o]

This is confirmed by a letter diſcovered among the manuſcripts at Lambeth from Francis Allen to Anthony Bacon, in which, with reference to the royal diſpleaſure, the former tells the latter, "My Lord of Eſſex hath chaſed Mr. Raleigh from the Court, and confined him into Ireland."[p] The date of this letter, 17th Auguſt, 1589, ſettles the point of time when Raleigh, quitting the Court in London in ſome irritation, viſited Spenſer at Kilcolman, and took the opportunity of ſurveying his own 42,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

Raleigh muſt have found Spenſer engaged upon the completion of the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene;" and we may be ſure that the ſoldier-poet did not treat them with the ſlight and diſregard the crabbed and taſteleſs Gabriel Harvey had ſhown about nine years before: on the contrary, Spenſer, adverting to Raleigh's opinion, tells us,—

> "And when he heard the muſic that I made,
> He found himſelfe full greatly pleas'd at it;"

very diffidently deſcribing what muſt have been Raleigh's extraordinary delight and admiration. Such part of the great poem, including, poſſibly, the "deſign and intendment" of the whole, as had been written before 1580,

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[o] See vol. v. p. 37.

[p] Birch (Mem. of Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 56.) was the firſt to diſcover this letter, which ſhows not only the diſgrace of Raleigh, but the date when it happened, and what Raleigh did in conſequence. See alſo Tytler's "Life of Raleigh," 12mo. 1844, p. 100.

muſt neceſſarily have been compoſed in England, for at that date Spenſer had never been abroad, nor in Ireland; and how much had been added between the time when it was in Gabriel Harvey's hands about 1580, and the year 1589, when Sir Walter Raleigh heard Spenſer read it, or part of it, it would be vain to ſpeculate. That it had been much increaſed in bulk while its author was reſident in Ireland we are quite ſure; for afterwards, when introducing it to Lord Grey de Wilton in a preliminary ſonnet, Spenſer told him that it conſiſted of

> "Rude rymes the which a ruſtick Muſe did weave
> *In ſavadge ſoyle;*"

and in the ſame ſpirit, in another of the ſonnets appended to the printed copy, he aſked the Earl of Ormond to—

> "Receive, moſt noble Lord, a ſimple taſte
> Of the wilde fruite *which ſalvage ſoyl hath bred;*
> Which, being through long wars left almoſt waſte,
> With brutiſh barbariſme is overſpredd."

Nothing, then, can be clearer than that a conſiderable part of the poem (Spenſer makes no exception as to any portion) had been written in the "ſavage ſoil" of Ireland; and we may conclude with ſufficient ſafety, that when Raleigh ſaw "The Faerie Queene" at Kilcolman, in 1589, it was either complete, or nearly ſo, as far as the end of the third book;[q] and that the poet, having opened

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[q] Todd (Life of Spenſer, p. lix.) relies upon the following paſſage in a work already noticed, Lodowick Bryſkett's "Diſcourſe of Civil Life," written, probably, between the years 1584 and 1589 (though not printed till 1606: ſee p. li.) for the purpoſe of ſhowing that Spenſer had then completed the firſt three books of his "Faerie Queene;" but as far as the evidence goes, it ſeems to prove the contrary, becauſe Spenſer (who is one of the interlocutors in the book) ſays there that he has "undertaken" ſuch a work, and hoped to "finiſh it."—"For ſure I am that it is not unknowne unto you that I have already undertaken a work tending to the ſame effect, which is in heroical verſe, under the title of a *Faerie Queene*, to repreſent all the morall vertues; aſſigning to every

to his gallant and accompliſhed gueſt the whole ſcope of the ſubject, as well as his deſign in relation to particular virtues and vices, Raleigh adviſed him to write and print the very epiſtle which Spenſer ſubſequently addreſſed to him, and appended to "The Faerie Queene," "expounding his intention in the courſe of the work." By the time this epiſtle was put to preſs Raleigh had been reſtored to the Queen's favour: he was not only Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, but Lord Warden of the Stannaries;[r] and theſe titles Spenſer gave him in one of

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vertue a knight to be the patron and defender of the ſame, in whoſe actions and feates of armes and chivalry the operations of that vertue whereof he is the protector are to be expreſſed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppoſe themſelves againſt the ſame to be beaten downe and overcome. Which work as I have already well entered into, if God ſhall pleaſe to ſpare me life, that I may finiſh it according to my mind, your wiſh, M. Bryſkett, will be in ſome ſort accompliſhed, though perhaps not ſo effectually as you could deſire." No doubt at the date when the above was written Spenſer had "well entered" into the work; but we ſhould not be juſtified from this paſſage to infer that he had completed even the firſt three books. Nevertheleſs, there is, we think, ſufficient evidence to eſtabliſh, that what was printed in 1590 was nearly ready for the preſs when Spenſer read portions of it to Raleigh at Kilcolman.

[r] The biographers and editors of Raleigh have been ſorely puzzled by finding that a poem, uſually called "The Silent Lover," and aſſigned to Raleigh, was attributed in one of the Aſhmolean MSS. (No. 781, p. 143) to *Lo. Walden*. In the index to the MSS. they are called "*Lo. Walden's verſes;*" and Ritſon, on the authority of this name only, inſerts Lord Walden (afterwards Earl of Suffolk) in his *Bibliotheca Poetica*, p. 383. Park goes even farther; for, upon the ſtrength of the Aſhm. MS. and Ritſon, he actually converts Lord Walden into one of his "Royal and Noble Authors," and writes his life accordingly. What is the fact? The reader will hardly require it to be pointed out. "The Silent Lover" is unqueſtionably by Raleigh; but at the time it was written, or got abroad, its author was Lord Warden, *i. e.* Lord Warden of the Stannaries; and becauſe Lord Warden was miſwritten Lo. Walden, an attempt has been made to deprive the real owner of his undoubted property. Our neighbours of Edinburgh have not ſcrupled, not merely to rob Raleigh of a lovely addition to his few poetical remains, but to attribute the poem to their countryman Sir Robert Aytoun, in an edition of his works publiſhed in 1844. For "Lord Walden" we have only to read Lord *Warden* and the difficulty is at

the introductory ſonnets, remarkable for its beautiful ſimplicity. There he refers to Raleigh's own unprinted, and now unhappily loſt, poem in praiſe of Queen Elizabeth, under the name of "Cynthia," and entreats him to make it univerſally known:—

> "Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
> Let thy faire Cynthia's praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne."[s]

We apprehend that the ſubſidence of the Queen's diſpleaſure brought Raleigh back ſpeedily to England, and that he remained but a ſhort time in Ireland. The opinion is ſo reaſonable and probable, that it might almoſt be treated as a fact, even if Spenſer himſelf had not borne witneſs to it, that Raleigh brought our poet with him to

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an end—a curious inſtance of the important conſequence of a very ſlight corruption.

[s] Richard Barnefield printed a poem under the title of "Cynthia," in 1595, to which we have alluded more in detail hereafter, as the earlieſt imitation of Spenſer's ſtyle and ſtanza. He dedicated it to William Stanley, Earl of Derby, who ſucceeded his brother Ferdinando in 1594, the laſt having died not without ſuſpicion of poiſon. Barnefield concludes his addreſs to the "gentlemen Readers" in a ſentence that in a life of Spenſer ought to be quoted:—"Thus hoping that you will beare with my rude conceit of Cynthia (if for no other cauſe, yet *that it is the firſt imitation of the verſe of that excellent Poet, Maiſter Spenſer in his Fayrie Queene*) I leave you to the reading," &c. Whether Barnefield wrote his "Cynthia" becauſe he had heard of Sir W. Raleigh's unpubliſhed production of the ſame name we cannot ſtate; but he makes no alluſion to the piece announced by Spenſer: he clearly addreſſes the Queen in three preliminary ſtanzas, the laſt of which runs thus:—

> "But ah (alas) how can mine infant Muſe
> (That never heard of Helicon before)
> Performe my promiſe paſt, when they refuſe
> Poore Shepheards Plaints? yet will I ſtill adore
> Thy ſacred name, although I write no more:
> Yet hope I ſhall, if this accepted be;
> If not, in ſilence ſleepe eternally."

It will be remembered that on a preceding page of his poem (vol. v. p. 37) Spenſer has called Elizabeth "Cynthia, the ladie of the ſea," perhaps in particular alluſion to Raleigh's imprinted poem.

London, in order that he might preſent him anew to the Queen. It will not have been forgotten that in one of his letters to Harvey in 1580, Spenſer told his old college friend that he had ſeen her majeſty, but whether as Lord Leiceſter's agent, or meſſenger, is doubtful: it is indiſputable that in the autumn of 1589 Raleigh brought Spenſer diſtinctly under the perſonal notice and regard of Elizabeth. "Colin Clout's come Home again" is altogether an autobiographical poem, or paſtoral, in which the author relates the unexpected viſit of Raleigh to him at Kilcolman, the manner in which "the ſhepherd of the ſea" had liſtened to and applauded his verſes (portions of "The Faerie Queene"), and, among other points, their haſty departure together for England:—

> "He me perſwaded forth with him to fare.
> Nought tooke I with me but mine oaten quill:
> Small needments elſe need ſhepheard to prepare.
> So to the ſea we came," &c.[1]

Afterwards we learn from the ſame poem, that, on arriving in the metropolis, Raleigh introduced Spenſer at Court,—

> "that ſame ſhepheard ſtill us guyded,
> Untill that we to Cynthia's preſence came."

The Queen "inclined her ear" to his melody,—

> "That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight;"—

and "at timely hours" Spenſer read portions of "his ſong" to her, which, "by the meaſure of her own great mind," ſhe declared to be of "wondrous worth." We need not pauſe to conſider what parts of "The Faerie Queene" he read to her majeſty: all that related to Gloriana and Belphœbe muſt have been eſpecially grateful to the vanity

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[1] See vol. v. p. 38.

of the royal ear; and, without following Spenſer's narrative farther, we may ſtate that juſt after the three firſt books had been printed in 1590 (for Spenſer, with the aid of Ponſonby, and under the advice of Raleigh, put them to preſs immediately) the Queen granted her poet a penſion of 50*l.* a year. This reward to modern ears may ſound inſignificant, and unworthy not only of the poem but of the Queen's bounty; but if we take into conſideration the great difference in the value of money we ſhall find that it was quite equal to 250*l.* a year at preſent. Surely this gift from a parſimonious ſovereign, who was generally guided by a more parſimonious Lord Treaſurer,[u] does not deſerve to be ſpoken

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[u] We may not improperly introduce here ſome particulars connected more or leſs with a ſtory in Fuller's "Worthies" (edit. Nuttall, vol. ii. p. 379), which has ſince often been repeated :—

"There paſſeth a ſtory (ſays Fuller) commonly told and believed, that Spenſer preſenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, ſhe, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil (Burghley) her Treaſurer, to give him a hundred pounds; and when the Treaſurer (a good ſteward of the Queen's money) alleged that ſum was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the Queen, 'what is reaſon:' to which the Lord conſented, but was ſo buſied, belike, about matters of high concernment, that Spenſer received no reward. Whereupon he preſented this petition in a ſmall piece of paper to the Queen in her progreſs :—

> 'I was promiſed on a time
> To have reaſon for my rhyme;
> But from that time unto this ſeaſon
> I received nor rhyme, nor reaſon.'"

This tradition, written "ſeventy years" after the event, Todd utterly diſbelieves and ridicules; but it depends not upon Fuller, who wrote in 1662, but upon what may be deemed contemporary evidence. A barriſter of the name of Manningham kept a Diary of events, &c., at the cloſe of the reign of Elizabeth, which is preſerved among the Harleian MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum (No. 5353). It contains many notices of perſons of the time, and anecdotes for which the writer ſometimes gives his authorities: ſuch is the caſe with the following quotation relating to Spenſer, the voucher being a perſon of the name of Towſe :—

"May 4, 1602. When her Majeſtie had given order that Spenſer

of with the ſevere and contemptuous epithets that have been ordinarily applied to it. We are not to forget, likewiſe, that, beſides his manor and caſtle of Kilcolman, Spenſer in 1590 was in receipt of the emoluments, whatever they might be, belonging to his office of Secretary to the Council of Munſter, if not of thoſe derived from the ſituation he held in the Iriſh Court of Chancery. In the patent for the penſion preſerved in the uſual depoſitory, the Chapel of the Rolls, Spenſer is not ſtyled

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ſhould have a reward for his poems, but Spenſer could have nothing, he preſented her with theſe verſes:—

> 'It pleas'd your Grace upon a tyme
> To graunt me reaſon for my ryme,
> But from that time untill this ſeaſon
> I heard of neither ryme nor reaſon.'"
>
> *Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry*, i. 335.

In Birch's "Memoirs of Elizabeth," vol. i. p. 131, we find ſubſtantially the ſame lines imputed to Thomas Churchyard, the dull and voluminous poet, and there they are inſerted as part of a goſſiping letter from a perſon of the name of Standen to Anthony Bacon, dated 17th Nov. 1593:—

> "You bad your Treaſurer on a time
> To give me reaſon for my rhime,
> But ſince that time and that ſeaſon
> He gave me neither rhime nor reaſon."

Our conviction is that the anecdote was well founded as regards Spenſer—Churchyard was too dull for the lines—and that the reſult was the penſion which Elizabeth conferred on the author of "The Faerie Queene" very ſoon after the publication of it.

In Manningham's Diary we alſo meet with a brief Epitaph on Spenſer, for which, however, no authority is aſſigned:—

> "*In Spenſerum.*
> Famous alive, and dead here is the odds;
> Then God of Poets, now Poet of the Gods."

Malone found the record of the grant of 50*l.* per annum to Spenſer in the Rolls Chapel, Pat. 33, Eliz. p. 3. See his "Life of Dryden," prefixed to Miſcellaneous Works, 8vo. 1800, vol. i. p. 84. In 1593 Elizabeth gave Churchyard an allowance of eighteenpence per day, which is not ſo contemptible a ſum, recollecting the difference in the value of money. "Shakſpeare," by Boſwell, vol. ii. p. 238.

Laureat, ſo that there is no ground for ſtating that he had that official appointment: the error has been to miſtake a laureat poet for a poet laureat. Elizabeth, during her reign, had many laureat poets, but no Poet Laureat.

Sir Walter Raleigh, having induced Spenſer, near the end of 1589, to leave Ireland for a time, and having then been the means of making him perſonally known to Elizabeth, when the firſt part of "The Faerie Queene" appeared in print in the 4to. 1590, prefixed to it one of the fineſt laudatory ſonnets in our language: it is headed, "A viſion upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene;" while fourteen other lines, in couplets, entitled, "Another of the ſame," certainly of very inferior merit, are ſubſcribed W. R., and we muſt attribute both to the ſame pen. Gabriel Harvey, too, under his paſtoral name of Hobbinoll, apparently forgetting the ſlight he had ten years earlier put upon Spenſer's noble imaginative and deſcriptive poem, which he then deriſively called "The Elviſh Queen," contributed ſix ſtanzas (the beſt he ever wrote) in praiſe of "The Faerie Queene," entitling them "To the learned Shepeheard," and actually congratulating him on the manner in which he had elevated his ſtyle above the early themes to which his ruſtic pipe had been devoted: he alſo mentions our poet's youthful attachment to Roſalind, who "ſeemed now forlorne," juſt as if he were not acquainted with the fact that Spenſer had been married before 1587, as we may gather from the pariſh regiſters of St. Clement Danes. Excepting for poetical purpoſes, Roſalind ſeems to have been relinquiſhed by Spenſer within a year after he had celebrated her in his "Shepheardes Calender;" for, taking the expreſſions literally, it is clear from a paſſage which Spenſer inſerted in Latin in his letter dated "quarto nonas Aprilis, 1580," that he had then a ſweetheart who earneſtly deſired to be

commended to Gabriel Harvey, and wondered that he had ſaid nothing in anſwer to her letters:—"*Meum corculum tibi ſe ex animo commendat plurimùm: jamdiu mirata te nihil ad literas ſuas reſponſi dediſſe.*" Harvey, alſo in Latin, in his Letter in reply to Spenſer, praiſes her hair, *capillos ſemiaureos, ſemiargenteos, ſemigemmeos*, and then adds ſignificantly, *Quid quæris? Per tuam Venerem, altera Roſalindula eſt.* We know not how any other interpretation can be put upon theſe expreſſions than that in April, 1580, Spenſer was in love with another lady, *altera Roſalindula*,[x] and that the original Roſalind of the north of England had been even then ſupplanted. It is juſt poſſible that both Spenſer and Harvey addreſſed each other in the abſurd and extravagant terms of friendſhip, then ſometimes in faſhion, and ſpoke ambiguouſly of their mutual attachment, as if they were of different and doting ſexes: ſtill, this far-fetched view of the matter could hardly apply to the *altera Roſalindula* of Harvey; and, for aught that is known to the contrary, the phraſes we have quoted may have been intended by the writers for a lady whom Spenſer ſubſequently married, and who may have been the mother of Florence Spenſer, baptized in 1587.

The whole, in the abſence of farther information, ſeems an inextricable riddle, eſpecially in the face of what Spenſer ſays, at the end of his "Colin Clout's come Home again," of his ſtill ardent and unalterable affection for Roſalind. This, indeed, may have been a portion of the poem which our poet had written long before its date;

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[x] This ſingular diſcrepancy between Spenſer's apparent fidelity to Roſalind in 1591, and his entertainment of another paſſion even as early as 1580, ſtruck Profeſſor Child in his "Memoir of Spenſer," when he obſerves (p. xxii.), "From all this it would appear that the lover ſoon found conſolation for the diſappointment he had met with; and that ſome of his biographers have waſted their ſympathy."

or we ought poſſibly to treat it as a poetic fiction, which it anſwered his purpoſe to introduce, juſt in the ſame way as, in his "Elegy on the death of Sidney," he imagined Stella unmarried (though ſhe was then the wife of Lord Rich), and actually expiring with the wounded lover who had paid his early, but ineffectual, addreſſes to her.

Beſides Raleigh's admirable ſonnet and poor couplets, and Gabriel Harvey's excellent ſtanzas, there are four other ordinary commendatory poems annexed to the impreſſion of "The Faerie Queene," in 1590, ſubſcribed reſpectively R. S., H. B., W. L., and Ignoto (the laſt a ſignature ſuppoſed at ſome other times, but not here, to belong to Raleigh), which we ſhall not pretend to aſſign to any owners: ſuch gueſſes can be of no value. Spenſer's ſeventeen dedicatory ſonnets to his eſpecial friends and patrons, and to certain of the nobility and others about the Court, ſeem to have ſet an example in this reſpect, which was not unfrequently followed, was probably never equalled, and certainly never exceeded.[y]

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[y] One of the moſt faſcinating of theſe, beyond queſtion, is that to Sir Walter Raleigh, where, in the firſt line, he is called "the ſummer's Nightingale," a deſignation by which Spenſer's zealous friend was afterwards recognized. In a MS. preſerved in the Bodleian Library, which once belonged to Gough (printed in vol. iii. of the "Camden Society's Miſcellany"), there is a poem on the enmity between Raleigh and Robert Earl of Eſſex, in which the firſt is ſpoken of as the Nightingale and the ſecond as the Robin. On this point part of one characteriſtic ſtanza may be here quoted, but the whole piece is curious and illuſtrative of times and perſons:—

"The Nightingale will ſcarce be tame,
No company kepe he can;
He dare not ſhew his face for ſhame,
He feareth the loke of man;
But Robin like a man can loke,
And doth ſhunne no place:
He will ſyng in every noke,
And ſtare you in the face."

This, and the reſt, were written by no friend to Raleigh. The MS.

The date of the entry of the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene" at Stationers' Hall has long been known; but we are not aware that the preciſe form of the memorandum has ever been furniſhed to the readers of Spenſer: it ſtands exactly thus:—

"Primo Die Decembris [1589]
Mr Ponſonbye. Entred for his Copy a booke intytuled the fayrye Queene, dyſpoſed into xii bookes &c. Auctoriſed under thandes of the Archb. of Cante, and bothe the wardens . . vjd."

The imprint on the title-page, "for William Ponſonbie, 1590," was nearly four months in anticipation of the commencement of the new year, as it was then calculated, the 26th of March being conſidered as the opening of it, and ſo reckoned in the books of the Stationers' Company. The Poet's Letter to Raleigh, "expounding his whole intention," bears date nearly two months ſubſequent to the date of the entry, viz. "23 January, 1589," that is, in fact, 1590. There is little doubt that this letter was written laſt (becauſe ſome explanation of the kind was thought by Raleigh to be neceſſary), and printed, with the ſeventeen ſonnets to the leaders of the ariſtocracy, &c., after the whole body of the poem had been worked off in the preſs.

It was, as we have ſaid, in the autumn of 1589 that Raleigh had brought Spenſer to London, and introduced him to the Queen; and before 25th March, 1590, the whole of the 589 pages had gone through the proceſs of typography, a rapid proceeding for that time. Two additional ſheets were placed after p. 589, which ſheets are occupied by the poet's letter to Raleigh, and by the propitiatory ſonnets; and theſe, we take it, were printed after the completion of the bulk of the volume.

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was compiled by Robert Brampton, and the date of 1594 is found appended to his name. Several other pieces in the ſame collection are biographically intereſting.

There is a conſiderable liſt of "Faults eſcaped in the print," on p. 606; and evidences of want of care, if not of haſte, are obſervable throughout: in ſome copies not a few of the appended ſonnets are repeated by evident miſtake, and the ſheet preceding the laſt leaf has there no pagination. It compriſes ſonnets to Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Oxenford, to the Earl of Northumberland, to the Earl of Cumberland, to the Earl of Eſſex, to the Earl of Ormond, to Lord Charles Howard, to Lord Hunſdon, to Lord Grey of Wilton, to Lord Buckhurſt, to Sir Francis Walſingham, to Sir John Norris, to Sir Walter Raleigh, and to the Counteſs of Pembroke. The ſonnets repeated by error on theſe eight unnumbered pages preſent not a ſingle various reading, ſo that it was a mere miſtake ariſing, perhaps, out of haſte in finiſhing up the volume.

Whatever might be the ſale and ſucceſs of the work, no ſecond edition of the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene" was publiſhed, until the author had written the fourth, fifth, and ſixth books, when the three preceding books were reprinted, with the date of 1596 on the title-page, like the remaining three books, William Ponſonby being ſtill the ſtationer who was employed.

He was not at this date a printer, but a ſtationer—a bookſeller and publiſher—and he appears to have engaged John Wolfe to put in type the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene," as they came out in 1590. The reprint of the whole ſix books, as they appeared in 1596, was entruſted to Richard Field, a native of Stratford-upon-Avon, who had already obtained the diſtinction of having been the fellow-townſman employed by Shakeſpeare, in 1593 and 1594, to print the firſt editions of "Venus and Adonis," and of "Lucrece."[z]

[z] Field was the ſon of a tanner named Henry Field, who, dying ſhortly before 1592, John Shakeſpeare, the father of William, and two

Nobody, in the preſent ſtate of our information, can be at all prepared to decide when Spenſer reſumed the great and complicated ſubject, which, we know, he had commenced before 1580, and three books of which were publiſhed in 1590. After the publication of thoſe three books it is ſuppoſed, and it may be declared with ſome degree of certainty, that he ſpent more than a year and a quarter in England, chiefly near the Court, and doubtleſs much in the ſociety of Sir Walter Raleigh and his friends. A collected volume of miſcellaneous pieces, of which we ſhall ſpeak more preſently, came out in 1591, and "London, the firſt of Januarie, 1591," is the date of Spenſer's dedication of his "Daphnaida," though it was not publiſhed until five years afterwards.

On the other hand, we are ſure that our poet was in Ireland on "27 December, 1591," when "Colin Clout's come Home again" is dated from Kilcolman. We muſt, therefore, of neceſſity, take "the firſt of Januarie, 1591," not to mean 1591-2, but five days more than twelve months prior to the date of "Colin Clout's come Home again." According to this mode of reckoning Spenſer

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other perſons, Tho. Truſſell and Richard Spooner, were employed to value his goods. Richard Field, his ſon, was apprenticed as a printer to G. Biſhop and Tho. Vautroullier on 10 Aug. 1579. On 12 Jan. 1588, he married his maſter's, Vautroullier's, daughter, and ſucceeded him in buſineſs. In 1591 Richard Field himſelf took an apprentice, viz. his brother Jaſper. We are not able to trace any relationſhip between Richard Field the printer, and Nathaniel Field the famous actor in ſome of Shakeſpeare's dramas, but it perhaps exiſted. Nathaniel Field was the ſon of John Field, the puritanical divine, and brother of Theophilus Field who ſubſequently became Biſhop of Llandaff and Hereford. Richard Field, as ſucceſſor to Vautroullier, uſed the device of the Anchor, intertwined with laurel, and the motto *Anchora ſpei*. As the printer of "Venus and Adonis," and of "The Faerie Queene," Richard Field was typographer to two of the greateſt poets the world has ever produced. See the "Lives of Shakeſpeare's Actors" (printed by the Shakeſpeare Society in 1846), p. 206, and "The Shakeſpeare Society's Papers," vol. iv. p. 37. 8vo. 1849.

came to London with Raleigh early in the autumn of 1589; wrote his "Daphnaida" there in 1590, and, having printed his "Faerie Queene" as far as it was finiſhed, returned to Ireland. In Ireland he wrote his "Colin Clout's come Home again," which he dedicated to Raleigh on "27 December, 1591," though it did not paſs the preſs until 1595.

Some biographers of Spenſer would have us believe that "27 December, 1591," was a miſtake for 27 December, 1595.[a] We are not at all diſpoſed to agree in this ſuppoſition, and not only is there no need to adopt it, but if we do, we are thrown out of all calculation as to Spenſer's reſidence in England, and as to the appearance of ſome of his other miſcellaneous poems. We may well believe the fact to be that, although "Colin Clout's come Home again" was written in 1591, juſt after the events to which it relates, and while they were freſh in the author's mind, and although it was ſent over from Ireland (probably to Raleigh himſelf, he being then with the Court) yet it was on a ſubject, and of a character, dealing as it did with many public perſonages (to ſay nothing of poets[b]) of the day, that eſpecially required conſideration and poſtponement. We are ſatisfied that the delay was intentional—that the poem was ſubmitted and reſubmitted to Spenſer's reviſion between 1591 and 1595,

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[a] Todd's "Life of Spenſer," lxxxix.; ſee alſo "Malone's Shakſpeare" by Boſwell, vol. ii. p. 226.

[b] Theſe poets, as will be ſeen by our notes (vol. v. p. 44), omitting Elizabeth herſelf, whoſe "peerleſs ſkill in making well" is celebrated on p. 38, were the following:—the Earl of Derby, Lord Buckhurſt, Lady Pembroke, Sir P. Sidney, Sir A. Gorges, Sir W. Raleigh, Shakeſpeare, Daniel, Fraunce, Breton, Churchyard, Peele, and Alabaſter. In a few caſes it has been impoſſible to do more than to conjecture the perſon from the doubtful deſignation, and ſeveral important names, ſuch as thoſe of Lodge and Drayton, appear to have been neglected by Spenſer; but even this is doubtful, becauſe he may have intended Alcon for Lodge, and Drayton might be too young in 1591.

and that when it was at length publiſhed in 1595 it had undergone much alteration. We ſhall, of courſe, have occaſion to return to this important point.

But before we do ſo we muſt advert to a publication by Spenſer, which immediately followed "The Faerie Queene," of 1590. It was a volume of miſcellanies under the general title of "Complaints," which bore the date of 1591, and which was preceded only by an addreſs "to the gentle reader" by Ponſonby the ſtationer: moſt of the ſeparate pieces, however, have dedications ſigned either E. S. or Ed. Sp. Though we cannot ſettle the preciſe dates of any of them, as regards the times when they came from the poet's mind and pen, there can be no diſpute that ſeveral of them belong to a very early period of his career—perhaps ſome of them even earlier than his "Shepheardes Calender," of 1579. Ponſonby puts no date at the end of his brief addreſs to the reader; but that of the entry of the volume at Stationers' Hall aſſiſts us in arriving at the concluſion that it was publiſhed at the commencement of 1591:—

"29 December [1590].
Willm Ponſonbye. Entred for his Copie, under the handes of D^r. Staller and bothe the wardens, A booke entytuled Complaintes, conteyninge ſondrye ſmaller Poemes of the worldes vanity . vj^d."

The memorandum was therefore made very near the cloſe of 1590, according to our modern calculation; and although 1590 would not then end for about three months, the date placed upon the title-page of "Complaints" was 1591. All the ſeparate title-pages, with one exception, are of the ſame year. Ponſonby's preliminary addreſs deſerves notice on various accounts; one of its moſt remarkable features being that it calls Spenſer "the new poet," as if "The Shepheardes Calender" of 1579, which had gone through ſo many editions before 1591, were ſtill hardly known to be his. He ſtates that

"The Faerie Queene" had "found a favourable paſſage," and entreats the reader "graciouſly to entertain the new poet," in regard to the productions now publiſhed, as if "The Faerie Queene" were the only performance by which he was recognized: up to this date Spenſer had never publicly acknowledged his earlieſt work, though he alluded to it in the firſt lines of his "Faerie Queene."

Again; this addreſs gives us a liſt of many pieces by Spenſer, then aſcertained to be in exiſtence, which are now irretrievably loſt. Ponſonby, ſeeing what a ſudden reputation the author of "The Faerie Queene" had acquired, and anxious to avail himſelf of its author's popularity, had contrived to collect (belike with the poet's aſſiſtance) no fewer than nine ſcattered productions by the ſame author, then only circulating in manuſcript. But, beſides theſe nine, Ponſonby tells the reader of juſt as many more that he had not yet been able, but was endeavouring to procure: theſe, he informs us, were,—

1. Eccleſiaſtes,
2. Canticus Canticorum;

both, of courſe, as the publiſher ſtates, tranſlations,—

3. A Sennight's Slumber,
4. The Hell of Lovers,
5. Purgatory;

i. e. probably the "Purgatory of Lovers." Theſe were original poems; and Ponſonby adds that they were "all dedicated to ladies," as if the author had prepared them for the preſs, and, as he adds, "meant them all to one volume." Ponſonby, therefore, muſt either have ſeen them, or had heard a very particular account of them. The following, we learn on the ſame authority, were "pamphlets looſely ſcattered abroad:"—

6. The Dying Pelican,
7. The Hours of the Lord,
8. The Sacrifice of a Lover,
9. The Seven Pſalms.

After theſe titles he places "&c.," as if even theſe nine, and the nine others he then printed in the volume of "Complaints," were by no means all that Spenſer had written, and might poſſibly thereafter be procured for publication.

Of only two of the whole enumeration have we heard before, viz. "A Sennight's Slumber," and "The Dying Pelican." They are both mentioned by Spenſer in his letters to Gabriel Harvey. He ſpeaks of the firſt under the date of 5 Oct. 1579, where he is noticing Goſſon's "School of Abuſe," and the preſumptuous folly of ſome authors who dedicated their works to diſtinguiſhed individuals before they took the trouble to aſcertain the diſpoſition and wiſhes of the party addreſſed:—"Suche (ſays Spenſer) mighte I happily incurre, entituling my *Slomber* and other pamphlets unto his honor [Lord Leiceſter]. I meant them rather to Maiſter Dyer."[c]

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[c] Sir Edward Dyer, not knighted until 1596, was a poet for whoſe taſte and talents Sir Philip Sidney and many others of that day entertained a high reſpect. He is frequently mentioned and quoted in miſcellanies of the reign of Elizabeth and James I; but as no ſeparate works by him are recorded by any of our bibliographers, we will ſubjoin the titles of two that have fallen under our obſervation: "The Prayſe of Nothing. By E. D.—Imprinted at London, in Fleete-ſtreate, beneath the Conduite, at the ſigne of S. John Evangeliſt, by H. Jackſon. 1585," 4to. This work is entered in the Stationers' Regiſters under date of 27 June, 1584, as "by Edward D." The only known copy of it is in the Bodleian Library, and it is nearly all in proſe. The following production is entirely in verſe:—"Sixe Idilia: that is fixe ſmall or petty Poems, or Æglogues, choſen out of the right famous Sicilian Poet Theocritus, and tranſlated into Engliſh verſe.—*Dum defluat amnis.*—Printed at Oxford by Joſeph Barnes, 1588." 8vo. Theſe Idyls are the 8th, 11th, 16th, 18th, 21ſt, and 31ſt, and the authorſhip is aſcertained by Dyer's initials. We never ſaw more than two copies of the little volume, and, on account of its extreme rarity, we add a brief ſpecimen. It is from the end of the firſt Idyl, in which Daphnis and Menalcas have contended in ſong, and a Goatherd thus decides:—

"O Daphnis, what a dulcet mouth and voice thou haſt!
'Tis ſweeter thee to heare than honie-combes to taſt.

Here, we think, we may aſſume that what Spenſer calls his "Slomber," and what Ponſonby names "A Sennight's Slumber" was the ſame piece, which was unprinted in 1579, when we firſt hear of it, and which was unattainable in 1591, when Ponſonby put forth the volume of "Complaints." The ſame may be ſaid of "The Dying Pelican:" it is mentioned by Spenſer in his letter to Harvey dated *quarto nonas Aprilis*, 1580: it was then unprinted, and it was not to be procured in 1591. The reſt of the liſt, until the works were ſpoken of by Ponſonby as in exiſtence, had been noticed by nobody; but they were floating on the ſurface of ſociety in manuſcript, as at that date was frequently the caſe with brief productions in verſe, and the publiſher of "Complaints" hoped yet to be able to poſſeſs himſelf of copies of them.

The name of the author appears at length in no part of the volume of "Complaints," 4to. 1591. It was not until the ſecond edition of "The Faerie Queene," in

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Take thee, then, theſe pipes, for thou in ſinging doſt excell.
If me, a Gotehearde, thou wilt teach to ſing ſo well,
This broken horned Goate on thee beſtow I will,
Which to the verie brimm the paile doth ever fill.
So then was Daphnis glad, and lept and clapt his handes,
And danſt, as doth a fawne when by the damm he ſtandes.
Menalcas greevd; the thing his mind did much diſmaie,
And ſad as Bride he was upon the marrige daie.
Since then among the Shepheardes Daphnis chiefe was had,
And tooke a Nimphe to wife, when he was but a lad."

All the Idyls, excepting the laſt which is in ſhort verſes, are in this kind of meaſure. As a piece of biographical information reſpecting a friend of Spenſer's and Sidney's, we may add that Sir Edward Dyer, in the latter part of his life, lived at Wincheſter Houſe, Southwark; that he annually gave a buck to the Churchwardens of St. Saviour's pariſh; and that he was buried, at a very advanced age, on 11th May, 1607, in the chancel-ground of that church, the fee paid being £1 6*s*. 8*d*. This information we obtained from the Regiſters and Token-books.

1596, that "Ed. Spenſer" was ſeen upon that title-page, although it was ſubſcribed to the dedication to the Queen in 1590: as regards the volume of "Complaints," the publiſher ſeems to have relied upon notoriety, and upon the popularity of "the new poet." E. S. and Ed. Sp. were doubtleſs conſidered ſufficient to indicate that the nine pieces offered for ſale in 1591 were by the ſame author as "The Faerie Queene," which, as we have before remarked, at no time, until twelve years after the death of Spenſer, was ever aſſociated with "The Shepheardes Calender." For aught that till then was printed, the two works might be by different poets. "The Shepheardes Calender" was never publiſhed, as the avowed work of Spenſer, between 1579 and 1611.

In reprinting "Complaints, containing ſundrie ſmall Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie," we have followed as nearly as poſſible the form and ſtyle of the original impreſſion; and ſince at the back of our title-page, as in that original impreſſion, will be found Ponſonby's liſt of the nine ſeveral productions included in the volume, it is needleſs to repeat it here. We ſhall ſpeak of them in the order in which they occur.

It is not poſſible to determine how much of Spenſer's *Stemmata Dudleiana*, mentioned in his Letter to Harvey of April 1580, is included in the firſt poem in this collection, and there called "The Ruins of Time;" but as it is dedicated to Lady Pembroke, "Sidney's ſiſter," and is mainly devoted to the honour of the Earl of Leiceſter and other members of that family, we may feel pretty confident that it embraces the ſubſtance of what Spenſer had written at a conſiderably earlier date, with ſuch additions and emendations as the poet afterwards ſaw reaſon to introduce. Sidney and Leiceſter are both ſpoken of as dead; and of the latter Spenſer reproachfully ſays,—

" His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet ſeekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honour'd him alive."[d]

If there were no other proof (and there is abundant) the praiſe of Camden, as "the nourice of Antiquitie," would ſhow that this part of "The Ruins of Time" was written after the firſt edition of *Britannia* came from the preſs.

Some critics have ſpoken rather ſlightingly of the poetical merits of the ſecond piece in the volume, "The Tears of the Muſes;" but we are far from agreeing with them, ſeeing that the thoughts are not only new and natural, but that the expreſſions are almoſt uniformly felicitous. The nine ſeveral diviſions of which it conſiſts muſt neceſſarily have come from Spenſer's pen while he was reſident in London in 1589 and 1590; and nothing can be more intereſting than his references to his contemporaries, and to the condition of literature at the period. The whole is dedicated to Lady Strange, who

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[d] Vol. iv. p. 303. We meet with the laſt couplet, or what was meant for it, in Henry Chettle's "England's Mourning Garment," 1603, ſign. D 2 (written on the demiſe of Queen Elizabeth), with the following introduction:—

"I cannot now forget the excellent and cunning Collin indeed (for, alas, I confeſſe my ſelfe too too rude) complaining that a liberall Mecænas, long ſince dying, was immediately forgotten, even by thoſe that living moſt laboured to advance his fame; and theſe, as I thinke, cloſe part of his ſongs:—

'Being dead no Poet ſeekes him to revive,
Though many Poets flatterd him alive.'"

Chettle only profeſſes to quote from memory, and does not quote accurately. In the very next ſtanza to that from which the couplet in our text is taken Spenſer ſpeaks of himſelf by his paſtoral name of Colin Clout. There were two impreſſions of "England's Mourning Garment" in circulation at the ſame time, which cauſed the interference of the authorities of the Stationers' Company. It is in an intereſting poem, near the middle of it (Sign. D 2 b), that, after the notice of Spenſer, Chettle praiſes his contemporaries Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Jonſon, Shakeſpeare, Drayton, Sackville, Dekker, &c.

became Counteſs of Derby in 1592, who was a widow in 1594, and who married Sir Thomas Egerton (afterwards Baron Elleſmere and Viſcount Brackley) in the year 1600. That portion which is aſſigned to Thalia contains the remarkable and appropriate alluſion to Shakeſpeare as "our pleaſant Willy,"—

> "the man whom Nature ſelfe had made
> To mock her ſelfe and Truth to imitate;"

who about 1590 had temporarily ſuſpended his dramatic labours in conſequence of the hoſtile and untoward proſpect of the times. We can hardly doubt for a moment that if Spenſer had not become acquainted with Shakeſpeare in Warwickſhire, where in all likelihood Spenſer had once reſided, and which county he may more than once have reviſited, he muſt have known him and admired him in the metropolis, where the reputation of our great dramatiſt was, even in 1590, widely diſperſed. Spenſer's warm, and moſt exquiſitely worded tribute could not fail to be highly gratifying to Shakeſpeare; and the latter, after the death of the former, muſt have penned his graceful and moſt touching recognition of it in "A Midſummer Night's Dream,"[e] where, in direct alluſion

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[e] Act v. Sc. 1. For Spenſer's praiſe of Shakeſpeare, ſee vol. iv. p. 335. Todd argued, at conſiderable length, that by "our pleaſant Willy" Spenſer meant Sidney; and it is indiſputable, though Todd does not ſeem to have known the fact, that in "An Eglogue made long ſince upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney," in Daviſon's "Poetical Rhapſody," edit. 1611, p. 41, Sidney is throughout called Willy. However, there can ſurely be no doubt that in "The Tears of the Muſes" the words "our pleaſant Willy" muſt refer to William Shakeſpeare, and indeed can apply properly to no other perſon: Shakeſpeare had at this date ceaſed for a time to write, and how could it be ſaid of Sidney, who was dead and had been dead four or five years, that he had thrown down his pen, and

> "Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle cell,
> Than ſo himſelfe to mockerie to ſell?"

to Spenſer's "Tears of the Muſes," the "thrice three Muſes" are repreſented as mourning for the "death in beggary" of learning, in the perſon of the poet of "The Faerie Queene."

"Virgil's Gnat," which ſome competent authorities have repreſented as "a vague and arbitrary paraphraſe of a poem" not properly belonging to Virgil—the *Culex*—may poſſibly have been, as ſome have fancied, a reprint in this edition of 1591. We do not think it likely, as all the other pieces in the volume were probably from manuſcripts. It has no ſeparate title-page; but it is preceded by a ſonnet to the Earl of Leiceſter, which, of courſe, carries it back to a year preceding 1588. It darkly alludes to ſome diſgrace into which the poet had fallen with his great patron, doubtleſs after Spenſer's return from Ireland. The whole is enigmatical; and when critics object that it is by no means an accurate rendering of the original, they ſhould remember, not merely the corruptions of text in that original and that the tranſlator never intended it to be literal, but that it had, and was meant to have, a ſpecial reference to the unhappy circumſtances of his own caſe. The expreſſion in the heading of the introductory ſonnet, that it had been "long ſince dedicated" to Lord Leiceſter, is not, we think, to be underſtood to refer to any formal printed dedication, but only to mean that it had been addreſſed in manuſcript to the Earl, in order to qualify his anger, if it failed to remove his diſpleaſure.

The character of the performance gives great importance to "Proſopopoia, or Mother Hubberd's Tale." It is an apologue from the firſt line to the laſt; the prin-

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Could Spenſer mean by "ſit in idle cell," that Sidney was then lying in his grave, and had been ſo ſince 1587? This queſtion is fully conſidered in Shakeſpeare (pub. by Whittaker and Co.), vol. i. p. 91, &c.

cipal perſonages being repreſented by a Fox and an Ape, who are made ſo to diſguiſe themſelves that they are taken for human beings, and made to mix in the affairs of the world. Here we meet with a good deal of ſevere ſatire on the times, and on various claſſes of ſociety, if not on individuals; but the author tells Lady Compton and Monteagle, to whom it is dedicated,[f] that it was "long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceipt of youth"—a ſtatement not to be underſtood too literally, ſince it was clearly wiſhed thereby to excuſe ſome freedom of thought, as well as boldneſs of expreſſion. The poem could not fail to give offence, particularly to the clergy; and Gabriel Harvey, writing his "Four Letters and certain Sonnets, eſpecially touching Robert Greene," in 1592, does not ſcruple, after his pedantic manner, to tell his friend,—"Even Tully and Horace [are] otherwhiles overreached; and I muſt needes ſay Mother Hubberd, in the heat of choler, forgetting the pure ſanguine of her ſweete Fairy Queene, wilfully overſhot her malcontented ſelfe, as elſewhere I have ſpecified at large, with the good leave of unſpotted friendſhip." Severe and bitter as Spenſer has been in ſome parts of this inſpection of ſociety, we are not of opinion that "Mother Hubberd's Tale" evinces any peculiarity of talent for this unſatisfactory and perilous department of poetry.[g] Spenſer

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[f] Vol. iv. p. 383. Todd, in his "Life of Spenſer," goes at great length into the biography and family hiſtory of the ladies to whom our poet dedicates any of his productions. It ſeems ſufficient here to ſay, that Lady Compton and Monteagle was one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer; and that Spenſer tells her Ladyſhip of "the humble affection and faithful duty" he bears to the diſtinguiſhed houſe from whence ſhe ſprang and to which he was diſtantly related.

[g] We may be led to believe, from a paſſage in a tract called "Father Hubburds Tales, or the Ant and the Nightingale," printed in 1604, (there was a ſecond impreſſion of it in the ſame year, when the title was reverſed) that Spenſer's "Mother Hubberd's Tale" was "called in" by public authority after it had been publiſhed. The words of

was, doubtleſs, as Harvey ſtates, "malcontented:" he was diſappointed and diſheartened by treatment he had met with; and the moſt remarkable paſſage in the whole performance ſeems aimed diſtinctly at Lord Burghley, where the poet is dwelling on the miſery of waiting and watching for court-favour, while even a reaſonable ſuit is delayed or defeated by the perſevering oppoſition of perſons in power:—

"To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and ſorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres,"—(vol. iv. p. 418,)

are lines ſuppoſed to have been directed againſt the parſimonious Lord Treaſurer; and we ſtill think that Spenſer had him in his eye, in ſpite of any ſubſequent retractation. The queſtion is dark, but we cannot agree with Upton, that the laſt ſtanza of Book vi. of "The Faerie Queene" has reference to Spenſer's "Shepheardes Calender" and to the commendation there of Archbiſhop

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the writer of "Father Hubburds Tales" are theſe:—"Why I call theſe *Father Hubburds Tales*, is not to have them called in againe, as the Tale of Mother Hubburd: the world would ſhewe little judgement in that, yfaith; and I ſhould ſay then *plena ſtultorum omnia*, for I entreat here neither of rugged beares, nor apes; no, nor the lamentable downefall of the olde wives platters." The truth no doubt is, that ſome perſon, availing himſelf of the popularity of Spenſer's production, wrote an offenſive tract which he called, not "Mother Hubberds *Tale*," but "Mother Hubburds *Tales*," in which, as well as apes, "rugged bears" figured, while the "downfal of the old wifes platters" was recorded—a matter not touched by Spenſer. This is the view taken of the point in the "Poetical Decameron," (1820, vol. i. p. 100.) See alſo "The Bridgewater Catalogue," 4to. 1837, p. 200. It is adopted in Dyce's "Middleton's Works," vol. v. p. 553. It is nevertheleſs indiſputable that Spenſer's "Apologue" gave great umbrage; and Naſh, in his reply to Harvey (firſt printed with the date of 1592, and afterwards, with a change of title, in 1593) reproaches the author of the "Four Letters," &c., with needleſsly reviving the quenched ſparks of diſpleaſure againſt "Mother Hubberd's Tale." Naſh aſks, "Who publikely accuſde, or of late brought, Mother Hubbard into queſtion, that thou ſhouldſt by rehearſall rekindle againſt him [Spenſer] the ſparkes of diſpleaſure that were quenched?" Sign. E. edit. 1592, 4to.

Grindal, ſo offenſive to Burghley: we hold that it refers, among other paſſages, to the lines above quoted from "Mother Hubberd's Tale." By the words "my former writs," in that laſt ſtanza of his great work, Spenſer clearly means what had been printed in 1591, and not as long ago as 1579, which he had never acknowledged as his own. Upon this point we concur with Todd, that the following autobiographical paſſage in "The Ruins of Time," alſo of 1591, are deciſive; they aim directly at Lord Burghley, and at him only:—

> "O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
> To ſee that vertue ſhould diſpiſed bee
> Of him that firſt was raiſde for vertuous parts,
> And now, broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
> Lets none ſhoot up that nigh him planted bee:
> O, let the man, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
> Nor alive, nor dead be of the Muſe adorned!"[h]

Whatever were the motive, or whatever were the provocation received by Spenſer, we know of no writer of that day, or indeed of any other, who ſpoke out more plainly and courageouſly againſt a man who was at once at the head of the Queen's Council, and at the head of her Treaſury. It is the very daring that, to ſome minds, renders it almoſt incredible.

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[h] Vol. iv. p. 313. This paſſage was probably written very ſhortly before it was printed; for, as Todd remarks, the death of Sir Francis Walſingham, in April 1590, is alluded to in "The Ruins of Time." He is of opinion that Burghley was referred to as Spenſer's enemy in the very commencement of the Introduction to Book iv. of "The Faerie Queene," publiſhed in 1596. Perhaps, however, the Poet is only ſpeaking generally, when he ſays,—

> "The rugged forhead, that with grave foreſight
> Welds kingdomes cauſes, and affaires of ſtate,
> My looſer rimes (I wote) doth ſharply wite,
> For praiſing love as I have done of late."

Vol. iii. p. 83. Nevertheleſs, it is not to be denied that the Lord Treaſurer, to the laſt, bore Spenſer no good will.

By way of illuſtration and contraſt we may refer to the conduct of a contemporary of Spenſer, and a poet of no mean merit or celebrity—Thomas Lodge. He took the very oppoſite courſe, but there is good reaſon to believe that he derived no advantage from it; and ſo far Burghley was, at all events, impartial. In his "Fig for Momus," which contains ſome poetical pieces written before 1592, though not printed till 1595, Lodge inſerts an Eclogue in which Lord Burghley, under the name of Eglon, is made one of the interlocutors, his partner in the dialogue being Philides: by that appellation we might underſtand Lodge himſelf, if he had not in another paſtoral taken the name of Golde, the letters of his own patronymic perverted. It is to be obſerved, though the fact is not mentioned in the uſual biographies of Lord Burghley, that in 1591, full of grief and age, he retired to a ſmall cottage near his manſion of Theobald's, determined from that time to abandon all attention to, or intereſt in, public affairs. Here Philides is ſuppoſed to meet with the ancient Lord Treaſurer, and thus addreſſes him:—

"What wrong or diſcontent, old Eglon, hath witheld
Thine honorable age from governing the ſtate?
Why liveſt thou thus apart, whoſe wiſdome wont to ſhield
Our kingdome from the ſtormes of foes, and homebred hate?"

Eglon replies:—

"Ah, Philides! the taſte of trouble I have felt;
Mine actions miſconceiv'd, my zeale eſteem'd impure,
My policie deceite, where faithfully I delt:
Theſe wrongs, all undeſerv'd, have made me live obſcure."

From thence the ancient ſtateſman proceeds to vindicate himſelf from the accuſations of Spenſer, or from ſuch as had been caſt upon him by other parties, eſpecially dwelling upon the falſe charge of avarice. Philides breaks out in great indignation at the injuſtice done to a ſage who had been governed all his life by ſuch laws as

thoſe of Solon, Lycurgus, and Numa, and eſſays in vain to diſſuade Eglon from his reſolution to retire from the cares and duties of ſtate. Eglon ſays that his courſe is fixed; aſſigns various reaſons for it, and after a little more conference the colloquiſts ſeparate. We know, as a matter of hiſtory, that Burghley did return to public life, and that he perſevered to the laſt in the ſame line of conduct that had given Spenſer and others too good reaſon to complain.[i]

We now return to the remaining contents of Spenſer's volume, entitled "Complaints."

"The Ruins of Rome," which follows "Mother Hubberd's Tale," is without title-page, or introduction of any kind, and profeſſes merely to be tranſlated from Bellay. The publiſher in ſome way recovered the ſonnets from among the leſs regarded productions of Spenſer's youthful Muſe: when he wrote them he was probably only "eſſaying his weakling wings."

It has been haſtily thought that the next performance in the volume was, like "Virgil's Gnat," only a republication, and that it had been already printed in the very year it bears date. This notion ſeems without foundation; for if "Muiopotmos, or the Fate of the Butterflie" (it is called "*Tale* of the Butterflie" in the "Note of the ſundrie Poemes" at the back of the general title-page of "Complaints") had really come out in 1590, it is not likely that it would have been republiſhed either in 1590 or in 1591. It is the only piece in the volume that bears the date of 1590, and we are perſuaded that it was only by a printer's error that it

[i] See the "Hiſtory of Engliſh Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 283, for ſome playful methods employed to induce the Lord Treaſurer to continue at the head of public affairs; but the author of that work was not then aware of the application of the paſtoral of Lodge to the circumſtances of the time.

was not dated, like all the others, 1591. This is ſurely a much more natural and eaſy ſolution of the difficulty, than to ſuppoſe that it had been ſeparately publiſhed in 1590, which ſuppoſition, nevertheleſs, induced Todd to place the poem out of its proper order. The dedication to the Lady Carey requires notice, becauſe in it, as already obſerved (p. xiii.), Spenſer very modeſtly claims kindred with her as the ſecond daughter of Sir John Spencer.[j] The ſubject of the poem is a ſprightly and fanciful account of the fate of an overweening Butterfly, who ultimately falls into the ſnare of a Spider. John Heywood, in his "Spider and Fly," a long allegorical and didactic poem printed nearly thirty years earlier, has a covert alluſion all through his work, but whether Spenſer meant anything beyond what appears on the ſurface we cannot eaſily decide.

Of "The Viſions of the Worlds Vanity," "The Viſions of Bellay," and "The Viſions of Petrarch," we have already (p. xxii.) ſaid all that is perhaps neceſſary. They were, beyond queſtion, youthful experiments, which received alterations and improvements, poſſibly, not long

[j] Her huſband was Sir George Carey, or Carew, who ſucceeded his father in 1596 in the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Lord Hunſdon. Thomas Naſh's "Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem," 4to. 1593, 1594, and 1613, (for there were three editions of it, though bibliographers have uſually mentioned only thoſe of 1593 and 1613,) was dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Carey; and there the author ſpeaks of Spenſer as "Fame's eldeſt favourite," and refers to the patronage beſtowed on the poet, and his grateful return for it. The edition of "Chriſt's Teares" in 1594 is chiefly valuable for a long addreſs by Naſh to the reader, which contains a retort upon Spenſer's friend Gabriel Harvey, for rejecting the amends Naſh had tendered him in the edition of "Chriſt's Teares" of 1593. In this retort, Naſh again does juſtice to Spenſer. Lady Elizabeth Carey, as Naſh tells us, was the daughter, not the wife, of Sir George Carey; and we learn from him alſo the intereſting literary fact that Lady Carey, to whom Spenſer dedicates, had tranſlated "Petrarch" into Engliſh:—"Into the Muſes ſociety ſhe hath [been] lately adopted, and purchaſed divine Petrarch another monument in England." This circumſtance has not been previouſly noted.

before they appeared in the ſhape which they bear near the end of the volume under conſideration.

We apprehend that Spenſer was in or near London while the contents of "Complaints," 4to. 1591, were going through the preſs, and that he probably reviſed the ſheets immediately after to the publication of the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene."[k] His labours of this mechanical kind did not, however, interfere with the more important employment of his pen; for the Lady Douglas Howard, daughter of Viſcount Byndon, and wife to Arthur Gorges, dying in the courſe of the year 1590, our poet produced an elegy upon the occaſion, which he dedicated in a brief epiſtle to the Lady's aunt, the Marchioneſs of Northampton, which bears the date of "London, this 1st January 1591." We have already remarked (p. lxxii.) that we muſt conſider this date as applicable to our preſent mode of calculating the year.[l] Spenſer was certainly in Ireland at the end of 1591, his "Colin Clout's come Home again" being dated 27th December in that year; and it was in the preceding January that Spenſer had written to the Marchioneſs of Northampton with "Daphnaida, an Elegy upon the

[k] The expreſſion in Ponſonby's addreſs to the reader, before the "Complaints,"—"ſince his departure over ſea" cannot mean, as ſome have fancied, that Spenſer had at this time returned to Ireland; but it had reference to his original journey to Ireland with Lord Grey of Wilton. The publiſher is adverting to the difficulty he had experienced in getting into his hands ſuch ſmall poems as were diſperſed abroad, or had been "embezzled and purloined" from their author ſince the year 1580, when Spenſer took "his departure over ſea." Even their author was unable to recover ſome of them; but ſuch as he could procure he ſeems to have entruſted to Ponſonby, in order that they might be printed. Few things are more difficult than to ſettle, at all ſatisfactorily, matters relating to chronology in Spenſer's life and writings.

[l] Such, too, is the view taken by Mr. Craik, in his "Spenſer and his Poetry," 12mo. 1845, vol. iii. p. 187. He is alſo of opinion that Spenſer was inſtrumental in procuring the materials for the volume of "Complaints," publiſhed by Ponſonby.

death of the noble and virtuous Douglas Howard," wife of the poet's friend Arthur Gorges.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that Spenſer would feel any very poignant perſonal ſorrow at the loſs Mr. (ſoon afterwards Sir Arthur) Gorges had ſuſtained; and, if court ſcandal be at all to be truſted, his wife was not, in earlier life at leaſt, of impregnable virtue. Together with very flowing numbers, a ſtrain of fictitious grief runs through this laboured compoſition on her deceaſe. The genealogical riddle of "the loved lioneſs," or "the white lioneſs" (as Douglas Howard is called on account of her relationſhip to the Norfolk family) makes ſome confuſion in the progreſs of the poem, more particularly as the lady is elſewhere deſignated by the paſtoral name of Daphne. The praiſes by Spenſer of himſelf and of his poetry, although put into the mouth of Gorges (called Alcyon here, as in "Colin Clout's come Home again,") might perhaps have been omitted; but it may have been difficult for the poet to allude to the Queen without ſome notice of the manner in which he had exalted her: he always evinced diſlike of the affectation of humility. It may be ſaid to have become the author of "The Faerie Queene," now in the hands of everybody and eſpecially admired by his ſovereign, to ſhow himſelf ſenſible of his own worth, and of the dignity he was ſo capable of conferring: we may therefore excuſe him for repreſenting his ſorrowing friend as ſaying,—

> "Ne let Eliza, royall Shepheardeſſe,
> The praiſes of my parted love envy;
> For ſhe hath praiſes in all plenteouſneſſe
> Powr'd upon her, like ſhowers of Caſtaly,
> By her owne Shepheard, Colin, her owne Shepheard,
> That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
> Of ruſticke muſe full hardly to be betterd."[m]

[m] See vol. v. p. 241. "Shepheard" and "better'd" are bad rhymes.

After all, the praiſe is diffident, conſidering that it came from the poet who was acknowledged to be "fame's eldeſt favourite;" and in every department, but the dramatic, the undiſputed leader of the great and numerous band of poets of the day. Let us bear in mind alſo, that there is hardly a diſtinguiſhed verſifier of any age, at all events ſince the revival of letters, who has not in ſome part of his works aſſerted his own rank, and anticipated his own immortality.

Upon the queſtion of Spenſer's admitted claims to admiration among his contemporaries and rivals, we may be here allowed to introduce a piece of collateral evidence, from a very rare volume by a poet whoſe name, and ſome of whoſe works, have been already noticed. It belongs alſo to about the period at which we have now arrived: it is from Thomas Lodge's "Phillis, honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, Elegies and amorous Delights," which was publiſhed in 1593, having been printed not long after Spenſer had returned to Ireland, but compoſed while he was yet reſident in London. The author of the following tribute was a man who poſſeſſed many poetical requiſites, eſpecially on the ſcore of a felicitous uſe of our language; and of Spenſer he wrote thus enthuſiaſtically:—

"Goe, weeping Trucemen,[n] in your ſighing weedes,
Under a great Mecœnas I have plac'd you:

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[n] "Truce-men" is only a euphoneous mode of ſpelling Truchmen, or Trouchmen, meaning *interpreters*. In the next line we have taken the liberty of altering the miſprint of "paſt" for *plas't* or *plac'd*, ſince out of "paſt" it is not eaſy to extract ſenſe, though it might poſſibly be ſtrained to nearly the ſame meaning as *plac'd*. We may be allowed in a note to ſhow farther Lodge's impartiality in his applauſe of Spenſer, by proving that he was by no means inſenſible to the merits of other contemporaries. We quote from Lodge's "Phillis" the following tribute to Samuel Daniel, who had recently commenced poet, and in 1592 printed his "Delia: Contayning certayne Sonnets," which almoſt inſtantly went through two impreſſions: Lodge ſays of Daniel;

If ſo you come where learned Colin feedes
His lovely flock, pack thence, and quickly haſte you;
You are but miſtes before ſo bright a ſunne,
Who hath the palm for deep invention wunne."

This applauſe is of more worth, becauſe it came from a ſucceſsful writer in nearly every form of poetry choſen by Spenſer. Lodge, as we have ſeen (p. lxxxv.), was an early author of Paſtorals, in which, while acknowledging the ſuperiority of his predeceſſor, he was not an imitator. One of his paſtorals demands ſpecial attention, ſince it is addreſſed to Spenſer, not indeed by name, but by the ruſtic appellation he had choſen many years before in his "Shepheardes Calender." Nobody who has hitherto written about Spenſer has informed us that this tribute was paid to his merits by ſo popular a contemporary; for at this juncture Lodge was not leſs celebrated for his plays than for his poems.

His paſtoral inſcribed to Spenſer is addreſſed "To the reverend Colin," meaning not only revered, but applying the epithet to him as a poet of mature age, who had in a manner revived our ancient language, as well as our ancient forms and modes of thought. The poem has no ſpecial reference to our poet, but it was intended as an offering on his ſhrine; and the interlocutors are Ergaſto and Damian; the latter, an old ſhepheard (always at that date another name for a poet) who regrets the change of times, and laments over "the modern and

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"Kiſſe Delia's hand for her ſweet Prophet's ſake,
Whoſe not affected, but well couched teares
Have power, have worth a marble minde to ſhake;
Whoſe fame no iron-age or time out weares.
Then, lay you downe in Phillis lappe to ſleepe,
Untill ſhe weeping read, and reading weepe."

We do not recollect that Daniel has anywhere expreſſed his admiration for Spenſer: on the contrary, in his "Delia," 1592, he, in a manner, ſneers at his "untimely words," (ſee p. ci.); while, on the other hand, Spenſer, in his "Colin Clout's come Home again," gives the moſt kindly encouragement to Daniel. See vol. v. p. 47.

new-fangled lays" that had uſurped the place of the older poetry, which had given ſuch delight when "The Shepheardes Calender" was originally printed. Two perſons, ſpoken of as poets by Lodge, are here couched under the names of Amyntas and Ringde: by the firſt, Thomas Watſon, who in 1585 had publiſhed a poem called "Amyntas," is intended; but for Ringde we know of no proprietor. Near the opening of the paſtoral, Damian is made thus to expreſs his regret at the change literature had undergone ſince Colin began to write:—

> "Yong lad, my ſtrings are broke and ſpent;
> My harpe records no merriment:
> The moderne and newfangled laies
> From aunceſtrie beare hence the praiſe.
> Such ſtrange Terpanders now profeſſe
> To move both mirth and heavines
> By every motion of their fingers,
> That olde men are but ſorie ſingers."[o]

It is needleſs to quote more in the ſame ſtrain, ſince the application of any of the lines is only general; but this excellent paſtoral ſerves to thicken the proofs of the high eſtimation in which Spenſer was then held even by poetical competitors.

Having returned to Ireland ſoon after the completion of "Daphnaida" (it was not, however, printed until 1596, and therefore comes late in our laſt volume), Spenſer muſt

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[o] "Fig for Momus," 4to. 1595. It was reprinted at the Auchinleck Preſs in 1817, but very careleſsly and incorrectly: for inſtance, near the end of the paſtoral addreſſed to Spenſer occurs this paſſage, as we there find it:—

> "In ſooth, this is a wittie lay,
> More pleaſant then the verritay
> The ſhepheard ſings unto his ſheepe."

Here "verritay" is mere nonſenſe: for "verritay" we ought to read, with the original, *verrelay*, the *virilay* being a form of ruſtic poetry then often uſed and well underſtood. A line is omitted in another place, and the names of ſome of the Speakers are entirely neglected.

have ſet about the compoſition of "Colin Clout's come Home again" on his arrival at Kilcolman in the ſpring of the year 1591. It was not put in type until 1595; but, as we have remarked, the dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh is dated 27th December, 1591. Todd, adopting Malone's notion,[p] argues that there is a clear error in the date of "Colin Clout's come Home again," and that for 1591 we ought to read 1595, principally on the ground that Spenſer laments in it the loſs of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, who did not die until April, 1594. This certainly is the fact; but it does not prove more, than that part of "Colin Clout's come Home again" was written in 1594, while the reſt may have been compoſed, as no doubt it was, in 1591.[q] Looking at the matter as a mere queſtion of typographical accuracy, it does not ſeem likely that a compoſitor would confound the figure 1 with the figure 5.

We have touched upon this point elſewhere (p. lxxiii.), and expreſſed our confidence that the poem was ſent to Sir W. Raleigh, in London, early in 1591-2; but as it related to the Queen, to various noblemen and officers of ſtate, and dwelt upon matters of conſiderable delicacy and difficulty in a way that was likely to give offence, the perſon to whom it was dedicated, and who was himſelf, as it were, *particeps criminis*, kept it back for ſome time. Raleigh, moſt likely, cauſed emendations to be introduced into it, for the purpoſe not merely of ſoftening the language of certain portions, but of making changes rendered neceſſary by altered circumſtances. One of thoſe altered circumſtances was the ſudden death

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[p] Malone's "Shakſpeare," by Boſwell, vol. ii. p. 226.

[q] In this view I am happy to be confirmed by Profeſſor Child, in his edition of Spenſer (Boſton, 1855), vol. i. p. xxxvii. He is of opinion that both dates are correct; that of the Dedication in 1591, and that of the publication in 1595.

of the Earl of Derby; and Spenſer, without quitting his abode at Kilcolman, from time to time may have accommodated himſelf and his poem to his friend's views of expediency. Thus the queſtion of printing was deferred from 1592 to 1595;[r] but Spenſer, while he altered his poem, did not alter the date of his dedication, nor ſeveral other comparatively indifferent matters, which were left as they had originally ſtood. Such, we believe, was the caſe with the notices of ſeveral of Spenſer's literary contemporaries; and we may, in particular, inſtance Daniel, who is encouraged as a young poet, (he was ſo in 1591,) though before the publication of "Colin Clout's come Home again" in 1595, he had put forth various editions of his "Delia" and, beſides other pieces, had produced an ambitious tragedy under the title of "Cleopatra."[s] Again, to advert to a very different matter: near the end of the poem, Spenſer, in 1591, introduced clear references to his romantic attachment to Roſalind: he was then, as we may conjecture, a widower, and perhaps wrote with ſome of the youthful feelings and propenſities which had inſpired him in 1579: but in 1595 he was once more a married man; and, not liking to omit what was ſo great a grace and ornament to his "Colin Clout's come Home again," he may have per-

[r] We muſt not forget that it was in this year, 1595, that Raleigh performed his voyage to Guiana; and that ſome time before he undertook that expedition he had been in diſgrace at court, and was confined in the Tower. Theſe circumſtances may very eaſily have interfered with the earlier appearance of "Colin Clout's come Home again."

[s] We firſt hear of Daniel as a poet in 1591, when ſeveral of his ſonnets were printed by Thomas Naſh, at the end of a ſurreptitious edition of Sidney's "Aſtrophel and Stella:" his "Delia" was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1591, and twice printed in 1592; and theſe are what Spenſer had in his mind when he wrote of Daniel's "trembling Muſe," and "tender plumes." "Cleopatra" was firſt publiſhed in 1594 and again in 1595; ſo that by that date Daniel was an eſtabliſhed and popular poet. He had, however, begun authorſhip in proſe as early as 1587, but the work was merely a proſe tranſlation.

mitted the old love-paſſages to ſtand, though his friends muſt have known that they had loſt their application.

What we take to have been an interpolation after April, 1594, when Lord Derby died, only occupies eleven lines; and they read like an inſertion for the occaſion, beginning thus artificially,—

> "There alſo is (ah no! he is not now)
> But ſince I ſaid he is, he quite is gone."—(Vol. v. p. 47.)

That is, "he is gone ſince I ſaid in the firſt inſtance, in 1591, that he is." Again at the cloſe,—

> "He, whileſt he lived, was the nobleſt ſwaine
> That ever piped in an oaten quill;
> Both did he other which could pipe maintaine,
> And eke could pipe himſelfe with paſſing ſkill."

This was in part a ſubſtitution, and in part an addition; and the junction was not managed with much ſkill. Todd quotes a long paſſage from Naſh's "Pierce Penileſſe his Supplication to the Divel," (which was ſo popular that it went through three editions in 1592, and at leaſt three more in 1593,) in order to ſhow that this powerful proſe ſatiriſt had reminded Spenſer of the omiſſion at the end of his "Faerie Queene," of a complimentary ſonnet to the Earl of Derby.[t] No doubt of

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[t] From whatever edition Todd quoted, though uſually careful, he made between thirty and forty variations, more or leſs important, from the firſt impreſſion of Naſh's "Pierce Penileſſe" now before us. As the whole paſſage is intereſting in relation to Spenſer, we extract it accurately in a note:—

"But from generall fame let me digres to my private experience, and, with a tongue unworthie to name a name of ſuch worthines, affectionately emblazon to the eyes of wonder, the matchles image of honor and magnificent rewarder of vertue, Joves eagle-borne Ganimede, thrice noble Amintas. . . . None but deſert ſhould fit in Fames grace, none but Hector be remembred in the chronicles of proweſſe, none but thou, moſt courteous Amyntas, bee the ſecond muſicall argument of the Knight of the Red-croſſe.

"*Oh decus atque ævi gloria ſumma tui.*

"And here (heavenly Spenſer) I am moſt highly to accuſe thee of

it: the omiſſion was evident, for his lordſhip had deſerved much better at the hands of Spenſer than many of

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forgetfulnes, that in that honourable catalogue of our Engliſh Heroes which inſueth the concluſion of thy famous Fairie Queene, thou wouldeſt let ſo ſpeciall a piller of nobilitie paſſe unſaluted. The verie thought of his farre derived diſcent, and extraordinarie parts wherewith hee aſtoineth the world, and drawes all hearts to his love, would have inſpired thy forewearied Muſe with new furie to proceede to the next triumphs of thy ſtately Goddeſſe, but as I in favor of ſo rare a ſcholer ſuppoſe with this counſaile he refraind his mention in this firſt part, that he might with full ſaile proceede to his due commendations in the ſecond. Of this occaſion long ſince I happened to frame a ſonnet, which being wholy intended to the reverence of this renoumed Lord (to whom I owe all the utmoſt powers of my love and duetie) I meant here for varietie of ſtyle to inſert:—

" Peruſing yeſternight with idle eyes
The Fairy Singers ſtately tuned verſe;
And viewing, after chap-mens wonted guiſe,
What ſtrange contents the tytle did rehearſe,
I ſtreight leapt over to the latter end,
Where, like the queint Comædians of our time,
That when their Play is doone doe fall to ryme,
I found ſhort lynes to ſundry Nobles pend,
Whom he as ſpeciall mirrours ſingled fourth
To be the patrons of his poetry.
I read them all, and reverenc't their worth,
Yet wondred he left out thy memory;
But therefore geſt I he ſuppreſt thy name,
Becauſe few words might not compriſe thy fame.

" Beare with mee, gentle Poet, though I conceive not aright of thy purpoſe, or be too inquiſitive into the intent of thy oblivion; for how ever my conjecture may miſſe the cuſhion, yet ſhall my ſpeech ſavour of friendſhip, though it be not allied to judgement."

We may be permitted to add here ſome new biographical particulars regarding Thomas Naſh and his family. He was born in Nov. 1567, at Loweſtoft, Suffolk, his father being "Miniſter" of the church there: his mother's chriſtian name was Margaret. Thus Naſh was about three years younger than Shakeſpeare, and about fifteen years younger than Spenſer. He had ſeveral brothers and ſiſters, three older than himſelf, viz. Mary, Nathaniel, and Iſrael: two were younger, viz. Martha, and Rebecca. Nathaniel was buried 7th Dec. 1565; and Martha, on 27th April, 1571. We gather theſe facts from a communication by Mr. P. Cunningham to "The Shakeſpeare Society's Papers," vol. iii. p. 178. Naſh began writing in 1587, when he was only twenty; and he was only thirty-three at the time of his death:

the noblemen thus diſtinguiſhed; and, as ſoon as our poet was made aware of the circumſtance, he did his beſt to repair the error: the reſult perhaps was, not what we now ſee in "Colin Clout's come Home again," but what originally ſtood there, as we ſuppoſe the piece had been forwarded to Raleigh in the very beginning of 1592. What we read in "Colin Clout's come Home again" is what Spenſer ſubſtituted, after April, 1594, for his original amends to the Earl of Derby written in 1591.

This brings us to advert here more diſtinctly (ſee alſo p. lxxiii.) to the generous ſpirit in which Spenſer, in this remarkable piece of autobiography, applauds and criticiſes, or rather applauds than criticiſes, ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed and promiſing poets of the day—not merely thoſe who were high in office, as Buckhurſt, Raleigh, or Gorges, but old Churchyard, who was poor and neglected; young Daniel, who was juſt ſtruggling into notice; Alabaſter, who was, or was to be, in diſgrace for religious tergiverſation; Peele, Fraunce, Breton, and others, who kept themſelves alive by their pens. All theſe, and more, have liberally aſſigned to them their full ſhare of excellence. Shakeſpeare, regarding whom we gladly indulge a belief that he and Spenſer were intimate friends, was ſure to be remembered; and as in "The Tears of the Muſes" he was greeted as "our pleaſant Willy," ſo in "Colin Clout's come Home again" he is introduced, as it were, by name:—

> "Whoſe Muſe, full of high thoughts invention,
> Doth, *like himſelfe*, heroically ſound."

Such men as Greene and Naſh, the pamphleteers of the period, and the enemies and antagoniſts of Gabriel

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his father ſurvived him two years, and was buried at Loweſtoft. From a paſſage in Naſh's "Strange News," 1592, it appears that he was the writer of a tale of the Bear and the Fox, which poſſibly may have been what is referred to in "Father Hubburds Tales." (See p. lxxxiii.)

Harvey, had perhaps no right to expect to be immortaliſed by Spenſer; but thoſe who are well, or even moderately, acquainted with our old poets and poetry may be ſurpriſed at the omiſſion of the name of Michael Drayton,[u] certainly ſuperior to Daniel in power, if not in purity, and quite as popular. That Drayton was an admirer of, and well read in Spenſer, our volumes will teſtify; but he does not appear to have attracted much notice until after "Colin Clout's come Home again" had been, as we believe, written, and more than two years after the firſt three books of "The Faerie Queene" had been printed.[x] It ſeems that Drayton and Shakeſpeare, about 1595, which is ſtill later, were perhaps not on the beſt terms,[y] and Spenſer (we only put it as

[u] We ought to ſtate, however, that Todd argues that by Aetion, Drayton was intended; but, perhaps, there never was a more unlikely conjecture: in that caſe, what application to Drayton's name has the line where it is ſaid that his Muſe

"Doth like himſelfe heroically ſound?"

[x] Drayton began his career as a ſacred poet, and his "Harmonie of the Church" came out in 1591, the year that "Colin Clout's come Home again" bears date. He ſeems to have acquired no reputation by it. His Paſtorals, under the title of "Idea, The Shepherds Garland," would have been ſure to have attracted the attention of Spenſer, ſince they are in ſome ſort an imitation of his ſtyle, as well as ſubject: they are dated 1593, after which year Drayton obtained conſiderable reputation: his "Matilda, the faire and chaſte Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater," appeared in 1594; his "Idea's Mirror," a collection of Sonnets, was printed in the ſame year, and his "Mortimeriados" in 1596.

[y] This is only matter of inference from one fact: viz. that Drayton, in his poem of "Matilda, the faire and chaſte Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater," 4to. 1594, introduced the following ſtanza on Shakeſpeare's "Lucrece" juſt publiſhed:—

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boaſted long,
Lately reviv'd to live another age,
And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong
Her chaſte denial, and the Tyrant's rage,
Acting her paſſions on our ſtately ſtage;
She is rememberd, all forgetting me,
Yet I as faire and chaſte as e'er was ſhe."

Either from envy of the ſucceſs of Shakeſpeare's poem, or from ſome

a remote ſpeculation) may have taken part with the latter. It is but a conjecture that Drayton and Shakeſpeare had a difference, and even leſs than a conjecture —a mere ſurmiſe—that Spenſer, as Shakeſpeare's friend, ſided with him. This, however, was juſt at the time that "Colin Clout's come Home again," in its altered ſtate, was printed; and, as originally written in 1591, Drayton might have been mentioned in it.

But if Spenſer paſſed over Drayton without notice, Drayton, in his earlieſt profane work, duly applauded Spenſer: we refer to his "Idea, The Shepheards Garland," 4to. 1593; ſo that he appears to have been one of the firſt, if not the very firſt poet, who, after the publication of "The Faerie Queene," in 1590, ſpoke of, or alluded to it. He did ſo covertly and delicately, but at the ſame time very intelligibly, in a paſſage in his third Eclogue, where Perkin is ſoliciting Rowland (Drayton's own name for himſelf) to ſing in praiſe of Queen Elizabeth, whom he here ſtyles Beta:—

> "In thy ſweete ſong ſo bleſſed may'ſt thou bee!
> For learned Colin laies his pipes to gage,
> And is to Fayrie gone a pilgrimage;
> The more our mone."

The meaning of courſe is, that Rowland, is to ſing in praiſe of Beta, becauſe Colin (*i. e.* Spenſer) had left off piping paſtorals, and, to the regret of his friends, had gone to Fairy Land in order to continue his great poem. At the end of his ſixth Eclogue Drayton quotes a line from "The Faerie Queene," and in his eighth he has this graceful alluſion (partially noticed on p. xxvii.) to Spenſer's early, and almoſt proverbial, attachment:—

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other cauſe, Drayton ever afterwards, when he reprinted "Matilda," omitted this tribute. At a later date, but prior to 1603, Drayton appears to have been guilty of a direct and obvious plagiariſm from "Julius Cæſar." See "Shakeſpeare," (pub. by Whittaker and Co.) 1858, vol. v. p. 293.

"Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then;
And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Roſalinde,
Of curteſie the flower."[z]—(Sign. J. 3 b.)

Theſe paſſages, which we have adduced, we believe, for the firſt time, are from a poet unnoticed by Spenſer; but Daniel, who is applauded and encouraged by him, does not ſeem to have admired him, for in his "Delia," which was twice printed in 1592,[a] he thus, as it were,

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[z] Todd does not mention the paſſages we have extracted, but inſerts, very properly, the following ſtanza from the commencement of Drayton's "Matilda," 1594. Here, as in his Paſtoral, Drayton calls the Queen "Beta, and her poet Colin:"—

"And thou, O Beta, ſoveraigne of his thought,
Englands Diana, let him thinke on thee;
By thy perfections let his Muſe be taught,
And in his breaſt ſo deepe imprinted be,
That he may write of ſacred Chaſtitie,
Though not like Colin in thy Britomart,
Yet loves as much, although he wants his arte."

[a] As both the editions of 1592 (each a rarity, but eſpecially the firſt) are now before us, we will deſcribe them for the information of bibliographers. The title of the earlieſt runs thus:—"Delia. Contayning certayne Sonnets, with the complaint of Roſamond. *Aetas prima canat veneres poſtrema tumultus.*—At London, Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterſon, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the ſigne of the Crowne. 1592." 4to. This title has an arabeſque border round it. The title-page of the ſecond edition has an architectural deſign of a temple and pediment, the words being printed on what would be the entrance to the edifice. The words, not the ſpelling of the title, are the ſame in both, but in the ſecond Waterſon's addreſs is omitted. At the back of the title-page of the firſt edition is a brief liſt of errata, which are corrected in the ſecond edition: on the oppoſite page is the dedication to Lady Mary Pembroke, where Daniel complains that ſome of his uncorrected ſonnets had been printed in 1591 as the productions of Sir P. Sidney. The variations in the body of the two editions are not more than verbal or literal, excepting in one important particular, for the ſecond edition contains four ſonnets, numbered xxix. xxx. xxxi. and xxxii., which are not in the firſt edition, the earlieſt ſonnet having the initials of Lady Pembroke above it, as if eſpecially addreſſed to her: it begins,

ſlights the romantic ſubject and antiquated language of Spenſer: it is the opening of Daniel's 46th Sonnet:—

> "Let others ſing of Knights and Palladines
> In aged accents, and untimely words;
> Paint ſhadowes in imàginary lines,
> Which well the reach of their high wits records."

Daniel, therefore, was among thoſe who diſapproved of Spenſer's uſe of "aged" words, which, even as reſpected his "Faerie Queene," to ſay nothing of his "Shepheardes Calender," rendered a gloſſary neceſſary.

We have already (p. xciv.) noticed the renewed and perhaps pretended devotion to Roſalind at the concluſion of "Colin Clout's come Home again." We may add here that Roſalind was poſſibly a fancy name, adopted by our poet in his youth, and by it he may have ſubſequently diſtinguiſhed any lady to whom he was attached, much in the ſame way that Drayton perſonified the damſel to whom he was devoted as "Idea," meaning the image he had formed in his imagination as the perfection of female excellence.[b] We cannot aſcertain at what par-

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"Like as the ſpotleſſe Ermelin diſtreſt, &c."

Each ſonnet (there are fifty-four in the ſecond edition, while the firſt has only fifty ſonnets) occupies a 4to. page, and in both editions they are followed by "An Ode," and that Ode by "The Complaint of Roſamond." This is the ſame in both editions. Thomas Naſh ſpeaking of "Roſamond," in the very year it was firſt printed, ſays:—"You ſhall finde that there goes more exquiſite paynes and purity of wit to the writing of one Roſamond, than to a hundred of your dunſtical ſermons."—"Pierce Pennileſs' Supplication," 1592, fo. 17.

[b] Drayton headed his Paſtorals, in 1593, with this imaginary name of "Idea;" and he afterwards purſued the ſame courſe in his "Idea's Mirror," publiſhed in 1594, &c. As far as we certainly know, Drayton was never married, and none of his poems ſhow that he was a ſucceſsful admirer of the female ſex. Daniel's "Delia" was equally an imaginary perſonage, endowed with all graces of mind and perſon: once in his Sonnets, printed in 1592, he addreſſes her as Cynthia, and we might perhaps deem it a miſprint, if it had not been continued through ſubſequent impreſſions. The "Phillis" of Lodge, in 1593, was never conſidered to mean any lady of that name, and we know not why Spenſer may

ticular time, and in what particular place, Spenſer had ſeen the "country laſs" whom, as we ſhall ſee, he married in 1594; but it certainly was in Ireland: and, for aught we know, it was ſhe whom he ſo paſſionately addreſſed at the concluſion of "Colin Clout's come Home again," as,—

> "The bloſſome of ſweet joy and perfect love,
> The pearle of peereleſſe grace and modeſtie;"

adding, with equal paſſion,—

> "To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
> To her my heart I nightly martyriſe."

True it is that he there names Roſalind, and refers to an old and unrequited flame; but who ſhall ſay how much of this emphaſis of affection was merely imaginary as regards Roſalind, and was intended to prove to the object he then adored the warmth, ſtrength, and permanence of the attachment he was capable of feeling? Certain it is, however, that Spenſer's ſonnets (of which we ſhall ſay more in the proper place), we mean ſuch of them as are devoted to love, ſeem to be addreſſed to a different perſon, whom he courted in 1592 and 1593, and whom he ultimately married. It is perhaps impoſſible in any way to explain his love affairs ſatisfactorily.

During this period Spenſer was reſident upon his property in Ireland, and occupying his caſtle of Kilcolman. A document is in exiſtence in the Britiſh Muſeum, which, if genuine, eſtabliſhes that our poet exerciſed on his eſtate ſome of the ordinary rights of ownerſhip. The total abſence of any note of time in the paper is a lamentable and ſuſpicious deficiency, ſince it ſeems moſt unlikely that

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not have uſed "Roſalind" in the ſame manner. Lodge gave the name of Roſalind to the heroine of his tale on which Shakeſpeare founded "As you like it," preſerving the appellation; of which indeed he was ſo fond that he alſo employs it in "Romeo and Juliet" as the name of the lady with whom his hero was firſt enamoured. For aught that appears they obtained it originally from Spenſer in his "Shepheardes Calender."

an inſtrument, applicable to a period of ſeven years, would have been prepared without the ſtatement of day, month, or year. There is alſo a noticeable confuſion of perſons at the cloſe; and although there is the appearance of a ſeal, the impreſſion, whatever it may have repreſented, has been either accidentally or purpoſely obliterated. By this dateleſs deed Spenſer is ſuppoſed to have given to a perſon merely called "Mr. Henry," "Mc Henry," without any chriſtian name, the keeping of his woods, &c. in Balliganim. It runs as follows:—

"Be it knowen to all men by theſe preſentes, that I, Edmund Spenſer of Kilcolman, eſqu^{r}, doe give unto Mc Henry the keping of all the woodes which I have in Balliganim, the ruſhes and brakes w^{t} out making any ſpoyle thereof; and alſo doe covenant with him that he ſhall have one houſe w^{t}in the bawne of Richardſton for him ſelfe and his cattell [in] tyme of warre. And alſo w^{t} in the ſpace of vij yeares repayre the caſtle of Richardſton afore ſayd, and in all other thinges to uſe good neighbo^{r}hood to him and his

L. S ED. SPENSER."

Who "Mc Henry" may have been, and what was his ſtation or uſual occupation, is nowhere ſtated; while "ruſhes and brakes" do not ſeem very well connected with the "woods" of Balliganim. The ſignature (which alone is Spenſer's) does not look authentic; and taken together with the deſtruction of the impreſſion of the ſeal, if it ever had any impreſſion, and the want of date, we are compelled at leaſt to heſitate before we admit that the inſtrument really was executed by the poet.[c] If indeed it

[c] We are acquainted with the channel through which this relic found its way to the Britiſh Muſeum; and it was once offered to us in exchange for a copy of the earlieſt edition of Spenſer's "Faerie Queene," and declined, becauſe we did not conſider its authenticity ſufficiently eſtab-

be not ſpurious, it is the only ſpecimen of the hand-writing of Spenſer that is known to have ſurvived the deſtruction of his papers; and we may gueſs that it belongs to this period of the poet's life, becauſe he was probably more continuouſly reſident in Ireland between 1591 and 1595, than at any other time after the acquiſition of his property in the county of Cork.

There is a circumſtance connected with Spenſer and the year 1593 which deſerves notice, although it has never received it. Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, who had carried Spenſer with him to Ireland in 1580, died in the autumn of 1593. Several effuſions in verſe were written on the occaſion, ſome of which were entered on the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company: the earlieſt of theſe is dated 20th October; but under date of the 25th October [1593] we read as follows:—

"Thomas Creede. Entred for his Copie a memoriall of the Life and Death of the right honorable and renowned warrior, the valiant Lorde Graye of Wilton, deceaſed . . . vj$^{d.}$"

It is not at all impoſſible, nor indeed improbable, that Spenſer, out of gratitude to his patron and benefactor, may have penned ſomething of the kind; and it requires to be mentioned, that, after "memoriall," in the above extract, the words "by E. Spenſer" were interlined, were afterwards ſtruck out with a pen, but are ſtill legible. Ponſonby, after the firſt, had been Spenſer's publiſher, and he made, or cauſed to be made, all the later entries of his works at Stationers' Hall; and we do not believe that the

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liſhed: we ſpeak of a period of more than twenty years ago. From that date, until it found its way into our national depoſitory, we loſt ſight of it; but on ſeeing it again, we, of courſe, inſtantly recognized it. We feel perſuaded that, when we inſpected it before 1840, there was no viſible impreſſion on the ſeal, though it is now ſtated that it was accidentally deſtroyed by a binder. It would not, we think, be eaſy to obliterate the impreſſion of a ſeal by any proceſs connected with the preſervation of ſuch a curious and intereſting record.

above memorandum ever properly applied to our poet or to anything he had written. All it clearly ſhows is that, at the time the entry was inſerted by Thomas Creede, there exiſted a notion that Spenſer had written, or an expectation that he would write, ſomething upon an event that, though he was then reſident in Ireland, muſt have produced in him a ſtrong feeling of regret. The intention might be that of ſome inferior poet to avail himſelf of Spenſer's popularity, and of the general belief that his ſenſe of obligation would induce him to commemorate the acts and virtues of Lord Grey.[d]

Spenſer was a great original poet, not merely in the invention and treatment of his ſubject, and in his ſtyle, but even in the form of verſification in his "Faerie Queene." The nine-line ſtanza, with its noble and ſounding Alexandrine at the cloſe, though conſtructed, in ſome ſort, upon what was called the old Engliſh ballad-metre, was quite new in our language; and it ſoon became ſuch a favourite with moſt claſſes of readers, that it was ſure to be adopted by other poets. The earlieſt imitation of Spenſer's ſtanza[e] (certainly not of his matter or manner) came out while he, as far as we know, was ſtill reſident in his Caſtle of Kilcolman, buſily employed in continuing his "Faerie Queene" which had been, perhaps, ſomewhat delayed by his recent re-marriage (if ſuch it

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[d] The Stationers' books, between the dates of 20th Oct. and 25th Oct. 1593, preſent us with the titles of four poems on the deaths of the Earl of Derby, and Sir William Rowe, Lord Mayor of London, and two upon the deceaſe of Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton. We have inſerted one of the latter in the text, and the other is in the following terms:—

"20 Oct. [1593].

"Willm Hoſkins. Entred for his copie &c A Lamentable ſonge of the death of the lord Gray, who deceaſed in Northpt ſhire the 16 of Octob. . . . . vj^{d}."

[e] It was entered at Stationers' Hall by Matthew Lownes, on 17th Jan. 1594-5, as, probably, at that date printed.

were, to which we muſt again advert preſently), and by the compoſition of a ſeries of ſonnets addreſſed to the lady of his ſecond choice.

This attempt to follow Spenſer's example, as to ſtanza, was made by Richard Barnefield, a writer of no mean talents, but who in modern times has attained more celebrity than his productions intrinſically entitle him to, becauſe it ſo happens that ſome of Shakeſpeare's minor poems were for many years imputed to him. It has now been aſcertained that they belong, beyond diſpute, to our great dramatiſt:[f] ſtill, Barnefield has merits of his own for which he deſerves attention; and one of thoſe merits is that he was the earlieſt of our verſifiers, who was ſo ſenſible of the excellence of Spenſer's choice of a ſtanza as to write it himſelf. We firſt hear of Barnefield as a young poet in 1594, when his "Affectionate Shepheard" made its appearance, one piece in which, called "The Shepheard's Content," gave ſuch ſpecial ſatisfaction, that the writer was encouraged in the next year to publiſh his "Cynthia with certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of Caſſandra." It is only in a portion of this ſmall volume that he has employed the ſtanza of Spenſer, and it is in that diviſion which he entitles "Cynthia." In his addreſs "to the courteous gentlemen Readers" he takes credit, as he deſerved, for being the ſpeedieſt follower of Spenſer.[g] The deſign of "Cynthia" is preciſely that of Peele's "Arraignement of Paris," printed eleven years

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[f] "Shakeſpeare," (publiſhed by Whittaker and Co. in 1858,) vol. i. p. 143. See alſo note [i], p. cviii.

[g] See p. lxiii. In one of his "certaine Sonnets," Barnefield alſo ſpeaks with admiration of Spenſer and Drayton, gracefully referring to them by their well-known paſtoral names:—

> "Ah! had great Colin, chiefe of Sheepheards all,
> Or gentle Rowland, my profeſſed friend,
> Had they thy beautie or my pennance pend,
> Greater had been thy fame, and leſſe my fall."

before, viz. that the golden ball, adjudged by Paris to Venus, is taken by Jupiter from the goddeſs of beauty, and aſſigned to Queen Elizabeth, as more lovely than any of the three ſtriving deities. As a ſpecimen, from certainly a very diſtant and humble admirer of the poet of "The Faerie Queene," we may cite the ſubſequent ſtanza, where Barnefield not only ſpeaks of Elizabeth, but of Elizabeth as Gloriana, a title ſhe had procured, as we know, from Spenſer:—

"In Weſterne world, amids the Oceane maine,
In compleate Vertue ſhining like the ſunne,
In great renowne a maiden Queene doth raigne;
Whoſe royall race, in Ruine firſt begun,
Till Heavens bright lamps diſſolve ſhall nere be done:
In whoſe faire eies Love linckt with Vertues been
In everlaſting peace and union;
Which ſweet conſort in her full well beſeene,
Of bounty and of beauty faireſt Faiery Queene!"

The poet's deſerts are nowhere very extraordinary; but his printer has done him conſiderable injuſtice throughout: in the fourth line above, "Ruine" ought to be *Owen*, in reference to Owen Tudor, the founder of Elizabeth's "royal race." The next ſtanza is better in moſt reſpects, but its groſs adulation:—

"And to conclude, the gifts in her yfound
Are all ſo noble, royall, and ſo rare,
That more and more in her they doe abound,
In her moſt peereleſſe Prince without compare,
Endowing ſtill her minde with vertuous care;
That through the Worlde ſo wide, the flying fame,
And name, that Envies ſelfe cannot impaire,
Is blown of this faire Queen, this gorgeous Dame,
Fame borrowing all mens mouths to royalize the ſame."

Perhaps Barnefield's admiration of a good model may here be conſidered his chief recommendation; but when he relies more upon his own fancy and reſources, eſpecially in lyrical compoſition, he ſometimes approaches

excellence.[h] On this account it was long thought that he might be the author of ſome ſmall poems in "The Paſſionate Pilgrim," which in reality are the property of a contemporary, even greater than Spenſer.[i] The ſame

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[h] He was not averſe to borrowing the thoughts, as well as verſification of others; and we will here give two inſtances, both applicable to Shakeſpeare; the firſt is from "Lucrece," which came out the year before Barnefield publiſhed his "Cynthia:"—

> "Now ſilent night drew on, when all things ſleepe
> *Save thieves and cares.*"

Shakeſpeare had put it thus in 1594:—

> "And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
> Save thieves and cares."

Barnefield elſewhere employs this ſimile:—

> "Looke how a brightſome planet in the ſkie
> Shootes ſuddenly from the beholders eie;"

which we find in Shakeſpeare's "Venus and Adonis," 1593,—

> "Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
> So glides he in the night from Venus' eye."

[i] The caſe regarding theſe poems ſtands preciſely thus:—They firſt appeared in Barnefield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 4to. 1598; and from thence they were transferred to "The Paſſionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakeſpeare," which was publiſhed in 1599. Hence it was thought that, as Barnefield had firſt claimed them in 1598, they had been ſtolen from him in 1599: but it now turns out that Barnefield publiſhed a ſecond edition of his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," with many alterations, in 1605, and from this impreſſion all the pieces given to Shakeſpeare in "The Paſſionate Pilgrim," of 1599, were carefully excluded. Thus our great dramatiſt was in 1605 left in undiſputed poſſeſſion of the doubtful poems. One of thoſe doubtful poems was the following ſonnet, in which Spenſer is highly praiſed; and we have the greater ſatiſfaction in quoting it, becauſe we now may feel ſure that it came from Shakeſpeare's pen: ſee "Shakeſpeare," (publiſhed by Whittaker and Co. 1858), vol. vi. p. 680:—

> "If muſic and ſweet poetry agree,
> As they muſt needs, the ſiſter and the brother,
> Then muſt the love be great twixt thee and me,
> Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
> Douland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe:

evidence which proves that ſome poems, once publiſhed as Barnefield's, are Shakeſpeare's, eſtabliſhes beyond queſtion that the following ſonnet, devoted to the praiſes of Spenſer, Daniel, Drayton, and Shakeſpeare, is by Barnefield. It is entitled,—

"*A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh Poets.*

"Live, Spenſer, ever in thy *Fairy Queene*,
Whoſe like (for deepe conceit) was never ſeene.
Crownd mayſt thou bee unto thy more renowne,
As King of Poets, with a Lawrell Crowne!

"And Daniell, praiſed for thy ſweet-chaſt verſe,
Whoſe fame is grav'd on *Roſamonds* blacke herſe,
Still mayſt thou live, and ſtill be honored
For that rare worke, *The White Roſe and the Red*.

"And Drayton, whoſe wel-written Tragedies,
And ſweete Epiſtles ſoare thy fame to ſkies,
Thy learned name is æquall with the reſt,
Whoſe ſtately numbers are ſo well addreſt.

"And Shakeſpeare, thou whoſe hony-flowing vaine,
Pleaſing the World, thy praiſes doth containe;
Whoſe *Venus* and whoſe *Lucrece* (ſweete and chaſte)
Thy name in fames immortall booke have plac't,
Live ever you, at leaſt in fame live ever:
Well may the bodye dye, but fame die never."
(Sign. E 2. b.)

How inferior this is to the ſonnet by Shakeſpeare on Spenſer and Dowland, we need not take the pains to eſtabliſh: we have copied it from the original edition of Barnefield's "Encomion" in 1598, and in the later impreſſion of 1605 the differences are only thoſe of orthography.[j] We have taken it, in point of mere date,

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Spenſer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound
That Phœbus lute (the queen of muſic) makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

[j] Todd, in his "Life of Spenſer," p. lxxxvii., quotes only the firſt

ſomewhat out of its place, in order that we might keep in connection what we had to advance regarding Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, and Barnefield. It is certain that the "Encomion" was written a conſiderable time before it was printed, though, as we may believe, poſterior to the appearance of Barnefield's "Cynthia" in 1595.

Of Spenſer's and the other funereal poems on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, added, perhaps, for the purpoſe of increaſing the bulk of the ſmall volume which commenced with "Colin Clout's come Home again," we have already ſaid (p. lv.) as much as may be deemed ſufficient. It is extremely likely that Spenſer intereſted himſelf in the ſelection; becauſe, beſides his own paſtoral of "Aſtrophel," with its ſupplement by Lady Pembroke, two, if not more, of the Elegies were by Iriſh poetical friends, and a third the production of Raleigh, who may poſſibly have been at Kilcolman when he wrote it. Matthew Roydon's "Friend's Paſſion" does not ſeem to have been choſen for any great merit belonging to it; but, if we miſtake not, he was an Iriſhman, and at this period a perſonal acquaintance of Spenſer.[k]

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quatrain from the ſecond edition of 1605, being acquainted with no other. The only known copy of the impreſſion of 1605 is in the library of the Earl of Elleſmere; and Todd cited from it.

[k] We think he is ſpoken of by Bryſkett as a countryman; but he was well known among the literary men of London, and late in life he fell into ſuch deep diſtreſs as to be relieved by charity. Naſh, in his Epiſtle introductory to Robert Greene's "Menaphon," 4to. 1587, ſpeaks of Roydon's poem on Sidney in terms of high praiſe, but Naſh was then needy and Roydon rich. It is to be remarked, in addition to the note in vol. v. p. 95, that Lodge, in the third Eclogue of his "Fig for Momus," 1595, mentions Roydon (or Donroy as he there calls him) as if he were then in proſperous circumſtances, and capable of patroniſing, as well as writing, poetry. Wagrin is there urging the deſponding Golde (*i. e.* Lodge) to ſeek other employment than that of the pen and the ſtage; Wagrin ſays:—

"A better minde God ſend thee, or more meanes!
Oh! wouldſt thou but converſe with Charles the kind,

We have no reaſon to believe that Spenſer was in England between 27th Dec. 1591, when the dedication of his "Colin Clout's come Home again" bears date, and about four years afterwards, when it was printed.

During this interval he ſeems to have been engaged in continuing his great work, by completing the fourth, fifth, and ſixth books of "The Faerie Queene." To this occupation, however, as we have ſaid, he added another—the compoſition of eighty-eight ſonnets of an amorous deſcription, nearly all devoted and directed to one object.[1] The matrimonial deſign he had now on hand, and of which we ſee deep and diſtinct traces in ſome of Spenſer's after productions, doubtleſs interfered with that poetical deſign in which the world was moſt intereſted.

Judging from dates (ſomewhat imperfectly and inferentially ſupplied) in the ſonnets Spenſer has left behind him in a collected form, if not in a connected ſeries, it may be ſtated that in 1591 or 1592 he for the firſt time ſaw the young lady to whom he was afterwards united: he was then about forty years old, and, as we have ſome reaſon to believe, a widower, with a large landed eſtate near Cork, a lucrative office under the Crown, and a penſion. The Chriſtian name of the object of his new paſſion, Elizabeth, has alone ſurvived in the verſe of her lover. Theſe effuſions he called "Amoretti;" and, having been ſent over from Ireland, they came from the preſs in a ſmall 12mo. volume, con-

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Or follow harveſt where thy *Donroy* gleanes,
Theſe thoughts would ceaſe: with them the muſe ſhould find
A ſweet converſe: then, this conceit which weanes
Thy pen from writing ſhould be ſoone reſigned."

[1] In a note, vol. v. p. 115, we have expreſſed an opinion that ſome of Spenſer's ſonnets might have been compoſed in England. Such may have been the caſe with a very few; but it is pretty certain that the main body of them was written in Ireland.

cluding with an "Epithalamion." They were thus entered by Ponſonby, at Stationers' Hall:—

"xix die Novembr [1595].

"Willm Ponſonby. Entred for his Copie, under thandes of the Wardens, a booke intituled Amoretti and Epithalamion. Written not long ſince by Edmund Spencer . . . . vj^d."

This memorandum exactly follows the wording of the title-page, which bears the date of 1595, the little work having been printed in the courſe of that year.[m] The ſonnets ſupply the hiſtory of the progreſs or retardation of Spenſer's love; and the "Epithalamion" is a ſong of delight and triumph at its final ſucceſs. From Sonnet 74 we learn that the lady's firſt name was the ſame as that of the poet's mother and the queen. It has been ſaid by ſome that ſhe was the daughter of a merchant of Cork; but there is no farther ground for this notion than that, in one of the ſtanzas of his "Epithalamion," he calls upon the "merchants daughters" of that city to declare, whether they had ever ſeen "ſo fair a creature in their town before?" The fact, we may be confident, was, as he tells us near the end of Book vi. of his "Faerie Queene," (C. 10. St. 25,)—

"Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,"

that he had brought her from the country, in order to marry her in Cork, and made his appeal to the "merchants daughters" there, on the ſurpaſſing character of her beauty, which exceeded anything they had yet ſeen. If ſhe had not been "a country laſs" Spenſer would ſcarcely ſo have deſcribed her; but he would have congratulated

[m] Todd never could have collated, nor ſeen the firſt edition of the "Amoretti" in 1595; for ſpeaking of them as they ſtand in the folio of Spenſer's Works in 1611, he obſerves, "And to the ſonnets are *here* prefixed two commendatory ſonnets by G. W. ſenr. and G. W. junr." Theſe very commendatory ſonnets precede the "Amoretti" in the edition of 1595. Reſpecting "G. W. junr.," which ſeems an entire miſtake, ſee our notes, vol. v. pp. 113, 114.

the "merchants daughters," that one ſo beautiful had been born and brought up among them. As far as it goes, therefore, this very appeal may be ſaid to ſhow that ſhe was not a native of the city of Cork, but "a country laſs" of the neighbourhood.

Beſides, all the acceſſaries of the poet's picture of her in "The Faerie Queene," (B. vi. C. 10,) as far as they prove anything, evince that ſhe reſided among ſhepherds and amid ruſtic occupations: the concluding Alexandrine of the ſtanza, where Spenſer ſays that ſhe was "but a country laſs," contradicts the poſition that ſhe was a city lady:—

> "Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,
> Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe."[n]

We may, therefore, take it for granted that ſhe engaged the poet's heart while ſhe was reſident near Kilcolman; and that when he was about forty-two years old he married her in the city of Cork, on 11th June, 1594, the day appropriated, as he himſelf tells us, to "Barnaby the bright."[o] For her beauty, and other attractions, whether perſonal or mental, we have no choice but to accept Spenſer's word, doubtleſs intended to be truthful; but we know that the more imaginative a man may be,

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[n] We agree with Profeſſor Craik, ("Spenſer and his Poetry," vol. iii. p. 224,) that "country laſs" does not neceſſarily mean *peaſant girl.* She was probably the daughter of ſome gentleman who reſided near Kilcolman, and who brought up his children without much intercourſe with Cork and its inhabitants. How Mr. Craik, when calling her "a provincial beauty," can at the ſame time think it likely that ſhe was "a merchant's daughter" we do not well underſtand: a merchant uſually reſides in a city, whither his buſineſs draws him, and his daughters can not be termed "country laſſes."

[o] See vol. v. p. 174. Everything was "bright" on that day:—

> "This day the ſunne is in his chiefeſt hight,
> With Barnaby the bright,
> From whence declining daily, by degrees
> He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light."

the more he can diſpenſe with what the world ordinarily conſiders fairneſs. If it were poſſible to collect together all poets' wives, whether dead or living, we are confident that we ſhould find them, however extolled by their huſbands, a company of extremely diſtaſteful women.

As far as we can gather from Spenſer's ſonnets, his courtſhip extended over more than two years, during which, if we may truſt his own poetical repreſentations, he had to endure the uſual viciſſitudes; but how far the real ſufferings from thoſe viciſſitudes equalled the deſcription of them may be queſtionable. We know that our poet, after, as we may believe, his firſt marriage, and when he was about, ere very long, to enter again into the ſtate of matrimony, lamented, with the ſeeming ſincerity of bitter grief, the falſehood and cruelty of the lady with whom he was enamoured before 1579. We may always reaſonably doubt how far a poet may not, in every ſenſe of the word, be the author of his own well-painted miſeries and diſappointments. From Spenſer's 67th Sonnet, perhaps the moſt beautiful of the whole ſeries, it would ſeem that the writer had at one time relinquiſhed all hope; and that, when in deſpair he had abſolutely "forſaken the chaſe of her," the lady, to his ſurpriſe and delight, beheld him "with milder look," and at length, of her own accord, yielded to his hand. As this point has not been obſerved upon before, we indulge ourſelves by inſerting the ſonnet on which we have put this interpretation, in order that the reader may ſee, without reference elſewhere, whether it does not bear out our conſtruction:—

"Lyke as a huntſman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him eſcapt away,
Sits downe to reſt him in ſome ſhady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long purſuit and vaine aſſay,
When I, all weary, had the chace forſooke,
The gentle deare return'd the ſelfe-ſame way,
Thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke:

There ſhe, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearleſſe ſtill did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing, me ſeem'd, to ſee a beaſt ſo wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyl'd!"
(Vol. v. p. 150.)

The ſenſe ſeems as clear as anything figurative can well be rendered; and when afterwards we hear, on the ſame authority, of vexations, diſappointments, ſufferings, and deſpairs, we muſt put them down, more or leſs, to the exquiſite ſenſibility of a poet's mind, acting upon his too creative imagination. Spenſer's doubts, dolours, and diſtreſſes ought to have ended with the laſt word of his own ſonnet above quoted: yet, a poet would ſometimes hardly fancy that he was in love, without a few of the croſſes and impediments which he had mainly conjured up for himſelf. All lovers are more or leſs poetical, but a really poetic lover muſt be one of the moſt difficult creatures in the world for beauty to deal with.

Spenſer's ſonnets are not framed after the ſtrict Italian model, little followed in this country at the period of which we are now ſpeaking, excepting by Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Aſtrophel and Stella:"[p] even the Earl

[p] We may mention that the ſurreptitious edition of Sidney's "Aſtrophel and Stella," printed by Thomas Newman, 4to. 1591, contains hundreds of various readings, but it is chiefly worth notice becauſe it is introduced by an Epiſtle from the famous Thomas Naſh, found nowhere elſe, compriſing a moſt eulogiſtic apoſtrophe to the patroneſs of Spenſer, and ſiſter of Sidney, the Counteſs of Pembroke, which we may give in a note. Naſh refers to the branches of honour that had ſprung from the ſame root:—"Amongſt the which (he ſays) fayre ſiſter of Phœbus and eloquent ſecretary to the Muſes, moſt rare Counteſſe of Pembroke, thou art not to be omitted; whom artes doe adore as a ſecond Minerva, and our poets extoll as the patroneſſe of their invention; for in thee the Leſbian Sappho with her lirick harpe is diſgraced in the laurel garlande which thy brother ſo bravely advaunſt on his launce, [and] is ſtill kept greene in the Temple of Pallas. Thou onely ſacrificeſt thy ſoule to contemplation, thou onely entertaineſt emptie handed Homer, and keepeſt the ſprings of Caſtalia from being dryed up."

of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt uſually avoided its rhythmical intricacies; and it is evident that Spenſer ſeldom intended to do more than to employ two quatrains rhyming alternately, while the remaining ſix lines may generally be ſaid to have ſhifted for themſelves, and invariably cloſed with a couplet. They are not, therefore, ſo properly ſonnets, as ſhort poems of fourteen lines each; where the thought, not always very new, is expreſſed with as much facility, grace, and neatneſs, as the ſtate and reſources of our language allow. They have not the power, variety and richneſs (often amounting to poetic prodigality) of Shakeſpeare, in this confined department of the art; nor have they the ſweetneſs of Daniel, which is apt to cloy, nor the ſtrength of Drayton, which ſometimes degenerates into harſhneſs; but they avoid all affected obſcurity, and poſſeſs a ſimplicity that, on that very account, is always enchanting.

The publiſher's brief dedication, ſingular as it may appear, has never found its proper place in modern editions,[q] and yet it contains ſome information worthy of remark. It ſhows that, ſhortly before they were printed, the whole body of ſonnets, with the "Epithalamion," had

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It is to be noted that the ſcarcity of this impreſſion (only one or two copies being known of it) was occaſioned by the interference of perſons in authority to ſtop the publication. In the Stationers' Regiſters, under the date of 18th Sept. 1591, we read this, hitherto unquoted, memorandum:—"Item paid to John Wolf, when he ryd with an anſwere to my L. Treaſurer, beinge with her majeſtie on progreſſe, for the takinge in of bookes intituled Sir P. S. Aſtrophell and Stella." We may add here, that Naſh was one of the earlieſt admirers of Spenſer, in his Epiſtle before Greene's "Menaphon," 1587, where he ſays that he would match "divine maſter Spenſer, the miracle of wit" againſt all Engliſh and foreign poets.

[q] Todd gives the greater part of it in his "Life of Spenſer," p. cviii. but with ſo many variations from the original, including the omiſſion of three whole lines, that he muſt have availed himſelf of a very defective copy: other editors have adopted his imperfect repreſentation of the matter. It will be found in vol. v. p. 112.

been ſent over from Ireland in the ſame veſſel with Sir Robert Needham, to whom Ponſonby addreſſes them: the packet encloſing them ſeems to have been entruſted to Sir Robert's care, without any knowledge on his part of its contents. He was, if not a friend of Spenſer, a friend of poetry; and for that reaſon, and for his "judgement and delight" in it, Ponſonby ſelected him as the fitteſt perſon to receive the dedication.

After the 88th Sonnet follow three or four trifling miſcellaneous poems, ſome of them merely tranſlations, which have uſually met with no attention as regards location, but which Spenſer, when he made up his letter to be conveyed to London by Sir Robert Needham, placed between his ſonnets and his "Epithalamion:" to that ſituation we have willingly reſtored them, under the conviction that their author had good reaſon for interpoſing them where they are found.

When deſcribing the marriage of the Red-croſs Knight and Una, in B. i. C. 12. St. 38 of his "Faerie Queene," Spenſer mentions "a ſong of love and jollity" performed on that occaſion; and ſuch, moſt aſſuredly, is his own "Epithalamion" upon his union with "the country laſs" whom, in 1594, he had choſen in Ireland for his ſecond wife.[r] He goes through the whole triumphant progreſs of the lady, from her waking in the morning to the conſummation of delight; and it is, beyond contradiction, the moſt paſſionate production of the ſort in our

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[r] It may be mentioned that in Shiel's "Lives of the Poets," vol. i. p. 96, ſhe is called "a merchant's daughter;" but this, as we have ſaid, was a mere gueſs, and the book is of no authority. Ball, in his reprint (1732) of Bathurſt's Latin verſion of "The Shepherd's Calendar" (1653) ſays, *In hoc anno virginem elegantem in uxorem duxit;* but *elegantem* was, of courſe, a ſpeculation. G. Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," 8vo. 1799, pp. 29, 30, is diſpoſed to deny the opinion that this was Spenſer's ſecond marriage; but ſurely the regiſtration at St. Clement Danes affords ſtrong confirmation of it.

language: it may well be contraſted, for its genuine animation and joyouſneſs, with thoſe cold and artificial effuſions, of a ſimilar character, which were written to gratify the great, and to ſecure patronage to the poet.[s] The author of the "Epithalamion" ſeems to have been inſpired by his ſubject with the moſt natural thoughts, the gayeſt and moſt vivid deſcriptions, and the moſt energetic, vigorous, and eloquent expreſſions. He gives a looſe to all his various powers; and while peruſing it, the reader is abſolutely carried away by the ſwelling and increaſing tide of paſſion and poetry: the weight and volume of the torrent are irreſiſtible. The ſtanza where he exclaims, on the arrival of the bride at the church,—

"Open the temple gates unto my love!"

is a perfect rapture from beginning to end; and the burden with which every diviſion concludes,—

"That all the woods may anſwer, and their ecchoes ring,"

fills up the meaſure moſt gratefully both to the ear and to the underſtanding.

We are without direct evidence upon the point, but we cannot doubt that before the cloſe of 1595 the poet returned to London, bringing with him not only his new wife, but three new books of his "Faerie Queene." He muſt have ſuperintended them through the preſs, as well as the ſecond edition of the firſt three books, which, like the ſecond three books then printed for the firſt time, bore upon their face the date of 1596. The name of the author, "Ed. Spenſer," was alſo patent upon the title-page, though in very modeſt type; and it

[s] Compare it even with Spenſer's own production, "Prothalamion," on the double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerſet with Henry Guildford and William Peter. There is in this court-contribution much beauty, force, and delicacy of deſcription, but warm, genuine feeling is almoſt entirely wanting: ſee vol. v. p. 254.

purported, in much larger letters, to have been "Imprinted at London for William Ponſonby." Ponſonby, however, (as we obſerved with reference to the firſt, ſecond, and third books by Wolfe) was not himſelf a printer; but he employed Richard Field (the Stratford man, who had had the honour of being the typographer of Shakeſpeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece") to perform the ſame duty for the fourth, fifth, and ſixth books of Spenſer's "Faerie Queene." Field's device, the anchor twined with laurel, is on the title-page, although his name is nowhere ſeen in connection with the volume. The entry at Stationers' Hall is in this form, noticing only Spenſer's uſual publiſher:—

"20 die Januarii [1595]
"M^r. Ponſonby. Entred &c. The ſecond Part of the Faerie Queene cont. the 4, 5 and 6 bookes ———— *d.* vj." [t]

This "20 die Januarii" was 1595, as the year was then calculated, but 1596 as we now reckon it. The entry follows the words and letters of the title-page; and we may be pretty ſure that, when it was carried to the clerk of the company, it was ready for publication. There was no need for a ſecond licenſe for the firſt three books, alſo reprinted by Field, becauſe they had been authoriſed in Dec. 1589, as they had come from the preſs of John Wolfe. The fourth, fifth, and ſixth books have no preliminary matter: the explanatory epiſtle from Spenſer to Raleigh, appended to the firſt three books in 1590, was altogether omitted in the reprint of 1596, although equally applicable to the three ſucceeding books;

[t] Ponſonby entered at the ſame time a work with a very attractive title, of which even that title has not been hitherto mentioned: it was called "The Paragon of Pleaſant Hiſtories; or this Nut was never cracked, containing a Diſcourſe of a noble King and his three Sons." Innumerable works of this popular kind have entirely periſhed.

and "the fourth Booke of the Faerie Queene" begins abruptly with "the Legend of Cambel and Telamond," excepting as regards the uſual preliminary ſtanzas prefixed by the poet to each book.

We may feel very certain that in theſe two ſmall quarto volumes we have all that Spenſer in 1596 had written ſyſtematically in continuation of his great original undertaking, which was to have formed the ſubject for twelve books, each book of twelve cantos. That the poet wrote, or had written, more, in leſs connected portions, we can have no heſitation in believing; becauſe when Matthew Lownes, another ſtationer, in 1609 republiſhed "The Faerie Queene," in folio, he was induced to do ſo, not merely by the popularity of the work, (then becoming ſcarce in the quartos of 1590 and 1596,) but becauſe he had procured in manuſcript, perhaps through ſome of the friends or relations of Spenſer, two additional cantos, and a mere fragment of a third canto. Theſe he printed with the reſt that he had carefully ſuperintended, and thus headed them:—"Two Cantos of Mutabilitie: which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of ſome following Booke of The Faerie Queene, under the Legend of Conſtancie.—Never before imprinted."

Such is all the information Lownes ſupplied regarding his new acquiſition; but he numbered them Cantos vi. and vii. of the ſeventh book of "The Faerie Queene," ſubjoining two ſtanzas only of a real or ſuppoſed eighth canto: we preſume that, although ten years after Spenſer's death, he had authority for ſo treating them, poſſibly in the ſhape of a note or notes upon the manuſcript he had in ſome unexplained manner obtained. Lownes made the poet's epiſtle to Raleigh and the preliminary ſonnets form a ſequel to the whole undertaking, which in 1609 included none of Spenſer's miſcellaneous

pieces. He added them in his two reprints of 1611 and 1617, both in folio.[u]

With reſpect to the "two Cantos of Mutability," all that is very material is, that we ſhould know them to have proceeded from Spenſer's pen. Of this fact we apprehend that no doubt has been, or can be entertained. They are admirably characteriſtic compoſitions, and in ſome portions equal to anything in the ſix books publiſhed during the lifetime of the poet. There was certainly no other author living, before 1609, who could have written them; and they muſt be, and always have been, included in every edition of Spenſer's works.

There is good reaſon for ſuppoſing that he came to London ſoon after his "Amoretti" had been printed in 1595; and, it is very poſſible, before the publication of his "Colin Clout's come Home again" in the ſame year: his preſence may have been the cauſe of its ultimate appearance, after a delay of nearly four years. Conſidering the character of this poem, it deſerves remark that no entry of it for licence is to be met with in the books at Stationers' Hall. Perhaps Ponſonby did not preſent it for the purpoſe, nor ſought to obtain the *imprimatur* of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, of the Biſhop of London, or of any other competent authority. For a ſmall part of the volume, viz. Lodowick Bryſkett's "Mourning

[u] The general title-page of the edit. folio 1611, runs thus:—"The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar: Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenſer: Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected.—Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611." The dedication to Queen Elizabeth is placed on the leaf following the title-page. There are ſeparate title-pages to the various parts of the volume: that to "Proſopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale," is dated 1613: that to "Colin Clout's come Home again" has no date, but "27 of December 1591" is preſerved at the end of the dedication: all the reſt are, like the general title-page, dated 1611. The wood-cut ornaments on the title-page to the whole volume are the ſame as thoſe uſed by Ponſonby, for his folio editions of Sidney's "Arcadia." The copy we have uſed was once Drayton's.

Muſe of Theſtylis," it may be remembered (p. lv.) that a licence had been obtained as long ſince as Auguſt, 1587; and in the doubt whether more need be done, the publiſher may have been ſatisfied with that.[x] Thoſe pieces which bear the date of 1596, including, of courſe, the continuation of "The Faerie Queene," we may take it for granted underwent Spenſer's ſupervifion while he remained in England, and while they were going through the preſs. One of theſe, the "Four Hymns," is ſeparately dated from Greenwich in Sept. 1596.

When, however, Spenſer came to London in 1595, he had buſineſs that demanded his attention quite as much as the printing and publication of his works. This was of an unpleaſant legal character; for, in 1593, he had been involved in a diſpute with Viſcount Fermoy, reſpecting lands in Shanballymore and Ballingerath, each

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[x] Another reaſon for thinking a new licence unneceſſary, may have been, that, two years before the appearance of "Colin Clout's come Home again," with its appendices on the death of Sidney, Roydon's "Elegy," and Raleigh's "Epitaph," with "Another of the ſame," had been printed in the poetical miſcellany called "The Phœnix Neſt," 4to. 1593. We may here expreſs our vexation that in the reprint of "The Phœnix Neſt," in "Heliconia, compriſing a Selection of Engliſh Poetry of the Elizabethan Age," 4to. 1815, ſuch want of common care ſhould have been evinced that, in a poem entitled "A moſt rare and Excellent Dreame," (p. 42,) no fewer than ſix whole ſtanzas were omitted; not in one, but in five different places. This ſeems incredible; but, as a ſingle proof of the fact, we ſubjoin a ſtanza, which ought to have been the laſt but one in the poem, as reprinted in "Heliconia," but is only found in the original edition of 1593:—

> "Why art thou not (O dreame) the ſame you ſeeme,
> Seeing thy viſions our contentment brings?
> Or doe we of their worthines miſdeeme,
> To call them ſhadowes that are reall things,
> And falſlie attribute their due to wakings?
> O! doe but then perpetuate thy ſleight,
> And I will ſweare thou work'ſt not by deceit."

In the reprint of Roydon's "Elegy," on Sidney, there are errors, but none very glaring; and Raleigh's "Epitaph" and its ſupplement are accurately given.

of them claiming three plough-lands in the two diſtricts. It appears, from the original records in the Rolls Office, Dublin, that in 1593 Spenſer had relinquiſhed his appointment of Secretary to the Council of Munſter to a perſon of the name of Nicholas Curteys; but, with a covenant that "during life he (Spenſer) ſhould be free in the ſaid office for his cauſes." Viſcount Fermoy alleged that, on this account, Spenſer had multiplied ſuits againſt him upon pretended titles; one of which titles was that of Joan Ny Callaghan, a party Spenſer (whom Lord Fermoy terms "a heavy adverſary") ſupported. It was affirmed in Lord Fermoy's petition, that Edmund Spenſer, of Kilcolman, gentleman, had entered into lands not belonging to him, and had done waſte there upon the timber and corn-crops to the extent of 200*l.* It is added that Spenſer had indeed appeared in perſon, but that he had neglected to anſwer the charges, though ſeveral days had been appointed for the purpoſe; and that in the end, on the 12th February, 1594-5, poſſeſſion was decreed to Lord Fermoy.

This proceeding in equity, if it had not haſtened our poet's repair to London, may have been part of the buſineſs he was bound to attend to when he arrived there. It very poſſibly preyed upon his ſenſitive mind during his ſtay; and it may even have flavoured with bitterneſs ſome paſſages againſt Court and courtiers, which almoſt read like after-thoughts, and may have been added to "Colin Clout's come Home again" while it was in the proceſs of printing. A decree had been pronounced againſt him, and eſpecially in the abſence of Raleigh, now on his voyage to Guiana, Spenſer may have ſought in vain for ſupport againſt Viſcount Fermoy. For aught that appears to the contrary, the land, as decreed, remained in the hands of his lordſhip, and our poet may even have been compelled to make

compenſation for the waſte and injury done to the wood and corn on the property.[y]

At all events, Spenſer's life, in 1596, muſt have been a very buſy one, independently of any occupation of his time at court, and in Courts, to counteract the proceedings of Lord Fermoy in the Iriſh Chancery and Rolls. To this year belong, beſides the three lateſt extant books of "The Faerie Queene," three other publications, to which we ſhall advert in ſucceſſion, viz. "Four Hymnes," "Daphnaida," and "Prothalamion."

As to the firſt; we learn from the dedication to the Counteſſes of Cumberland and Warwick, dated 1ſt Sept.

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[y] All our information upon this ſubject is derived from Mr. Hardiman's "Iriſh Minſtrelſy," vol. i. p. 320, where it is equally new, authentic, and intereſting; we quote his own words:—"In 1593, Maurice, Lord Roche, Viſcount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland ſtating [that] 'where one Edmund Spenſer, gentleman, hath lately exhibited ſuit againſt your ſuppliant for three plough lands, parcell of Shanballymore (your ſuppliants inheritance) before the Vice Preſident and Council of Munſter, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your ſuppliant againſt the ſaid Spenſer and others unto whom he conveyed: and nevertheleſs, for that the ſaid Spenſer, being clerk of the Council in the ſaid province, and did aſſign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys, among other agreements with covenant that during his life he ſhould be free in the ſaid office for his cauſes, by occaſion of which immunity he doth multiply ſuits againſt your ſuppliant in the ſaid province upon pretended title of others.' *Orig. Rolls Office.* At the ſame time Lord Roche preſented another petition againſt Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he ſtates to be his opponent 'by ſupportation and maintenance of Edmund Spenſer, gentlemen, a heavy adverſary unto your ſuppliant.' *Orig.* He again exhibited another plaint, 'that Edmund Spenſer of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough lands, parcell of Ballingerath, and diſſeized your ſuppliant thereof, and continueth, by countenance and greatneſs, the poſſeſſion thereof, and maketh great waſte of the wood of the ſaid land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper uſe, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds ſterling. Whereunto the ſaid Edmund Spenſer, appearing in perſon, had ſeverall days prefixed unto him peremptorily to anſwer, which he neglected to do; therefore, after a day of grace given, on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his poſſeſſion." *Orig. Decree.* "12th Feb. 1594," was in fact 12th Feb. 1595, and, as we may ſuppoſe, not long before Spenſer ſtarted for England.

1596, that Spenſer, "in the greener times of his youth," had compoſed two hymns in praiſe of earthly love and natural beauty. They may not have been originally printed, becauſe at that time poems were often multiplied in manuſcript; but the author tells us that ſo "many copies of his two hymns were ſcattered abroad," that he was unable to "call them in" at the inſtance of one of the ladies, who ſeems to have been more ſcandalized by them than the other. In order, therefore, to counteract the real or ſuppoſed miſchief that might have been occaſioned by ſuch warm and zealous effuſions, he reſolved to write two other hymns, of an entirely different character and complexion, devoted to the praiſe of heavenly love and celeſtial beauty.

Such is the hiſtory the author gives of theſe contraſted productions of two diſtant periods of his life, meant to bear the ſtamp of each period. Inaſmuch, however, as the two hymns on earthly love and natural beauty are placed firſt in the tract, and as Spenſer was not then forty-four years old, and had recently married a wife with whom he was enraptured, we may be permitted to doubt whether, after all, the leſs ſpiritual pieces were not his favourites; and whether their antidotes, which are poſtponed to the others, however choicely and piouſly worded, did, even in his own mind, neutraliſe the glowing deſcriptions he had already given of leſs refined and mundane perfections. Following, as they did in 1596, his own empaſſioned, and almoſt gorgeous "Epithalamion" of 1595, he ſeems to have ſat down to the compoſition of the hymns on heavenly love and beauty more as a taſk that he was enjoined to perform, than becauſe in his heart he conſidered it neceſſary to balance the account by this ſomewhat new application of the rule of poetical juſtice.

Of "Daphnaida," alſo printed in 1596, which ſucceeds

the "Four Hymnes," we have already ſaid ſomething under the proper date, for Spenſer's dedication of it to the Marchioneſs of Northampton is of the 1ſt Jan. 1591. It celebrates the death of Douglas Howard, the young wife of Spenſer's friend, Arthur Gorges; whom, both here and in "Colin Clout's come Home again," he deſignates as "the ſad Alcyon:" the heraldic conceit of the "white lioneſs," adverted to on p. lxxxix., reſiſts the flow of genuine grief, and the whole poem is overſtrained and artificial.

"Prothalamion," on the double marriage of the two Ladies Somerſet with Mr. Guildford and Mr. Peter, has no dedication; but the date on the title-page is 1596, and it was certainly written ſhortly before it was printed. In the very commencement, Spenſer, in his own perſon, inveighs againſt the tedious and anxious years he had waſted in expectation at Court; but we do not find that he put an end to ſuch vexations, by returning to Ireland, until ſome time afterwards. It is a theme of which, apparently, he was not ſo ſoon weary as his readers; but there is a more important perſonal alluſion in "Prothalamion," where Spenſer informs us that he was born in "merry London." This ſtatement is of great intereſt to his biographers, and we have already availed ourſelves of it, near the opening of the preſent memoir (p. xii.). About this period Spenſer was enjoying the patronage, and moſt likely the ſociety, of Robert Devereux, the young, gallant, but wayward Earl of Eſſex; and, in the later part of the poem under conſideration, he goes ſomewhat out of his way to beſtow very ſounding applauſe upon the recent expedition to Cadiz and its commander. This circumſtance alone would be ſufficient to ſettle the date of the production after 10th Aug. 1596, if there were any doubt about it: it was at the manſion of the Earl of Eſſex, on the bank of the Thames near the

Temple, that the bridegrooms awaited the arrival of their affianced ladies.

This ſeems to have been the laſt extant poetical production by Spenſer, and the laſt publiſhed by William Ponſonby: after 1596 the copyrights of all Ponſonby's various publications were aſſigned to Matthew Lownes, who, as we have mentioned, ſubſequently iſſued impreſſions of Spenſer's works in folio.

Moſt of the biographers of Spenſer concur in opinion that the only remaining work of which we have now to ſpeak,—his political tract called "A View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wiſe between Eudoxus and Irenæus,"—came from his pen in 1596, and was preſented to various noblemen, officers of the government, and others, before his return to Kilcolman. It was not printed until Sir James Ware cauſed an impreſſion of it to be made in Dublin in 1633; but it had been long previouſly known by manuſcript repetitions.[z] The evidence is by no means concluſive, but we are led to believe that it was compoſed in England. Eudoxus repreſents an Engliſhman, who is deſirous to be inſtructed on the condition and proſpects of Ireland; while Irenæus, "having lately come from thence," is Spenſer, who proceeds to give his friend the information he requires. He thought that Engliſh ſtateſmen were not adequately acquainted with matters which, during his

[z] There is a copy of it in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and another, formerly belonging to Archbiſhop Uſher, was uſed by Sir James Ware for his edition. In England there are copies in Lambeth Library, in the public library of Cambridge, and in the library of Caius and Gonville College. There are alſo ſeveral copies in private collections: one of theſe is the property of the Earl of Elleſmere; and another is in the hands of a private individual in London; while a third is in Yorkſhire. In the whole, we know of at leaſt eight manuſcript copies, and all are entitled "A View of the State of Ireland." The differences between ſuch as Todd had an opportunity of conſulting are pointed out in the notes.

reſidence in Ireland, and in conſequence of his official employments, had come to his knowledge; and he therefore ſet about the compoſition of the tract for the purpoſe of ſupplying their deficiencies. Several of the manuſcript copies bear the date of 1596, and we know that Spenſer was then reſident in the metropolis. At the ſame time there is nothing to ſhow poſitively that this "View of the State of Ireland" was not written in that country, and afterwards ſent over to this. That Irenæus had lately come from Ireland, and was therefore more competent to the taſk he had undertaken, might be merely a convenient fiction.

There is a material fact regarding this dialogue that has never yet been ſtated, although it is found in a ſource over and over again conſulted for curious intelligence reſpecting our early literature. We allude to the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company; and if we did not know, from repeated experience, how curſorily and careleſsly old books and papers are frequently examined, even by thoſe who profeſs to have beſtowed much time and attention upon them, we might be ſurpriſed at the omiſſion in this inſtance. Spenſer's manuſcript, on the ſtate of Ireland at the cloſe of the ſixteenth century, was entered for publication; and at a date certainly ſubſequent to his arrival on his property near Cork. The memorandum runs as follows; and the caution at the end of it, conſidering the nature of the ſubject, is particularly deſerving of notice. Matthew Lownes, in whoſe name the entry was made, had then ſucceeded Ponſonby in buſineſs; and, like Ponſonby, he may have been put in poſſeſſion of the manuſcript, ſcarcely by Spenſer himſelf but, by ſome of his incautious friends:—

> "xiiii Aprilis [1598]
> Mathewe Lownes. Entred for his Copie under thand of Mr Warden Man, a booke intituled A viewe of the pre-

ſent State of Ireland, diſcourſed by waye of Dialogue betweene Eudoxus and Irenius: upon Condition that he gett further auᵭhoritie before yt be prynted. vj^{d}."

The book was therefore unprinted, when it was brought to Stationers' Hall in order to ſecure to Lownes a licence for the publication of it; and the ſubjeᵭ of it, at that particular period, was deemed one of ſo much doubt and delicacy, that the authority of Warden Man, himſelf a bookſeller or ſtationer, was not deemed ſufficient. In general, in 1598, for ordinary works in proſe or verſe, the approbation of both the wardens, or even of one warden, was held adequate; but, in caſes where political or religious queſtions were handled, the ſanᵭion of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, or of ſome public funᵭionary, was almoſt indiſpenſable. Therefore, before our poet's "View of the State of Ireland" could even be put into a printer's hands, "further authority" was required at Stationers' Hall; and, for aught that appears, Lownes either failed to obtain it, or the publication of the traᵭ was expreſſly forbidden. This circumſtance may account for the exiſtence of ſo many manuſcript copies of the dialogue; for, if it were known to have been written, and not allowed to be printed, curioſity would be ardent in order to procure a ſight of it.

If Spenſer were not detained in London, where we imagine his pamphlet to have been compoſed, by any queſtion regarding it, there is every reaſon to believe that he returned with his wife, and ſuch family as ſhe had produced him, to Kilcolman, early in 1597.[a] The courſe

[a] The dedication of his "Four Hymnes" is dated Greenwich, 1 Sept. 1596, and it may have been the laſt piece of verſe that Spenſer wrote before his return to Ireland. Still, as his "Prothalamion" muſt have been compoſed after 10th Aug. 1596, it may be a queſtion whether it did not follow the "Four Hymnes."

of extreme ſeverity by which Ireland, according to Spenſer's plan, was to be brought into obedience, and kept under ſubjection, together with his vindication of the adminiſtration of Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, could hardly have been acceptable to many of the Proteſtants of England, and muſt have been utterly deteſtable to all the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Conſequently, if the character of Spenſer's unſcrupulous recommendations had preceded him to Dublin and Cork, we can eaſily believe that his reſidence at Kilcolman, on a large and rich portion of the forfeited eſtates of a favourite family, would neither have been agreeable nor ſecure.

This might be one reaſon why he himſelf ſhould wiſh his "View of the State of Ireland" to remain unprinted, and to be kept, as ſtrictly as poſſible, in a comparatively few hands. It ſeems out of the queſtion for any man, who had ſuggeſted ſuch a ſyſtem of coercion, to hope to take up his abode, with any chance of perſonal ſafety, excepting within ſome fortified place, far within the Engliſh pale of protection: yet where Spenſer reſided he muſt have been peculiarly expoſed to hoſtile forays and incurſions. Accordingly, we ſhall ſee, in the ſequel, that he cruelly paid the penalty of the advice he had tendered to his Sovereign and her council. If that advice had been adopted, and if his plans of terror and ſubjugation had ſucceeded, his property might have been for the time preſerved; but as it was not adopted, as his advice was not even liſtened to, when the character of that advice became known, we can ſcarcely ſuppoſe that his return to Ireland would even be voluntary, becauſe he muſt have felt convinced that his life and fortunes would thereby be placed at the mercy of the mercileſs.

Still, the ſtate of his affairs, and the nature of all he poſſeſſed in the world, may have been ſuch as imperatively to demand his preſence at Kilcolman. He was,

beſides, thoroughly weary of delays and diſappointments at the Engliſh Court: his ſuits, whatever they may have been, were poſtponed or rejected; and ſome of the lateſt verſes he ever printed revived the old theme of his

> "long fruitleſs ſtay
> In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
> Of idle hopes, which ſtill doe fly away
> Like empty ſhaddowes."[b]

If the condition of Spenſer's part of Ireland had been at all ſettled and tranquil in 1597, we can ſcarcely imagine a place of abode for a poet more delightful than the country round his habitation. He has in many places dwelt with the utmoſt gratification on its natural beauties and advantages; and the river Mulla, near the banks of which his eſtate was ſituated, is a conſtant ſubject with him of pictureſque deſcription and loving encomium. But for a man fond of poliſhed ſociety, and of moſt ſenſitive feelings, to go there at the date to which we are now referring, and under the adverſe circumſtances belonging to Spenſer, who had rendered himſelf obnoxious not only as Secretary to Lord Grey, and Clerk of the Council of Munſter, but as author of the "View of the State of Ireland," muſt have been both miſerable baniſhment and perilous expoſure. Any Engliſh ſettler in the province would have been unwelcome to the unreclaimed Iriſh; but perhaps no man living could at that time be more odious than Spenſer.

On behalf of Lord Grey he takes credit, in his "View," for the thirteen years of comparative tranquillity which followed his lordſhip's firm, though ſevere, adminiſtration of the government of Ireland; but at the date when our poet was compelled (it muſt ſurely have been compulſion) to go back to Kilcolman everything ſeemed

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[b] "Prothalamion," vol. v. p. 257.

ripening into a new rebellion. We can therefore hardly ſuppoſe that, at ſuch a period and with ſuch appearances, he could either have leiſure or inclination to write the two Cantos of "Mutability," which are ſaid to have been ſaved from among his papers; and we utterly diſbelieve the ſtatement that he had then actually completed the remaining ſix books of "The Faerie Queene," which are reported to have been loſt by the careleſſneſs of a ſervant, ſubmerged in St. George's Channel, or conſumed in the fire that burned his dwelling. Perſons who ſo think can have no notion of the freedom from anxiety, the tranquillity and power of abſtraction neceſſary for poetical compoſition, and more eſpecially for that poetical compoſition, where the niceſt mechanical conſtruction is to be diſplayed, in combination with the higheſt exerciſe of invention.

If, indeed, Spenſer compoſed more of his great ſubject than has come down to us, he muſt have done ſo in England, before he returned to Ireland in 1597; but that ſeems impoſſible, when we call to mind that, independently of ſuperintending the printing of the ſecond volume of "The Faerie Queene," and reprinting the firſt, he wrote at leaſt two other works, and corrected a third; all of which bear date in 1596. Beſides, to that year is generally, if not univerſally, aſſigned the compoſition of his proſe "View of the State of Ireland."

There is a circumſtance, either unknown to, or, at all events, entirely unnoticed by previous biographers, that ſtrengthens our opinion that Spenſer did not reviſit Ireland until 1597 had commenced. It is this:—that in that very year a book was actually dedicated to him. This is preſenting him, in ſome ſort, in a new light—not as a patronized poet, but as a patron of poetry; and it is not likely that he would have been ſelected for the diſtinction, had he not been reſident in the metropolis

when the work was publiſhed.[c] The volume is a rare one, but not ſo rare (we have ſeen at leaſt three copies of it) that it ought to have been paſſed over in entire ſilence with reference to the reputation and influence Spenſer had at that period acquired: his pre-eminence as the author of "The Faerie Queene," and other works of genius, gained him the diſtinction. We quote the title of the book at length:—

"Certaine worthye Manuſcript Poems of great Antiquitie Reſerved long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gentleman. And now firſt publiſhed by J. S.—The ſtatly tragedy of Guiſtard and Siſmond. The Northren Mothers Bleſſing. The way to Thrifte.—Imprinted at London by R. D. 1597." 8vo.

The dedication is, like Spenſer's own of his "Faerie Queene," at the back of the title-page, and is in the ſimpleſt form, ſhowing the good taſte of J. S., whoever he may have been, and the high poſition of Spenſer, who did not need any flouriſh of words to make people acquainted with him:—

"*To the worthieſt Poet*
Maiſter Ed. Spenſer."

This is a ſpecies of teſtimonial that, as far as we remember, belongs to no other poet of that day,[d] and the

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[c] There can be no queſtion that Spenſer was in London when W. Smith's "Chloris, or the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepheard," was publiſhed in 1596; but it is not addreſſed to him by name, but by his paſtoral deſignation, Colin Clout—"To the moſt excellent and learned Shepheard, Collin Cloute." This work and its inſcription have been noticed by Todd ("Life of Spenſer," clvii.) and by other biographers, but they have altogether ignored the dedication of the "Certaine worthye Manuſcript Poems" to our poet, *by his own name*, in the next year. This is of much more importance with reference to the argument we found upon it: it would not have been dedicated to Spenſer had he then been in retirement at Kilcolman.

[d] At a ſomewhat later date, Michael Drayton had a poem in couplets, not, indeed, dedicated to, but addreſſed to him: it is a tract of

tribute muſt have been paid by genuine and diſintereſted admiration. Who J. S. may have been is a queſtion we are not in a condition to anſwer; but the initials would apply either to Joſhua Sylveſter or to John Southern: the firſt, however, was too much occupied with his own poetry (he began writing for his livelihood in 1590), and the laſt was hardly capable of eſtimating the exalted genius of Spenſer.[e] The antiquity of the dedicated Poems, and Spenſer's known predilections, together with his diſtinguiſhed fame, led J. S. to the ſelection of him. "The Northren Mother's Bleſſing," and "The way to Thrift," are indiſputably very ancient: a

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great poetical excellence, called "The Metamorphoſis of Tobacco;" and the imprint of the only copy we ever ſaw is for John Flaſket, 1602, 4to. On a leaf following the title-page are ten lines, thus headed,—

"*Ad mare rivuli.* To my loving friend, Maſter Michael Drayton.

"The tender labour of my wearie pen,
And doubtfull triall of my firſt-borne rimes,
Loaths to adorn the triumphs of thoſe men
Which hold the raines of fortune and the times
Only to thee which art with joy poſſeſt
Of the faire hill where troupes of Poets band,
Where thou enthrond, with lawrell garlands bleſt,
Maiſt lift me up with thy propitious hand,
I ſend this poeme; which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and love for love to ſhare."

Neither name nor initials are appended; but from a paſſage in Naſh's "Have with you," &c. 1596, (Sign. 2. 4 b.) we might fancy that "The Metamorphoſis of Tobacco" was by Anthony Chute: however, Chute's "firſtborn rhymes" came out at leaſt as early as 1593, and the poem itſelf is much too good for him.

[e] John Southern was a performer on the harp, who fancied that he had alſo a taſte for, and ſkill in poetry; but nothing can be more conceited or weariſome than his verſes. In 1584, he wrote "Pandora, the Muſique of the Beautie of his Miſtreſs;" and Drayton gave him importance by thus addreſſing him in one of his early Odes:—

"Southerne, I long thee ſpare,
Yet wiſh thee well to fare,
Who me pleaſedſt greatly;
As firſt therefore more rare,
Handling thy harpe neatly."

new title-page, applicable to them only, aſſerts that "they were written nine years before the death of Chaucer;" but how this point was aſcertained is not known. "The ſtately tragedy of Guiſtard and Siſmond" is certainly not ſo old: it is in two books, and in the Engliſh ballad meaſure of about the reign of Henry VII. We muſt not interrupt our progreſs by the admiſſion of ſpecimens into our text,[f] and all we notice the little work for is to ſhow Spenſer's importance as an author in the opening of 1597, and that there is reaſon to believe he was at that moment ſtill reſident in London.

If we could perſuade ourſelves that the initials J. S. on the title-page of theſe "Certaine worthye manuſcript Poems" was a miſprint for J. C., we could readily find an owner for them in John Chalkhill, author of "Thealma

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[f] "Guiſtard and Siſmond" is a tranſlation of Boccaccio's Novel, Gior. iv. Nov. 1, *Tancredi, Prence di Salerno;* and, as it is now rendered more important in our literary hiſtory, we venture in a note to extract a ſingle ſtanza; which, in what it ſays of the ready wit of women in an emergency, will remind the reader of Arioſto's famous tribute (Orl. Fur. C. xxvi.) to the ſex, on the ſame ground:—

"Till it fell on a time, of a ſudden adviſe,
The Lady found a mean that was a great cautell;
As oft it faris that women bin ſone wiſe,
And in a ſudden caſe they bee right ſuttell:
She tels him her intent by wrighting everie deale,
And the letter cloſed in a reed-ſpyre,
Shee tooke it to Guiſtard for to ſtur the fire."—(Sign. B. 6 b.)

This will ſerve to ſhow the "great antiquity" of the poem; but there is a blank near the end of the ſecond book with *deſunt nonnulla*, to indicate a defect in the original manuſcript. "The Northren Mother's Bleſſing" exiſts in ſeveral copies, and of late years it has been printed without any intimation that it was to be found in this little 8vo. volume of thirty-eight leaves, publiſhed near the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to her great and favourite poet. In his "Sir Gawayne," Introd. p. lxi., Sir F. Madden refers to his brochure, in 1838, of the poem called "How the good Wife taught her Daughter," as if it were only known in manuſcript. It is, in fact, nothing more than "The Northern Mother's Bleſſing" with variations.

and Clearchus." We are informed by Izaac Walton,[g] who publiſhed that "Paſtoral Hiſtory" in 1683, that Chalkhill had been "an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenſer." We are without other evidence of their intimacy, but there is no doubt of it; and Chalkhill muſt have framed what Walton calls his "ſmooth and eaſy verſe" upon Spenſer's example: his devotion to Spenſer might well have induced him to dedicate the "Certaine worthye manuſcript Poems" to his admired friend in

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[g] Although not ſtrictly in point, we may be permitted to ſubjoin a note illuſtrative of the life of this admirable, ſingle-hearted, and benevolent man: the information, we believe, is quite new, and it relates to his occupation of a ſhop in Chancery Lane in the ſpring of 1638. He is ſuppoſed to have gone there in 1632, but the ſite is not clearly ſettled. In Lambeth Library is preſerved a MS. volume entitled "The Valuation of the Rents and Tythes" of the various pariſhes of London; and that part applicable to "St. Dunſtants in the Weſt" is dated 7th May, 1638. Under the heading "Chauncery Lane, within the Liberties of London," we have a liſt of the inhabitants, with, in two ſeparate columns, the rents they reſpectively paid, and the tithes they were charged. The very firſt name is that of Iſaac Walton; and it ſhould ſeem as if the aſſeſſor had begun at the ſouthernmoſt corner of Chancery Lane, and ſo proceeded northwards. If ſo, it ſettles the ſituation of Walton's ſhop. After the names (for we give Walton's immediate neighbours) the firſt column of figures repreſents the tithes paid, and the ſecond column the annual rent of the houſe:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
Iſaac Walton	00.	11.	00	. .	25.	00.	00
George Tomlins	00.	14.	00	. .	28.	00.	00
Willm. Pheaſant	00.	08.	03	. .	18.	00.	00
James Lord	00.	08.	03	. .	18.	00.	00
John Pemberton	00.	10.	00	. .	20.	00.	00
John Croſſe	00.	08.	03	. .	16.	00.	00
Mrs. Palmer, widow	00.	05.	06	. .	16.	00.	00
Thomas Taylor	00.	08.	03	. .	18.	00.	00
Thomas Gould	00.	11.	00	. .	20.	00.	00
Wm. Pacy and Mary Collins	00.	11.	00	. .	16.	00.	00
Edward Geerings	00.	10.	00	. .	16.	00.	00
Jonas Wright	00.	08.	03	. .	16.	00.	00.

The clergyman adds a note that in the ſtatement of the rent he had deducted a fourth part, ſo that the real rent of Walton's houſe was 31*l.* 5*s.* Excepting one perſon, George Tomlins, Walton paid more rent than any of his enumerated neighbours.

1597, juſt before his return to Ireland; but we have no authority whatever for ſuppoſing that J. S. was a miſtake for J. C., although on ſome early copies of the title-page of "Thealma and Clearchus," Edmund is miſprinted *Edward*, but afterwards corrected.

When Spenſer reached Kilcolman, as we believe, in the ſpring of 1597, he found quite ſufficient there to occupy his attention, and indeed to call for his utmoſt activity. That he was active, and was conſidered at home qualified for a poſt of energy and reſponſibility, we may judge from the fact that, on 30th September, 1598, the Queen wrote to the Iriſh government eſpecially recommending him for the office of Sheriff of the county of Cork.[h] At that date the rebellion in

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[h] Harleian MSS. No. 286. The following is the letter addreſſed by Elizabeth to the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, the Earl of Eſſex not having yet arrived in Dublin :—

"Laſt of Sept. 1598.

"Though we doubt not but you will without any motion from us have good regard for the appointing of meete and ſerviceable perſons to be Sheriffs in the ſeveral Counties, which is a matter of great importance, eſpecially at this time, when all parts of the realme are tinged with the infection of rebellion, yet we think it not amiſs ſome time to recommend unto you ſuch men as we ſhould [wiſh] to have for that office. Among whom we may juſtly reckon Edm. Spenſer, a gentleman dwelling in the county of Corke, who is ſo well known unto you all for his good and commendable parts (being a man endowed with good knowledge in learning, and not unſkilful, or without experience in the ſervice of the warres) as we need not uſe many words in his behalf. And therefore as we are of opinion that you will favour him for himſelfe, and of your own accord, ſo we do pray you that this letter may increaſe his credit ſo far forth with you, as that he may not fayle to be appointed Sheriffe of the county of Corke, unleſſe there be to you knowne ſome important cauſe to the contrary. We are perſuaded he will ſo behave himſelfe in this particular, as you ſhall have juſt cauſe to allowe of our recommendation and his good ſervice. And ſo," &c.—"Malone's Shakſpeare," by Boſwell, ii. 339.

Here we ſee the Queen and her Council doing juſtice to the learning, ſkill, and experience of Spenſer about two years after the uſual date given to his "View of the State of Ireland," and leſs than a month before the breaking out of Deſmond's Rebellion.

Munſter, in which Spenſer loſt the whole of his property, was on the eve of breaking out; and in the very next month the dreadful exploſion took place. Having plundered Spenſer's houſe, the inſurgents ſet fire to it; and, although the poet and his wife eſcaped, an infant recently born was unfortunately burned. Such was Ben Jonſon's account to Drummond of Hawthornden, as related to him in 1619; and the words attributed to the Engliſh poet in his Converſation with the Scottiſh poet are theſe:—

"That the Iriſh having rob'd Spenſer's goods, and burnt his houſe and a litle child new born, he and his wyfe eſcaped; and after, he died for la[c]ke of bread in King Street, and refuſed 20 pieces ſent to him by my Lord of Eſſex, and ſaid, He was ſorrie he had no time to ſpend them.—That in that paper, S. W. Raughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Blating Beaſt the Puritans were underſtood, by the falſe Dueſſa, the Q. of Scots."[i]

We are to preſume that when the rebels burned Spenſer's houſe, they alſo burned many of his papers, which were, of courſe, moſt combuſtible; and what we may, or may not have loſt is incalculable—probably, ſeveral productions of which no mention has ever been made; for a man with our poet's habits, when at eaſe and leiſure, muſt conſtantly have had a pen in his hand. We feel the utmoſt confidence, however, as already ſtated,

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[i] In the ſame Converſations with Drummond, Ben Jonſon had previouſly more than once mentioned Spenſer:—"Spenſers ſtanzaes pleaſed him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie."—"He hath by heart ſome verſes of Spenſers Calender about wyne, between Coline and Percye."—Shakeſpeare Society's publication of Ben Jonſon's "Converſations with Drummond," edited by David Laing, Eſq., 1842, pp. 2-9. The paſſage quoted in the text, regarding the burning of Spenſer's houſe and infant, is on p. 12.

that there were not among thoſe papers the ſix concluding books of "The Faerie Queene." When Sir James Ware, in 1633, printed Spenſer's "View of the State of Ireland" he ſtated, in the preface, that Spenſer "finiſhed the latter part of the Faerie Queene in Ireland, and that it was ſoon after unfortunately loſt by the diſorder and abuſe of a ſervant, whom he had ſent before him into England." If "the latter part of the Faerie Queene" only meant the two cantos of "Mutability," we much doubt whether even they could have been compoſed in the then diſturbed and diſorganized condition of Ireland; but if Ware's words refer to the remaining ſix books, which would complete the whole deſigned ſtructure of twelve books, we do not believe that they ever had any exiſtence out of the poet's brain.[j]

Camden's original words, in his Hiſtory of the reign of Elizabeth, are that Spenſer was *à rebellibus è laribus et bonis ſpoliatus;* but he ſays nothing of any continuation of "The Faerie Queene," which he could hardly have omitted to mention with the deepeſt regret, if ſuch a grievous calamity as the deſtruction of it had really occurred. The ſame remark will apply to the ſilence of Ben Jonſon on the point: he notices the loſs of Spenſer's infant in the fire; and as a poet, though he might not like either the ſtanza or the matter of "The Faerie Queene," he would ſurely have noticed, if he did not lament, the loſs of the continuation of a poem of ſuch extraordinary celebrity, had it happened. The queſtion is not

[j] Spenſer ſpeaks of his "Faerie Queene" in two of his ſonnets printed in 1595, the 33rd and the 80th; but they can only relate to the three books, the fourth, fifth, and ſixth, upon which he was then employed, or intended more diligently to employ himſelf, and which were publiſhed in 1596. Todd is, however, quite unwarranted when he ſuppoſes that theſe ſonnets, and what they repreſent upon the ſubject, may have been a mere "poetical fiction." It was no fiction, as the volume of 1596 eſtabliſhed.

whether ſome of Spenſer's papers were conſumed—of that there can hardly be a doubt—but whether among them, and neceſſarily filling very many ſheets and quires, were ſix new cantos of "The Faerie Queene" from the ſeventh to the twelfth incluſive—as much in fact unprinted, as had been already printed in 1590 and 1596.

Browne, in his "Britannias Paſtorals," publiſhed in 1616, where he ſo gracefully grieves over the fact, that Spenſer had not lived to "end his melodious ſong," would unqueſtionably have more bitterly grieved over the ravages of the fire which had deſtroyed the concluſion of ſo great a glory to our literature, had that diſaſter befallen it, and the world. He thus adverts to "The Faerie Queene" and its author:—

"All their pipes were ſtill,
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill
With ſuch deepe art, that every one was given
To thinke Apollo (newly ſlid from heaven)
Had tane a humane ſhape to win his love,
Or with the weſterne Swaines for glory ſtrove.
He ſung th' heroicke Knights of Faiery Land
In lines ſo elegant, of ſuch command,
That had the Thracian plaid but half ſo well,
He had not left Eurydice in hell:
But *e're he ended his melodious ſong*
An hoſt of Angels flew the clouds among,
And wrapt this Swan from his attentive mates
To make him one of their aſſociates
In heaven's faire Quire; where now he ſings the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of dayes.
Divineſt Spenſer! heav'n-bred, happy Muſe!
Would any power into my brain infuſe
Thy worth, or all that Poets had before,
I could not praiſe till thou deſerv'ſt no more."
(Book ii. Song 1).

In his Eſſay on "The Learning of Shakeſpeare," Dr. Farmer adduced part of the above beautiful paſſage to eſtabliſh that Spenſer's great work was left unfiniſhed at his death: we may add, that had the concluſion and conſummation of it been deſtroyed by fire, or in any other

way, it muſt have been known in Browne's time, as well as in Ben Jonſon's; and Browne could not have failed, not merely to deplore the loſs of the poet, but to declare his inconſolable grief at the cauſe of the non-completion of the fineſt poem of the kind. The loſs of the author, nearly twenty years after the event, would have ſeemed almoſt as nothing, compared with the deſtruction of his precious manuſcript.[k]

Hitherto we have ſeen that it is mere inference to ſay that any of Spenſer's papers, whether manuſcript or printed, were burned at Kilcolman: Ben Jonſon and Browne do not mention papers, though we can have no doubt upon the point; but Todd was the firſt to adduce an epigram by Sir John Stradling, publiſhed in 1607, and poſſibly compoſed ſeveral years before, by which it is made clear that ſome of Spenſer's manuſcripts were burned by Iriſh outlaws in the rebellion. The title of the epigram is really all that is valuable for our purpoſe, and it runs thus:—

"*Ad Edm. Spencer, eximium poëtam, de exemplaribus ſuis quibuſdam manuſcriptis, ab Hibernicis exlegibus igne crematis in Hibernicâ defectione.*"[1]

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[k] The ſame obſervation will apply, though not with equal ſtrength, to a paſſage in Sir Aſton Cockayne's poems, 8vo. 1658, quoted by Todd ("Life of Spenſer," p. cxix.), who however merely ſees in it that Spenſer's "Faerie Queene" was left unfiniſhed:—

> "If, honour'd Colin, thou hadſt liv'd ſo long
> As to have *finiſhed* thy Faery ſong,
> Not only mine, but all tongues would confeſs
> Thou had'ſt exceeded old Mæonides."

Had ſix whole books been ſacrificed by cremation, or been loſt in croſſing St. George's Channel, even Sir Aſton Cockayne, though no great poet, could not have refrained from lamenting the annihilation of them by fire or water.

[1] The words of the epigram itſelf, with which, as they really prove nothing, it is not worth while to load our text, are theſe, as given by Todd in his "Life of Spenſer," p. cxxi.:—

Still, there is not one word to ſhow that theſe "manuſcripts" in any way related to "The Faerie Queene,"—a poem ſo notorious as well as ſo admirable, that, if any portion of it had been deſtroyed by the fire lighted by the Iriſh rebels in 1598, we ſhould have heard of it, diſtinctly and over and over again, not from one, but from many quarters. It is only a gratuitous aſſumption that even the two ſtray cantos of "Mutability" were ſaved

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"Ingenii tantum noram tibi flumen, ut ipſum
Abſumi flammis non potuiſſe putem.
Flumen at ingenii partim tibi ſorbuit ignis;
Qualis, qui flumen devoret, ignis erat?
Sylveſtris populus ſylveſtres injicit ignes:
Talibus obſiſtunt flumina nulla pyris."
Epigr. lib. iii. p. 100.

Sir John Stradling ſeems to have begun writing, or at leaſt printing, in the year that Spenſer returned to Ireland, 1597. Charles Fitzgeoffrey, in his "Affaniæ," 8vo. 1601, has two ſhort pieces on the death of Spenſer, but neither of them touch the point at iſſue; we ſubjoin them for the ſake of completeneſs:—

"Edmondo Spencero.

"Dum tumet inque ſuo nimis Anglia vate ſuperbit,
Atque omnes mundi provocat una ſinus,
Et tu Taſſe taces, nec tu Bartaſſe triumphas
Ulterius, cœpit teque Arioſte pudor,
Non tantum invidiam populus movet^r omnibus audax,
Sed cœlum invaſit livor, agitque Deos:
Spenſerumque tibi Superi rapuere poetam,
Anglia, cum vatem non habuere parem.
Quantus erat, pro quo non tantum regna, ſed ipſos
Rivales meruit patria habere Deos."

"*In ejuſdem Tumulum Chauceri vicinum Weſtmonaſt.*

"Spenſerus cubat hic, Chaucero ætate priori
Inferior, tumulo proximus, arte prior."—(Sign. N. 2).

The above are in that diviſion of Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ* which has a new title-page, *Cenotaphia*, and by miſtake has the date of 1061, inſtead of 1601, at the bottom of it. As the little volume is very rare, we mention the fact for identification only. In Lib. ii. of his *Affaniæ* Fitzgeoffrey has two other epigrams on Spenſer, of little merit.

out of the fire, in which there is no queſtion that our poet's new-born infant was conſumed.

In an author whoſe works would ſcarcely be conſulted upon ſuch a queſtion, and whoſe teſtimony has, therefore, never yet been adduced, we nevertheleſs meet with a paſſage that, in our view, ſeems to ſhut out all farther diſpute. We refer to Thomas Dekker, who in 1606 produced a tract which was ſo popular that it immediately went through two editions, into the laſt of which he introduced various alterations: he called it "A Knight's Conjuring;" and near the end of it, where he repreſents what was done in an aſſembly of the ſpirits of dead poets, he writes as follows:—

"Grave Spenſer was no ſooner entred into this Chappell of Apollo, but theſe elder fathers of the divine furie gave him a lawrer, and ſung his welcome: Chaucer call'de him his ſonne, and plac'de him at his right hand. All of them (at a ſigne given by the whole Quire of the Muſes that brought him thither) cloſing up their lippes in ſilence, and turning their eares for attention *to heare him ſing out the reſt of his Fayrie Queene's praiſes.*"

Surely, if anything can be conſidered deciſive, this muſt be ſo held. Dekker, a voluminous author and an applauded poet, mixing in the literary ſociety of the time, knew that Spenſer, at the time of his death, had not "ſung out the reſt of his Fairy Queen's praiſes;" and if the continuation had been burned, or deſtroyed, or loſt, we ſhould never have been told that "the whole quire of the Muſes" "turned their ears for attention" to liſten to what they muſt have known had been completed by the author, though, owing to an unforeſeen diſaſter, it was no longer in exiſtence.[m]

[m] We have mentioned above, that Dekker introduced various alterations into his "Knight's Conjuring" of 1606 (ſome copies bear the date of 1607): we ought to add that he alſo made ſeveral omiſſions; for in

We therefore ſay, without ſcruple or heſitation, that Spenſer never did complete his "Faerie Queene," and that, in all human probability, no part of it was deſtroyed in the fire at Kilcolman.

Spenſer and his wife (with the loſs of their infant, but preſerving, there is every reaſon to believe, two boys) eſcaped, as Ben Jonſon informed Drummond; and he added that the poet afterwards "died for lack of bread in King Street." A queſtion has ariſen whether "King Street" were in Dublin or in Weſtminſter, and Thomas Warton aſſerts that "Spenſer died in Ireland in the moſt wretched condition."[n] Warton nevertheleſs refers to the authority of Camden, who, as we have ſeen, ſtates that the poet was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, to which Warton ſuppoſed the body to have been brought from Ireland, by order of the Earl of Eſſex. What follows

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the edition of it in 1606, we meet with the following remarkable apoſtrophe to Thomas Naſh, who was then dead: why Dekker ſubſequently ſtruck it out can only be matter of conjecture. He thus breaks out in applauſe of his late friend, the bitter enemy of Spenſer's intimate aſſociate Gabriel Harvey:—

"And thou, into whoſe ſoule (if ever there were a *Pithagorean Metempſuchoſis*) the raptures of that fierie and inconfinable *Italian* ſpirit were bounteouſly and boundleſly infuſed, thou ſometimes Secretary to *Pierce Pennyleſſe*, and Maſter of his requeſts, ingenious, ingenuous, fluent, facetious *T. Naſh!* from whoſe aboundant pen hony flowed to thy friends, and mortall Aconite to thy enemies: thou that madeſt the Doctor a flat Dunce, and beat'ſt him at two ſundry tall weapons, Poetrie and Oratorie; Sharpeſt Satyre, Luculent Poet, Elegant Orator! get leave for thy Ghoſt to come from her abiding, and to dwell with me a while, till ſhe hath carows'd to me in her owne wonted ful meaſures of wit, that my plump braines may ſwell, and burſt into bitter invectives againſt the Lieftennant of Limbo, if hee caſheere Pierce Pennyleſſe with dead pay."

[n] Obſervations on "The Fairy Queen," vol. ii. p. 251, edit. 1762. Sir Egerton Brydges, too, in his edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, 8vo. 1800, p. 156, falls into the ſame ſingular error:—"However, he was in Ireland again in 1597, and there, it ſeems, he died amid the deſolations of rebellion." He profeſſes to follow Warton in all particulars, but why did he not correct him? Mr. Hardiman, alſo, in his "Iriſh Minſtrelſy," ſtrangely makes a doubt upon the point.

in Drummond's notes, reſpecting the uſeleſs bounty of Lord Eſſex, ought to have convinced Warton that the incident could not have occurred in Dublin, becauſe the new Lord Deputy, or Lieutenant, had not yet taken his departure for Ireland. Spenſer's death certainly happened at a lodging-houſe or inn (*diverſorium*) in King Street, Weſtminſter, on 16th January, 1598-9, about three months after he had fled from Ireland.

We learn from Camden, in a paſſage quoted from his "Hiſtory of Elizabeth," near the commencement of our biography (p. xii.), that Spenſer was interred not far from Chaucer, at the expenſe of the Earl of Eſſex; and in the ſame antiquary's account of the *Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles, et alii*, buried in Weſtminſter Abbey,° we read as follows:—

"Edmundus Spenſer, Londinenſis, Anglicorum Poetarum noſtri ſeculi facilè princeps, quod ejus poemata, faventibus Muſis et victuro genio conſcripta, comprobant, obiit immatura morte anno ſalutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur; qui fæliciſſimè poeſin Anglicis literis primus illuſtravit."

Camden's "*anno ſalutis* 1598" is, of courſe, to be taken as 1599, according to our preſent reckoning, and the preciſe day, viz. the 16th of January, as well as the place, are aſcertained from the ſubſequent manuſcript note on the title-page of a copy of the ſecond edition of "The Faerie Queene," which originally ſeems to have belonged to Henry Capell, and afterwards to Brand the antiquary:—*Qui obiit apud diverſorium in platea Regia apud Weſtmonaſterium, juxta London, 61° die Januarii* 1598: *juxtaque Geffereum Chaucer, in eadem Eccleſia ſupradict. (honoratiſſimi Comitis Eſſexiæ impenſis) ſepelitur.*

° Imprinted in 4to., by Bollifant, in 1600; and there were, we believe, two ſubſequent editions in 1603 and 1606.

Camden, it will be remembered, adds that Spenſer's burial was attended by poets, who caſt their funeral elegies, and the pens that wrote them, into his grave. Who were the poets and what were their elegies we are not informed: poſſibly Ben Jonſon, who narrated ſome of the circumſtances to Drummond, was one of the poets: another, there is reaſon to believe, was Nicholas Breton,[p] a very popular verſifier, who in the next year publiſhed, in his tract called "Melancholike Humours," "an Epitaph upon Poet Spenſer:" we ſubjoin it, not merely becauſe it has never been reprinted in connection with any biography of Spenſer, but becauſe it attributes to him a work, now loſt, on the "Art of Poetry," which elſewhere has received the title of "The Engliſh Poet." The "Epitaph" runs thus:—

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[p] The following ſtanzas on Spenſer are from a MS. preſerved at Bridgewater Houſe, the authorſhip of the firſt Lord Elleſmere's early friend Francis Thynne, who was the writer of the "Debate between Pride and Lowlineſs," from which Robert Greene ſhameleſsly plagiariſed his "Quip for an Upſtart Courtier" in 1592. The lines have never been printed, and the ſubject, if nothing elſe, renders them worthy of preſervation:—

"Renowmed Spenſer, whoſe heavenlie ſprite
Ecclipſeth the ſunne of former poetrie,
In whome the Muſes harbor and delighte,
Gracing thy verſe with Immortalitie,
Crowning thy Fayrie Queene with deitie,
The famous Chaucer yealds his laurell crowne
Unto thy ſugred penn for thy renowne.

"Noe cankred envie cann thy fame deface,
Nor eating tyme conſume thy ſacred vayne;
Noe carping Zoilus cann thy verſe diſgrace,
Nor ſcoffing Momus taunt thee with diſdaine;
Since thy rare worke eternall prayſe doth gayne.
Then, live thou ſtill, for ſtill thy verſe ſhall live,
To unborne poets which light and life will give."

Theſe verſes were moſt likely written in order to be thrown, with others, into Spenſer's grave. In "Stow's Chronicle," (James I.) we are told that Francis Thynne, Lancaſter Herald, had alſo written a poem on the death of Archbiſhop Whitgift: p. 1427, edit. 1605.

"Mournful Muſes, ſorrowes minions,
Dwelling in deſpaires opinions,
Yee that never thought invented
How a heart may be contented,
(But in torments all diſtreſſed,
Hopeleſſe how to be redreſſed,
All with howling and with crying,
Live in a continuall dying)
Sing a dirge on Spenſer's death,
Till your ſoules be out of breath.

"Bidde the dunces keepe their dennes,
And the Poets breake their pennes:
Bidde the Sheepheards ſhed their teares,
And the Nymphs go teare their haires:
Bidde the Schollers leave their reading,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding:
Bidde the valiant and the wiſe
Full of ſorrowes fill their eyes,
All for griefe that he is gone,
Who did grace them every one.

"*Fairy Queene*, ſhew faireſt Queene
How her faire in thee is ſeene:
Shepheards Calender, ſet downe
How to figure beſt a clowne.
As for *Mother Hubberts tale*,
Cracke the nut and leave the ſhale;
And for other workes of worth,
(All too good to wander forth)
Grieve that ever you were wrot,
And your Author be forgot.

"Farewell *Arte of Poetry*,
Scorning idle foolery!
Farewell true conceited reaſon,
Where was never thought of treaſon!
Farewell judgement, with invention
To deſcribe a hearts intention!
Farewell wit, whoſe ſound and ſenſe
Shew a Poets excellence!
Farewell all in one togither,
And with Spenſers garland wither!

"And if any Graces live
That will vertue honour give,
Let them ſhewe their true affection
In the depth of griefe's perfection,

In deſcribing forth her glory
When ſhe is moſt deepely ſory,
That they all may wiſh to heare
Such a ſong and ſuch a quier,
As with all the woës they have,
Follow Spenſer to his grave."[q]

Here the words "Art of Poetry," coming as they do immediately after the enumeration of other productions by Spenſer, muſt, we apprehend, refer to his loſt critical eſſay called *The Engliſh Poet*, which ſome perſons have confounded with Puttenham's "Arte of Engliſh Poeſie," printed in 1589. Conſidering the nature of its contents, and the manner in which Spenſer is there made to ſpeak of himſelf and of his "Shepheardes Calender," there can be no doubt that Spenſer's was an entirely different production: it was one of his "works of worth" which were "all too good to wander forth." Had the other been by Spenſer, Sir John Harington would aſſuredly have known it, whereas, in 1591, he ſlightingly mentions "The Arte of Engliſh Poeſie," as the work of ſome "unknown godfather."[r] It is, we think, certain that Spenſer's "Engliſh Poet" never appeared in print;[s] and recollecting what it might have contained,

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[q] Todd refers to "this beautiful poem," as he found a part of it in Ellis's "Specimens," vol. ii. p. 285, not knowing that it was by Breton, and fancying that the fourth ſtanza (which he quotes) was the laſt.

[r] Harington's words, in his "Apologie of Poetrie," prefixed to his tranſlation of "Arioſto," fo. 1591, are theſe:—"Neither do I ſuppoſe it to be greatly behovefull, for this purpoſe, to trouble you with the curious definitions of Poet and Poeſie, and with the ſubtill diſtinctions of their ſundry kinds, nor to diſpute how high and ſupernaturall the name of a Maker is, ſo chriſtened in Engliſh by that unknowne godfather this laſt yeare ſave one, viz. 1589, [who] ſet forth a booke called the Arte of Engliſh Poetrie."

[s] It is alſo ſaid that another proſe work by our poet has not ſurvived, viz. a tranſlation of the Greek Dialogue called "Axiochus," on the brevity and uncertainty of human life. If it were ever printed no copy of it is now known, and even the manuſcript of it has entirely diſappeared. We doubt its preſent exiſtence.

both in criticiſm and illuſtration, we may perhaps regret the oblivion of it, even more than that of any other of the loſt progeny of his pen.

No monument was erected to Spenſer until 1620, when Anne Clifford, Counteſs of Dorſet, paid Nicholas Stone 40*l.* for putting up a tablet,[t] &c., in Weſtminſter Abbey, which repreſented that the poet was born in 1510 and died in 1596, thus making him eighty-ſix years old (directly contradicting Camden's *immaturâ morte*), when in fact he was only forty-ſix, at the time of his deceaſe.[u] This monument was of Purbeck ſtone, and its inſcription was ſo decayed in 1778, that a ſum of money was then raiſed, by Maſon the poet and a few others, for its reſtoration with the correction of the dates, and it appears now in the following form:—

> "Heare lyes (expecting the ſecond comminge of our Saviour Chriſt Jeſus) the body of Edmond Spencer the Prince of Poets in his tyme whoſe divine ſpirrit needs noe othir witneſſe then the Works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598."[x]

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[t] See Cunningham's "Weſtminſter Abbey, its Art, Architecture, and Aſſociations," 12mo. 1852, p. 76.

[u] The ſame diſtinguiſhed and diſtinguiſhing lady (Cunningham's "Weſtm. Abbey," p. 74), about twelve years afterwards, employed Marſhall to erect a monument to Spenſer's contemporary, Michael Drayton.

[x] According to a paſſage near the cloſe of Book II. Song 1, of W. Browne's "Britannias Paſtorals," if taken literally, it was the intention of Elizabeth (who muſt be meant by "mighty Nereus Queen") to have erected a noble monument to Spenſer, and for this purpoſe employed "a Factor," whatever may be underſtood by the term,

> "To raiſe in honour of his worthy name
> A Piramis, whoſe head (like winged Fame)
> Should pierce the clouds:"

but we are further told,—

> "Her will had been performance, had not fate,
> (That never knew how to commiſerate)
> Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waight
> For that rich prey;"

and,—

According to his own account, as we have already explained, Spenſer muſt have been born in 1552, and he certainly died in 1599, on the 16th January, which was then reckoned the continuation of 1598.

Much has been written regarding the circumſtances of the poet at the time of his death,—a queſtion into which we hold it needleſs to enter, becauſe, beſides the poſitive aſſertion of Ben Jonſon that Spenſer "died for lack of bread," and that the "twenty pieces ſent to him by the Earl of Eſſex" came too late to be of ſervice, all contemporary authorities agree that he expired in penury. Camden ſays *in Angliam inops reverſus;* and though Spenſer's income, including his penſion, may have been, under ordinary circumſtances, ſufficient for comfortable maintenance, yet, driven as he was from blazing Kilcolman by the rebels, he may not have had wherewith to ſupport himſelf in ſickneſs and ſorrow when he reached London. We will not refer here, as has been done over and over again, to ſuch confirmatory ſtatements as we find in the play of "The Return from Parnaſſus," not printed until 1606, though written before the demiſe of Elizabeth; but we may venture to quote an entirely new authority upon the point, equally minute and deciſive; and the more valuable becauſe it confirms the ſtatement of Ben Jonſon in nearly every particular: yet, as far as we know, it was written from quite independent information. It is contained in a poem, dated 1620, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum (Royal MSS. 17, B. xv.), and was written by a perſon of the name of John Lane, under the title of

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"Seiz'd on the Factor by faire Thetis ſent,
And robb'd our Colin of his monument."

The whole paſſage reads as if Elizabeth had deſtined part of ſome prize of treaſure for the object, which had, however, been applied to another undertaking. Thus, if "avarice" had kept Spenſer unrewarded, it alſo ſo far kept him from being recorded.

"Tritons Trumpet:" it is wretched ſtuff as poetry, but very important as fact. Lane is reproaching England for ſcorning the Muſe:—

> "How they from my deere Spenſer ſtood alooff
> When verbale drones, of vertuous merit ſcant,
> Suffred that gentle poet *die of want!*
> One onlie, knowinge generoſitie,
> And finding he n'oold crave for modeſtie,
> *Him ſent in greateſt ſicknes crownes good ſtore;*
> So Robert Eſſex did, honor's decore.
> Nathles, of pininge griefe and wante's decaie,
> Hee much thoncke that ſtowt Earle, that thus gan ſaie,
> *The medcine comes too late to the patient:*
> Tho died."[y]

The above, with a little confuſion of perſons, moſt circumſtantially ſupports what Ben Jonſon told Drummond; for here we ſee Spenſer "dying for want," but receiving pecuniary aid from Eſſex, and ſending back word that he thanked the Earl, though, in the poet's then condition, the money could be of no uſe to him. If the donation did not arrive in time for Spenſer to ſpend it himſelf—for Lane tells us that the poet "tho (then) died," immediately after he had ſaid that "the medicine came too late"—it does not appear that "the good ſtore of crownes" was returned to the noble donor, though ſome have argued upon that ſuppoſition, and the Earl's bounty probably was employed to relieve the preſſing wants of the poet's family.

That family, beſides his wife, conſiſted of two ſons;

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[y] A few lines further on Lane tells us, in addition, that "his loving friend Lodowick Lloyd," the pamphleteer, had in ſome way been the means of procuring the expenſes of the funeral to be diſcharged:—

> "Ne had that coſt uppon him bin imploid,
> But for my lovinge frend Lodovick Lloyd."

In the quotation in our text "n'oold" is to be taken as *ne would*, i. e. *would not*. Lane's work is divided into twelve months, and our extract is from "Auguſt."

ſo that, including the infant burned at Kilcolman, Spenſer had three children born to him ſince his marriage on St. Barnabas day, 1594. Theſe were, of courſe, left deſtitute; for all the father's property in Ireland had been ſeized or deſtroyed by the rebels, the ſalary from his clerkſhip of the Council of Munſter had been at an end for ſome years, and his penſion ceaſed with his life. A petition was conſequently preſented to the Queen's Council, either by the wife or on her behalf, in conſequence of which eight of the moſt diſtinguiſhed members, including the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, the Lord Treaſurer, and the Lord Keeper, wrote on the 29th March, 1601 (that is to ſay, about a year and a quarter after Spenſer's death), to Sir George Carew, Preſident of Munſter, deſiring him to afford ſuch favour and aſſiſtance to the widow as the caſe ſeemed to require.[z]

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[z] The original, as well as a copy (firſt, we believe, diſcovered by Todd), are preſerved among the Carew MSS. in Lambeth Palace: the latter is in theſe terms:—

"After our right hartie commendations to your lordſhip. By the incloſed petition [which unfortunately does not accompany the letter] it may appeare unto you the humble ſute that is made unto us in the behalf of the wyff and children of Edmond Spenſer, late Clarke of the Councell of that Provynce [not naming it]. In regard he was a Servitor of that Realme [not naming it] we have ben moved to recommend the conſideration of the ſute made unto us unto your lordſhip, and withall to praye you that you will, upon due information of the ſtate of the cauſe, and the wronges pretended to be done in prejudice of the wyff and children of Spenſer, afforde them that favour and aſſiſtance which the juſtice and equitie of the cauſe ſhall deſerve, for recovery and holdinge thoſe thinges which by right ought to apperteyne to them. And ſo we byd you right hartely fare well. From the Court at Whytehall, the xxix[th] of March 1601.

"Your lordſhips very lovinge frendes

Jo. Cant.	Tho. Egerton C.S.
T. Buckhurſt	Notingham
W. Knollys	Ro. Cecyll
J. Forteſcue	J. Herbert."

By the indorſement it appears that it did not reach Sir George Carew's hands until July, 1601, more than eighteen months after Mrs. Spenſer had become a widow, and her children orphans.

Spenſer's two ſons were named Sylvanus and Peregrine; but what portion of their father's eſtate they or their mother re-obtained, in conſequence of the letter of the Council, we cannot hope to aſcertain. We have before us a broadſide exactly ſimilar to that depoſited in the Britiſh Muſeum (not very accurately reprinted by Todd[a]), from which it is evident that Sylvanus was the elder brother; and that, in order to prefer Peregrine in marriage, he gave him (at what date is not mentioned) part of the family eſtate in the county of Cork. Sylvanus himſelf married Ellen Nangle, the daughter of David Nangle of Moneanymy, near Kilcolman, and had two ſons, Edmund and William: the latter, deſcribing himſelf as "grandſon and heir to Edmund Spenſer, the poet," became petitioner to the Crown, in 1700 or 1701, for that part of the paternal eſtate which had been given by Sylvanus to Peregrine, and forfeited by Peregrine's ſon, Hugoline, on account of rebellion and outlawry, both in 1641 and in 1688. Edmund, the elder ſon of Sylvanus, is underſtood to have died unmarried. After the commencement of the eighteenth century the relationſhips become altogether confuſed and doubtful, even as to the immediate deſcendants of our poet; and it has been contended of late years that, beſides the infant burned at Kilcolman, and Sylvanus and Peregrine,[b] Spenſer left two other

[a] In his "Life of Spenſer," p. cxlvii.

[b] Whom Peregrine married, when his brother Sylvanus gave him part of the family property, we do not find ſtated; but the wife of Sylvanus was, as we have ſaid, one of the Nangle (otherwiſe ſpelt Nagle) family. A pleaſant writer in an American periodical ("The Atlantic Monthly," for Nov. 1858) has indulged himſelf with the fancy that Nangle was alſo the ſurname of Spenſer's wife whom he married in 1594. In the ſame ſpirit, but with ſomewhat more ſucceſs, he argues that the Roſalind of "The Shepherd's Calendar" was no other than Roſe Daniel, the ſiſter of the author of "Delia," 1592, &c. The chief ſupport he obtains is from certain coincidences of letters in the names: even in this reſpect we cannot ſay that he makes out

children, named reſpectively Lawrence and Katherine:[c] if ſo, he muſt have had five children between his marriage in the middle of 1594, and his death in the beginning of 1599—a ſtatement not very likely in itſelf, and not by any means conſiſtent with the other information we poſſeſs. Had any will of the poet, or letters of adminiſtration of his property, been diſcovered in the uſual depoſitory, or elſewhere,[d] it would, no doubt, have cleared away ſome of the obſcurities at preſent hanging over the hiſtory of his ſucceſſors.

His widow (a point apparently unknown to Todd) married again before 1603, perhaps owing partly to the property ſhe had acquired under the Council's Letter introduced on p. clii. Her ſecond huſband's name was Roger Seckerſtone, as we learn from a petition, preſented to the Lord Chancellor for Ireland in 1603, in which Sylvanus Spenſer ſet forth that his father, Edmund, the poet, had been "ſeized in his demeſne as of fee of the caſtle of Kilcolman, and divers other lands and tenements in the county of Cork," which deſcended to the petitioner; but that Roger Seckerſtone, who had married his mother, unjuſtly detained the evidences of the eſtate, and thereby prevented the commencement of any action at law for the recovery of the property. The damage, however, was only laid at 100*l.*; and the prayer of the petition was, that Seckerſtone and his wife (the widow of Edmund Spenſer, and the mother of

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his caſe, and he does not *prove* that Daniel had a ſiſter named Roſe; but, at all events, his paper is agreeable reading, and ſome of his ſpeculations are new and ingenious.

[c] By Sir William Betham: ſee Profeſſor Craik's "Spenſer and his Poetry," vol. iii. p. 244.

[d] A diligent ſearch was inſtituted at Doctors' Commons by Mr. G. Chalmers at the end of the laſt century, and it has ſeveral times ſince been renewed, but without avail. Recently inquiries have been made in Ireland, but, we are ſorry to add, without more ſucceſs.

Sylvanus) might be compelled to give up the muniments of which they had wrongful poſſeſſion. What was the reſult is not diſtinctly known, but Sylvanus was ſubſequently the owner of, at leaſt, a part of the lands and tenements in diſpute.

Several portraits of Spenſer are in exiſtence; but it is difficult to ſettle the degree of authenticity belonging to them. The late Mr. Rodd, of Newport Street, had a miniature of the poet in his poſſeſſion in 1845, and perhaps afterwards, which correſponded pretty exactly with the ordinary repreſentations; but what became of it is not known to us. The features were ſharp and delicately formed, the noſe long, and the mouth refined; but the lower part of the face projected, and the high forehead receded, while the eyes and eye-brows did not very harmoniouſly range. Chriſtopher Beeſton, who was much concerned with poets and theatres during the reigns of James and Charles, and ſurvived the Reſtoration, informed Aubrey that Spenſer was "a little man with ſhort hair, a ſmall band and cuffs:" the latter part of this ſtatement does not tally with the uſual engravings, where the poet is repreſented in a large flouriſhing laced ruff. Perhaps Beeſton's account applied to Spenſer when, later in life, he was more intimately connected with the puritanical party.

Our biographical account of the author of "The Faerie Queene" has run out to a length we neither intended nor anticipated; and as, in the courſe of it, we have interſperſed ſuch remarks, critical and perſonal, as the occaſion ſeemed to require, we ſhall not occupy farther ſpace by repeating obſervations which during the laſt century have become trite, and therefore weariſome. It would be eaſy to fill many pages with the commonplaces of ſuch as have written upon the poetry and powers of Spenſer; but remarks of the kind, even if

vigorous and original (and in theſe reſpects they have uſually been deficient), would fall, in our day, upon impatient ears, anxious rather to judge for themſelves, than willing to take the queſtionable word of an editor. A juſt eſtimate of Spenſer, as a man and as a poet, can, of courſe, beſt be derived from his life and productions. To the firſt we have fortunately been able to add ſome new particulars: to the laſt nothing, but in the ſhape of reſtorations and corrections of his text.

APPENDIX.

TO MY LONG APPROOVED AND SINGULAR GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G. H.[a]

GOOD Maſter H. I doubt not but you have ſome great important matter in hande, which al this while reſtraineth your penne, and wonted readineſſe in provoking me unto that wherein yourſelfe nowe faulte. If there bee any ſuch thing in hatching, I pray you hartily lette us knowe before al the worlde ſee it. But if happly you dwell altogither in Juſtinian's Courte, and give your ſelfe to be devoured of ſecreate ſtudies, as of all likelihood you doe, yet at leaſt imparte ſome your olde or newe Latine or Engliſhe eloquent and gallant Poeſies to us, from whoſe eyes, you ſaye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden.

Little newes is here ſtirred, but that olde greate matter ſtill depending. His Honoure never better. I thinke the Earthquake was alſo there wyth you (which I would gladly learne) as it was here with us; overthrowing divers old buildings and

[a] The enſuing Letter from Spenſer, under the name of "Immerito," to Gabriel Harvey, was publiſhed by the latter with the following title:—"Three proper and wittie familiar Letters: lately paſſed betweene two Univerſitie men: touching the Earthquake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh refourmed Verſifying.—With the Preface of a well willer to them both.—Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames ſtreate, neere unto Baynardes Caſtell. Anno Domini, 1580.—Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Majeſtatis." We have had occaſion to quote and refer to it, and to Harvey's epiſtles, which accompany it in the original edition, in the courſe of the preceding pages.

peeces of churches. Sure verye ſtraunge to be heard of in theſe Countries, and yet I heare ſome ſay (I knowe not howe truely) that they have knowne the like before in their dayes. *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philoſophis?*

I like your late Engliſhe Hexameters ſo exceedingly well, that I alſo enure my penne ſometime in that kinde, whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you often defende the worde, neither ſo harde, nor ſo harſhe, that it will eaſily and fairely yeelde it ſelfe to our Moother tongue. For the onely or chiefeſt hardneſſe, whych ſeemeth, is in the accente; whyche ſometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawneth ilfavouredly, comming ſhorte of that it ſhould, and ſometime exceeding the meaſure of the number; as in *Carpenter*, the middle ſillable being uſed ſhorte in ſpeache, when it ſhall be read long in verſe, ſeemeth like a lame goſling that draweth one legge after hir; and *Heaven* beeing uſed ſhorte as one ſillable, when it is in verſe ſtretched out with a Diaſtole, is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge. But it is to be wonne with cuſtome, and rough words muſt be ſubdued with uſe. For why, a God's name, may not we, as elſe the Greekes, have the kingdome of oure owne language, and meaſure our accentes by the ſounde, reſerving the quantitie to the verſe? Loe, here I let you ſee my olde uſe of toying in rymes turned into your artificial ſtraightneſſe of verſe by this Tetraſticon. I beſeech you tell me your fanſie without parcialitie.

See yee the blindefolded pretie God, that feathered Archer
Of Lovers miſeries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his Moother with a veale hath coovered his face?
Truſt me, leaſt he my Loove happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to thoſe two which I tranſlated you *ex tempore* in bed, the laſt time we lay togither in Weſtminſter?

That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for thoſe many goodly matters leaft I for others.

I would hartily wiſh you would either ſend me the Rules and Precepts of arte, which you obſerve in quantities, or elſe followe mine, that M. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very ſame which M. Drant deviſed, but enlarged with M. Sidneys own judgement, and augmented with my obſervations, that we might both accorde and agree in one, leaſt we overthrowe one an other, and be overthrown of the reſt. Truſt me, you will hardly believe what greate good liking and eſtimation Maiſter Dyer had of your Satyricall Verſes; and I, ſince the viewe thereof, having before of my ſelfe had ſpeciall liking of Engliſhe Verſifying, am even nowe aboute to give you ſome token what and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I minde ſhortely at conve-

nient leyſure to ſette forth a Booke in this kinde, whych I entitle *Epithalamion Thameſis;* which Booke, I dare undertake, will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For in ſetting forth the marriage of the Thames, I ſhewe his firſt beginning and offspring, and all the countrey that he paſſeth thorough, and alſo deſcribe all the Rivers throughout Englande, whyche came to this Wedding, and their right names, and right paſſage, &c. A worke, believe me, of much labour, wherein notwithſtanding Maſter Holinſhed hath much furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath beſtowed ſingular paines in ſearching oute their firſte heades and ſources; and alſo in tracing and dogging oute all their courſe, til they fall into the ſea.

O Tite, ſiquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretii?

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane* being fully finiſhed (as I partelye ſignified in my laſte Letters) and preſentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I pray you hartily ſend me with al expedition; and your frendly letters, and long expected judgement wythal, whyche let not be ſhorte, but in all pointes ſuche as you ordinarily uſe, and I extraordinarily deſire. Multum vale. Weſtminſter. Quarto Nonas Aprilis 1580. Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi ſe ex animo commendat plurimùm: jamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas ſuas reſponſi dediſſe. Vide quæſo, ne id tibi Capitale ſit: Mihi certè quidemerit, neque tibi hercle impunè, ut opinor, Iterum vale, & quàm voles ſæpè.

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

IMMERITO.

Poſtſcripte.

I take beſt my *Dreames* ſhoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Gloſſe (running continually in maner of a paraphraſe) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be ſome things excellently, and many things wittily diſcourſed of E. K. and the pictures ſo ſingularly ſet forth and purtrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beſte, nor reprehende the worſt. I knowe you would lyke them paſſing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and eſpecially of the ſundry Apoſtrophes therein, addreſſed you knowe to whome, muſt more adviſement be had, than ſo lightly to ſende them abroade: howbeit, truſt me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better. *Veruntamen te ſequor ſolùm: nunquam verò aſſequar.*

TO THE WORSHIPFULL HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND, MAISTER G. H.

FELLOW OF TRINITIE HALL IN CAMBRIDGE.[b]

GOOD Maiſter G——. I perceive by your moſt curteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no leſſe in deed than I alwayes eſteemed. In recompence wherof think, I beſeech you, that I wil ſpare neither ſpeech nor wryting, nor aught elſe, whenſoever and whereſoever occaſion ſhal be offred me; yea, I will not ſtay till it be offred, but will ſeeke it in al that poſſibly I may. And that you may perceive how much your counſel in al things prevaileth with me, and how altogither I am ruled and over-ruled thereby, I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpoſe, and to ſubſcribe to your advizement, being notwithſtanding reſolved ſtil to abide your farther reſolution.

My principal doubts are theſe. Firſt, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings, leaſte by over-much cloying their noble eares, I ſhould gather contempt of myſelf, or elſe ſeeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for ſome ſweetneſſe that I have already taſted. Then alſo, meſeemeth, the work too baſe for his excellent Lordſhip, being made in honour of a private perſonage unknowne, which of ſome ylwillers might be upbraided not to be ſo worthie as you knowe ſhe is; or the matter not ſo weightie that it ſhould be offred to ſo weightie a perſonage, or the like. The ſelfe former title ſtill liketh me well ynough, and your fine addition no leſſe. If theſe and the like doubtes maye be of importaunce, to your ſeeming, to fruſtrate any parte of your advice, I beſeeche you without the leaſte ſelfe love of your own purpoſe, councell me for the beſte; and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully for that in all things I attribute ſo muche to your judgement, that I am evermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations in reſpecte thereof. And indeede for your ſelfe, to, it ſitteth with you now to call your wits and ſenſes togither (which are alwaies at call) when occaſion is ſo fairely offered of eſtimation and pre-

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[b] This Letter is alſo from Spenſer, calling himſelf "Immerito," to Gabriel Harvey, and it was publiſhed by the latter in a tract entitled,—"Two other very commendable Letters, of the ſame men's writing: both touching the foreſaid Artificiall Verſifying, and certain other Particulars.—More lately delivered unto the Printer.—Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames ſtreate, neere unto Baynardes Caſtell. Anno Domini, 1580. Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Majeſtatis." To this likewiſe, as well as to Harvey's letter, which on no account requires to be given in full, we have had to make ſeveral references.

ferment. For whiles iron is hote it is good ſtriking, and minds of Nobles varie as their eſtates. *Verùm ne quid durius.*

I praye you bethinke you well hereof, good Maiſter G. and forthwith write me thoſe two or three ſpecial points and caveats for the nonce; *De quibus in ſuperioribus illis mellitiſſimis longiſſimiſque Litteris tuis.*

Your deſire to heare of my late being with her Majeſtie muſte die in it ſelfe. As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Maſter Sidney and Maſter Dyer, they have me, I thanke them, in ſome uſe of familiarity, of whom and to whome what ſpeache paſſeth to your credite and eſtimation I leave to your ſelfe to conceive, having alwayes ſo well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale towardes you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their ἀρειωπαγῶ a generall ſurceaſing and ſilence of balde Rymers, and alſo of the verie beſte to: in ſteade whereof they haue, by authoritie of their whole Senate, preſcribed certaine Lawes and rules of quantities of Engliſhe ſillables for Engliſh verſe, having had thereof already great practiſe and drawen mee to their faction.

Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one that writing a certaine Booke called *The Schoole of Abuſe*, and dedicating it to Maiſter Sidney, was for his labor ſcorned; if at leaſte it be in the goodneſſe of that nature to ſcorne. Such follie is it not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre entituling *My Slomber* and the other Pamphlets unto his honor. I meant them rather to Maiſter Dyer. But I am of late more in love wyth my Engliſhe Verſifying than with Ryming; whyche I ſhould haue done long ſince, if I would then haue followed your councell. *Sed te ſolum jam tum ſuſpicabar cum Aſchamo ſapere; nunc Aulam video egregios alere Poëtas Anglicos.*

Maiſter E. K. hartily deſireth to be commended unto your Worſhippe; of whome what accompte he maketh your ſelfe ſhall hereafter perceive by hys paynefull and dutifull Verſes of your ſelfe.

Thus muche was written at Weſtminſter yeſternight; but comming this morning, beeing the ſixteenth of October, to Myſtreſſe Kerkes, to have it delivered to the Carrier, I receyved your letter, ſente me the laſte weeke; whereby I perceive you otherwhiles continue your old exerciſe of verſifying in Engliſhe; whych glorie I had now thought ſhould haue bene onely ours heere in London and the Court.

Truſte me, your verſes I like paſſingly well, and envye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather maligne and grudge at your ſelfe that woulde not once imparte ſo muche to me. But once or twice you make a breache in Maiſter Drant's Rules: *quod tamen condonabimus tanto Poëtæ, tuæque ipſius maximæ in his rebus*

autoritati. You ſhall ſee when we meete in London (whiche when it ſhall be certifye us) howe faſt I have followed after you in that courſe: beware leaſte in time I overtake you. *Veruntamen te ſolum ſequar (ut ſæpenumero ſum profeſſus) nunquam ſane aſſequar dum vivam.*

And nowe to requite you with the like, not with the verye beſte, but with the verye ſhorteſt, namely, with a few Iambickes. I dare warrant they be preciſely perfect for the feete (as you can eaſily judge), and varie not one inch from the Rule. I will imparte yours to Maiſter Sidney and Maiſter Dyer at my nexte going to the Courte. I praye you keepe mine cloſe to your ſelfe, or your verie entire friendes, Maiſter Preſton, Maiſter Still, and the reſte.

Iambicum Trimetrum.[c]

Unhappie Verſe, the witneſſe of my unhappie ſtate,
Make thy ſelfe fluttring wings of thy faſt flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love wherſoever ſhe be:

Whether lying reaſtleſſe in heavy bedde, or elſe
Sitting ſo cheereleſſe at the cheerfull boorde, or elſe
Playing alone careleſſe on hir heavenlie Virginals.

If in Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reſte:
If at boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate:
If at hir Virginals, tel hir, I can heare no mirth.

Aſked why? ſay: Waking Love ſuffereth no ſleepe:
Say, that raging Love dothe appall the weake ſtomacke:
Say, that lamenting Love marreth the Muſicall.

Tell hir, that hir pleaſures were wonte to lull me aſleepe:
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes:
Tell hir, that hir ſweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Nowe doe I nightly waſte, wanting my kindely reſte:
Nowe doe I dayly ſtarve, wanting my lively foode:
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if I waſte, who will bewaile my heavy chaunce?
And if I ſtarve, who will record my curſed end?
And if I dye, who will ſaye, *this was Immerito?*

I thought once agayne here to haue made an ende, with a heartie *Vale* of the beſt faſhion; but loe, my ylfavoured myſchaunce! My laſt farewell, whereof I made great accompt, and

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[c] This *Iambicum Trimetrum* is alſo found, with ſome variations, in Daviſon's "Poetical Rhapſody," edit. 1611, p. 195. It is there entitled "Love's embaſſie in an Iambicke Elegie," and the name, Edmund Spenſer, is ſubſcribed to it at full length.

muche marvelled you ſhould make no mention thereof, I am nowe tolde (in the Divel's name) was thorough one man's negligence quite forgotten, but ſhoulde nowe undoubtedly haue beene ſent, whether I hadde come or no. Seeing it can now be no otherwiſe, I pray you take all togither, wyth all their faultes: and nowe I hope you will vouchſafe mee an anſweare of the largeſt ſize, or elſe I tell you true, you ſhall bee verye deepe in my debte, notwythſtandyng this other ſweete but ſhorte letter, and fine, but fewe Verſes. But I woulde rather I might ſee youre owne good ſelfe, and receive a reciprocall farewell from your owne ſweete mouth.

Ad ornatiſſimum virum, multis jam diu nominibus clariſſimum G. H. Immerito ſui, mox in Gallias navigaturi, Εὐτυχεῖν.

Sic malus egregium, ſic no inimicus Amicum,[d]
Sicque novus veterem jubet ipſe Poëta Poëtam,
Salvere, ac cœlo, poſt ſecula multa, ſecundo
Jam reducem, cœlo mage quàm nunc ipſe, ſecundo
Utier; Ecce Deus, (modò ſit Deus ille, renixum
Qui vocet in ſcelus, et juratos perdat amores)
Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modò ſigna Marinus,
Et ſua veligero lenis parat Æquora Ligno:
Mox fulcanda ſuas etiam pater Æolus iras
Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis———
Cuncta viis ſic apta meis: ego ſolus ineptus.
Nam mihi neſcio quo mens ſaucia vulnere, dudum
Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Navita proram
Invalidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illuc.
Conſiliis Ratio melioribus uſa, decuſque
Immortale levi diffeſſa Cupidinis Arcu.
Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipſo.
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris
(Id tibi Dii nomen precor haud impune remittant)
Hos nodos exſolve, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
Spiritus ad ſummos, ſcio, te generoſus Honores
Exſtimulat, majuſque docet ſpirare Poëtam.
Quàm levis eſt Amor, et tamen haud levis eſt Amor omnis.
Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
Præque ſacro ſancta ſplendoris imagine tanti,
Cætera, quæ vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, urbana peculia, Nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, ſpectacula, Amores,
Conculcare ſoles, ut humum, et ludibria ſenſus.
Digna meo certè Harveio ſententia, digna
Oratore amplo, et generoſo pectore, quam non
Stoica formidet veterum Sapientia vinclis
Sancire æternis: ſapor haud tamen omnibus idem.

[d] It may be fit to mention that we reprint this, not very favourable, ſpecimen of Spenſer's powers in Latin verſe preciſely as it ſtands in the original copy given to the preſs by Harvey: we have not even amended the punctuation, in order not to run the riſk of varying from the author's intentions.

Diſcitur effæti proles facunda Laërtæ,
Quamlibet ignoti jactata per æquora Cœli
Inque procelloſo longùm exſul gurgite ponto,
Præ tamen amplexu lachrymoſæ Conjugis, Ortus
Cœleſtes, Divumque thoros ſpreviſſe beatos.
Tantùm Amor, et Mulier, vel Amore potentior. Illum
Tu tamen illudis: tua Magnificentia tanta eſt:
Præque ſubumbrata Splendoris Imagine tanti
Præque illo Meritis famoſis nomine parto
Cætera, quæ Vecors, uti Numina vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, ſpectacula, Amores,
Quæque placent ori, quæque auribus, omnia temnis.
Næ tu grande ſapis, Sapor at ſapientia non eſt:
Omnis et in parvis benè qui ſcit deſipuiſſe,
Sæpe ſuperciliis palmam ſapientibus aufert.
Ludit Ariſtippum modò tetrica Turba Sophorum;
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno
Ludit Ariſtippus dictamina vana Sophorum,
Quod levis emenſi male torquet Culicis umbra:
Et quiſquis placuiſſe Studet Heroibus altis,
Deſipuiſſe ſtudet ſic gratia creſcit ineptis.
Denque laurigeris quiſquis ſua tempora vittis,
Inſignire volet, Populoque placere faventi,
Deſipere inſanus diſcit, turpemque pudendæ
Stultitiæ laudem quærit. Pater Ennius unus
Dictus in innumeris ſapiens: laudatur at ipſa
Carmina veſano fudiſſe liquentia vino:
Nec tu pace tuâ, noſtri Cato Maxime ſæcli,
Nomen honorati ſacrum mereare Poëtæ,
Quantamvis illuſtre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni ſtultire velis; ſic ſultorum omnia plena,
Tuta ſed in medio ſupereſt via gurgite nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult deſipuiſſe videri,
Nec ſapuiſſe nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum.
Hinc te merſerit unda, illinc combuſſerit Ignis;
Nec tu delicias nimis aſpernare fluentes,
Nec ſerò Dominam, venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
Si ſapis, ablatum: (Curiis ea, Fabriciiſque
Linque viris miſeris miſeranda Sophiſmata: quondam
Grande ſui decus ii, noſtri ſed dedecus ævi;)
Nec ſectare nimis. Res utraque crimine plena.
Hoc bene qui callet, (ſi quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe, vel invito ſapientem hunc Socrate ſolum.
Vis facit una pios: Juſtos facit altera et altra
Egregiè cordata, ac fortia pectora: verùm
Omne tulit punctum, *qui miſcuit utile dulci.*
Dii mihi, dulce diu dederant: verum utile nunque:
Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dediſſent.
Dii mihi (quippe Diis æquivalia maxima parvis)
Ni nimis invideant mortalibus eſſe beatis,
Dulce ſimul tribuiſſe queant, ſimul utile: tanta
Sed Fortuna tua eſt: pariter quæque utile, quæque
Dulce dat ad placitum: ſævo nos ſydere nati
Quæſitum imus eam per inhoſpita Caucaſa longè,
Perque Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaque turpem.

Quod ſi quæſitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhauſtis permenſi erroribus ultrâ
Fluctibus in mediis ſocii quæremus Ulyſſis.
Paſſibus inde Deam feſſis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile qui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
Namque ſinu pudet in patrio, tenebriſque pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infælice virentes
Officiis fruſtra deperdere vilibus Annos,
Frugibus et vacuas ſperatis cernere ſpicas.
Ibimus ergo ſtatim: (quis eunti fauſta precetur?)
Et pede Cliboſas feſſo calcabimus Alpes.
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno,
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petulcum!
Muſa ſub Oebalii deſueta cacumine montis,
Flebit inexhauſto tam longa ſilentia planctu,
Lugebitque ſacrum lacrymis Helicona tacentem.
Harveiuſque bonus (charus licet omnibus idem,
Idque ſuo merito, prope ſuavior omnibus unus,)
Angelus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicis
Innumeris, geniúmque choro ſtipatus amœno)
Immerito tamen unum abſentem ſæpe requiret;
Optabitque Utinam meus hic Edmundus adeſſet,
Qui nova ſcripſiſſet, nec Amores conticuiſſet,
Ipſe ſuos; et ſæpe animo verbiſque benignis
Fauſta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat, &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, ſed non licet per Muſas.
Vale, Vale plurimùm, Mi amabiliſſime Harveie, meo
cordi, meorum omnium longè chariſſime.

I was minded alſo to have ſent you ſome Engliſh verſes, or rymes, for a farewell; but, by my troth, I have no ſpare time in the world to thinke on ſuch Toyes, that you know will demaund a freer head than mine is preſently. I beſeeche you by all your Curteſies and Graces let me be anſwered ere I goe; which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke), the next weeke, if I can be diſpatched of my Lorde. I goe thither as ſent by him, and maintained moſt what of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my minde, to his Honour's ſervice. Thus with many ſuperhartie commendations and recommendations to your ſelfe, and all my friendes with you, I ende my laſt Farewell, not thinking any more to write unto you before I goe; and withall committing to your faithfull credence the eternall memorie of our everlaſting friendſhippe, the inviolable memorie of our unſpotted friendſhip, the ſacred memorie of our vowed friendſhip; which I beſeech you continue with uſuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me heare ſome newes from you. As gentle M. Sidney, I thanke his good Worſhip, hath required of me, and ſo promiſed to doe againe. *Qui monet, ut facias, quod jam facis;* you knowe the reſt. You may alwayes ſend them moſt ſafely to me by Miſtreſſe Kerke, and by none other. So

once againe, and yet once more, Farewell moſt hartily, mine owne good Maſter H. and love me as I love you, and thinke upon poore *Immerito*, as he thinketh upon you.

Leyceſter Houſe, this 5 of October, 2579.[e]

Per mare, per terras,
Vivus, mortuuſque
Tuus Immerito.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE PRECEDING MEMOIR.

P. xv. *he was a bachelor.*] It is incorrect to ſay that it never was ſuſpected that Spenſer had been married before 1594. It ſeems to have been thought poſſible that ſuch was the caſe, but nothing meriting the name of evidence upon the point has till now been adduced.

P. xx. *or connection with the government.*] Read "or *in* connection with the government."

P. xxix. *Of nobleneſſe and chivalrie.*] This injurious change appears firſt to have been made in the 4to. 1591.

P. xxxviii. *Puttenham, in his "Arte of Engliſh Poeſie."*] There was both a George and a Richard Puttenham in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. George was a ſuitor reſpecting his property in the year 1584, when the Council made an order in his favour. Richard Puttenham, in 28 Eliz., was ſued for 50*l.* in the Court of Requeſts, and pleaded that the extravagance of his wife had brought him to poverty. A Richard Puttenham, "yeoman of her Majeſty's Guard," was buried at St. Clement Danes on 2nd July, 1601. The name, with the ordinary licenſe in this reſpect, was frequently written Putnam.

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[e] An obvious miſprint in the original for 1579, this letter being of a date previous to the former one of "Quarto nonas Aprilis, 1580," inſerted on p. clvii.

P. xxxix. *Hall has a ſtanza which is directly aimed at Spenſer.*] It is but fair to counterbalance this paſſage by another from "Hall's Satires," where he has alſo applauded the marriage of the Thames and Medway, and has introduced Talus, though with a "*leaden* flail." In Book I. Sat. IV. he has alſo theſe lines:—

> "But let no rebel ſatire dare traduce
> Th' eternal legends of thy fairy Muſe,
> Renowned Spenſer; whom no earthly wight
> Dares once to emulate, much leſs deſpite."

In ſome copies the word "dares" is interpolated in the laſt line, to the ruin of the meaſure:—

> "Dares once to emulate, much leſs *dares* deſpite."

P. xlii. *Spenſer himſelf tells us.*] In a previous note on p. xxxiv. it is ſtated that Spenſer does not mention Edward Kirke: we there alluded to Spenſer's poems, and the obſervation ought ſo to have been reſtricted; becauſe here and elſewhere in his Letters he ſpeaks of E. K., though it has only been very recently aſcertained that E. K. meant Edward Kirke.

P. xlviii. *under the title of* Stemmata Dudleiana.] We need ſcarcely add here, that Spenſer's "Ruins of Time" (vol. iv. p. 295) are chiefly devoted to the celebration of the Dudley family, and that they were probably founded upon the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, if indeed they were not ſubſtantially the ſame production.

P. lxvi. *if not thoſe he derived from the ſituation he held in the Iriſh Court of Chancery.*] It has been ſuppoſed by ſome that he relinquiſhed this ſituation on being appointed Secretary to the Council of Munſter. However, this queſtion, like various others, remains ſomewhat doubtful.

P. lxxix. The laſt part of note *d* on this page ought to run thus:—"It is an intereſting tract, and near the middle of it (Sign. D 2 b) after the notice of Spenſer, Chettle praiſes his contemporaries," &c.

P. ciii. For "merely called M^{r}. Henry, McHenry," read "M^{r}. Henry *or* McHenry."

P. cxxxvi. John Chalkhill was alſo perhaps the author of "Alcilia: Philoparthen's Loving Folly," which has his initials, J. C. on the title-page. It was firſt printed in 1613, together with Marſton's "Pigmalions Image:" "The Loves of Amos and Laura," by S. P., follow; with ſome Epigrams by Sir John Harrington, and others. Poſſibly the whole volume was edited by Izaac Walton, then a very young man; but it was reprinted (as the Rev. Mr. Corſer has ſhown) in 1619, and 1628.

P. cxlv. William Warner, in ſome lines prefixed to the "Continuance" of his "Albion's England," in the edition of 1606, tells us that it was only by chance that Spenſer was buried near Chaucer; whom, in the ſame paſſage, he knights:—

> "The Muſiſts, though themſelves they pleaſe,
> Their dotage elſe finds meede nor eaſe:
> Vouch Spenſer, in that rank preferr'd,
> *Per accidens* only interr'd
> Nigh venerable Chaucer, loſt
> Had not kind Brigham reard him coſt;
> Found next the doore, church-outed neere,
> And yet a knight, arch-laureat heere."

P. cxlvi. Mr. Halliwell, in his tract upon "the Character of Falſtaff," has quoted the ſubſequent ſtanzas on Spenſer from a poem (MS. Rawl. Poet. 28, in the Bodleian Library) by Samuel Sheppard:—

> "Spencer the next, whom I doe thinke't no ſhame
> To imitate, if now his worke affords
> So vaſt a glory. O! how faire a fame,
> Had he not doated on exploded words,
> Had waited on him. Let his honour'd name
> Find veneration 'bove the earths great lords.
> Great Prince of Poets, thou canſt never die,
> Lodg'd in thy rare immortall hiſtory!
>
> "Immortall Mirrour of all poeſie,
> Spirit of Orpheus, bring your precious balms:
> God of invention, to thy memory
> Wee'l offer incenſe, ſinging hymns and pſalms.
> Joy of our laurell, Joves deare Mercury,
> Ingyrt his grave with myrtle and with palms,
> Whoſe rare deſert firſt kindled my deſire,
> And gave me confidence thus to aſpire."

Shepherd's poem is entitled "The Fairy King," and it has been ſuppoſed that it was written "ſoon after 1610." This can hardly be the fact, ſeeing that James I. is there ſpoken of in the paſt tenſe:—

> "During whoſe reigne the heavens were pleas'd to ſmile;
> He hated ſwords, and loath'd the name of warre,
> And yet all nations fear'd this Borean ile," &c.

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THE

SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE

TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, moſt worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie,

M. PHILIP SIDNEY.

AT LONDON.

Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere unto Ludgate at the ſigne of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be ſolde.

1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE, little booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the preſident
Of Nobleſſe and of chevalree:[1]
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccoure flee
Under the ſhadow of his wing;
And, aſked who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheards ſwaine, ſaye, did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.[2]
But, if that any aſke thy name,
Say, thou wert baſebegot with blame;
For thy thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And, when thou art paſt jeopardee,
Come tell me what was ſayd of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

IMMERITÔ.

---

[1] *Of Nobleſſe and of chevalree.*] So the firſt edition: later impreſſions, including that of Todd, read,

"Of nobleneſſe and chivalrie."

Shakeſpeare and other poets of his time uſe "nobleſſe" for *nobleneſſe*, or *nobility*. C.

[2] *Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.*] In later impreſſions, *the* is needleſſly ſubſtituted for "my." Spenſer deſires his book to entreat forgiveneſs for his, Spenſer's, boldneſs, not for *its* boldneſs. C.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,

MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

His verie ſpecial and ſingular good frend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour,[1] and the patronage of the new Poete.

UNCOUTHE,[2] unkiſte, ſayde the old famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull ſkil in making, his ſcholler Lidgate, a worthy ſcholler of ſo excellent a maiſter, calleth the Loadſtarre of our Language; and whom our Colin clout, in his Æglogue, calleth Tityrus the God of ſhepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Poman Tityrus, Virgile. Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete it ſerved well Pandares purpoſe for the bolſtering of his baudie brocage, ſo very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is uncouthe (as ſaid Chaucer) is unkiſt, and unknown to

---

[1] *E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour.*] In later impreſſions, the epithet "good" is repeated before "labour." C.

[2] *Uncouthe, unkiſte,* &c.] See Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſeide,* L. i. 810. Todd.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by W. Warner, in his "Albion's England," edit. 1602, p. 154:

"Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me, unknowne therefore unkiſt
I loyter on the earth." C.

moſt men, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledg of men, and his woorthines bee ſounded in the tromp of Fame, but that hee ſhall bee not onely kiſte, but alſo beloved of all, imbraced of the moſt, and wondred at of the beſt. No leſſe, I thinke, deſerveth his wittineſſe in deviſing, his pithineſſe in uttering, his complaints of love ſo lovely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo pleaſantly, his paſtoral rudenes, his morall wiſeneſſe, his dewe obſerving of Decorum everye where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeach; and generally, in al ſeemely ſimplycitie of handeling his matters, and framing his words: the which, of many thinges which in him be ſtraunge, I know will ſeeme the ſtraungeſt, the wordes them ſelves[3] *being ſo auncient, the knitting of them ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole Periode and compaſte of ſpeech ſo delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo grave for the ſtraungeneſſe. And firſte of the wordes to ſpeake, I graunt they bee ſomething hard, and of moſt men unuſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo uſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt famous Poetes. In whom, when as this our Poet hath bene much traveiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour ſayde) but that walking in the ſonne, although for other cauſe he walked, yet needes he mought be ſunburnt; and, having the ſound of thoſe auncient Poetes ſtill ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in ſinging, hit out ſome of theyr tunes. But whether he uſeth them by ſuch caſualtye and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe and choyſe, as thinking them fitteſt for ſuch ruſtical rudeneſſe of ſhepheards, eyther for that theyr rough ſounde would make his rymes more ragged and ruſtical; or els becauſe ſuch olde and obſolete wordes are moſt uſed of country folke, ſure I think, and think I think not amiſſe, that they bring great grace, and, as one would ſay, auctoritie to the verſe. For*

[3] *the wordes them ſelves.*] The edit. 1591 firſt altered "the" to *and*, and Todd followed it; "the" was afterwards reſtored, and it ſo ſtands in the fol. 1611. C.

albe, amongſt many other faultes, it ſpecially be objected of Valla againſt Livie, and of other againſt Saluſte, that with overmuch ſtudie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence[4] *and honor of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinon, and eke the beſt learned are of the lyke, that thoſe auncient ſolemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to ſet forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of gravity and importaunce. For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he endevoureth to ſet forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, ſayth that ofttimes an ancient worde maketh the ſtyle ſeeme grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwiſe then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certein religious regard which we have of old age. Yet nether every where muſt old words be ſtuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted therby, that, as in olde buildings, it ſeme diſorderly and ruinous. But all as in moſt exquiſite pictures they uſe to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but alſo rounde about it to ſhadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the baſeneſſe of ſuch parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall: for oftimes we fynde our ſelves, I knowe not how, ſingularly delighted with the ſhewe of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order. Even ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightneſſe of brave and glorious wordes. So ofentimes a diſchorde in Muſick maketh a comely concordaunce: ſo great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemiſh in the joynt of a wel ſhaped body. But, if any will raſhly*

[4] *as coveting thereby credence.*] Here the miſprinting of a ſingle letter, in all editions after the firſt, has entirely obſcured the writer's meaning: "as *covering* thereby credence" is nonſenſe, but nonſenſe that has been eternally repeated. Drayton rightly altered *covering* to "coveting" in his copy of the fol. 1611. C.

blame ſuch his purpoſe in choyſe of old and unwonted wordes, him may I more juſtly blame and condemne, or of witleſſe headineſſe in judging, or of heedeleſſe hardineſſe in condemning; for, not marking the compaſſe of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his caſt: for in my opinion it is one ſpeciall praiſe of many, whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to reſtore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, ſuch good and naturall Engliſh words, as have ben long time out of uſe, and almoſt cleare diſherited. Which is the onely cauſe, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it ſelf is both ful enough for proſe, and ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time ben counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default when as ſome endevoured to ſalve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine; not weighing how il thoſe tongues accorde with themſelves, but much worſe with ours: So now they have made our Engliſh tongue a gallimaufray, or hodgepodge of al other ſpeches. Other ſome, not ſo wel ſeene in the Engliſh tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and ſignificant, crye out ſtraightway, that we ſpeak no Engliſh, but gibbriſh, or rather ſuch as in olde time Evanders mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their own mother tonge, ſtraungers to bee counted and alienes. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what ſo they underſtand not, they ſtreight way deeme to be ſenſeleſſe, and not at al to be underſtode. Much like to the Mole in Æſopes fable, that, being blynd her ſelfe, would in no wiſe be perſwaded, that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt, more ſhameful then both, that of their owne country and natural ſpeach, which together with their Nourſes milke they ſucked, they have ſo baſe regard and baſtard judgement, that they will not onely themſelves not labor to garniſh and beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhold be embelliſhed. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him ſelfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at

the hungry bullock, that ſo faine would feede: whoſe curriſh kinde, though [it] cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now, for the knitting of ſentences, which they call the joynts and members therof, & for al the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round without roughneſſe, and learned without hardnes, ſuch indeede as may be perceyved of the leaſte, underſtoode of the moſt, but judged onely of the learned. For what in moſt Engliſh wryters uſeth to be looſe, and as it were ungyrt,[5] *in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truſſed up together. In regard whereof, I ſcorne and ſpue out the rake-hellye route of our ragged rymers (for ſo themſelves uſe to hunt the letter) which without learning boſte, without judgement jangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of Poeticall ſpirite had newly raviſhed them above the meanneſſe of commen capacitie. And being, in the middeſt of all theyr braverie, ſodenly, eyther for want of matter, or ryme, or having forgotten theyr former conceyt, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and traveiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came upon her:* "Os rabidum fera corda domans, *&c.*"

Netheleſſe, let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whoſe perſon the Authour ſelfe is ſhadowed, how furre he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhowes, both him ſelfe ſheweth, where he ſayth,

"Of Muſes Hobbin, I conne no ſkill." *And*
"Enough is me to paint out my unreſt, *&c.*"

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherein it ſeemeth he choſe rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly then, profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly.

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[5] *and as it were ungyrt.*] Here again a reference to the firſt edition gives us an important improvement, viz. "ungyrt" for *unright*, which laſt has always been taken as the text. C.

Which moved him rather in Æglogues then other wiſe to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furniſh our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the beſt and moſt auncient Poetes, which deviſed this kinde of wryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the firſt to trie theyr habilities; and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little firſt to prove theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive he was allreadie full fledged. So flewe Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as not being full ſomd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and alſo diverſe other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whoſe foting this Author every where followeth; yet ſo as few, but they be wel ſented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete as a birde whoſe principals be ſcarce growen out, but yet as that in time ſhall be hable to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now, as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his Æglogues, I mind not to ſay much, him ſelfe laboring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his unſtayed yougth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to warne (as he ſayth) the young ſhepheards, as his equalls and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij Æglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij monethes, he termeth the Shepheards Calender, *applying an olde name to a new worke.*[6] *Hereunto*

[6] *applying an olde name to a new worke.*] Namely, "The Boke of Shepheardes Kalender;" a medley of verſe and proſe; containing, as Mr. Warton has related, among many other curious particulars, the ſaints of the whole year, the moveable feaſts, the ſigns of the zodiack, the properties of the twelve months, rules for blood-letting, a collection of proverbs, a ſyſtem of ethicks, politicks, divinity, phyſiognomy, medicine, aſtrology, and geography. *Hiſt. of Eng. Poet.* vol. ii. 195. Mr. Warton adds that Wynkyn de Worde certainly publiſhed the firſt edition of this work. Todd.

It came from the preſs of Wynkyn de Worde ſeveral times, firſt,

have I added a certaine Gloſſe, or ſcholion,[7] *for thexpoſition of olde wordes, and harder phraſes, which maner of gloſing and commenting, well I wote, wil ſeeme ſtraunge and rare in our tongue: yet, for ſomuch as I knewe many excellent and proper deviſes, both in wordes and matter, would paſſe in the ſpeedie courſe of reading, either as unknowen, or as not marked; and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundrie other works of his, which albeit I know he nothing ſo much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his frendſhip, him ſelfe being for long time furre eſtraunged; hoping that this will the rather occaſion him to put forth diverſe other excellent works of his, which ſlepe in ſilence; as his* Dreames, *his* Legendes, *his* Court of Cupide, *and ſondry others,*[8] *whoſe commendation to ſet out were verye vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet beeing knowen to fewe. Theſe my preſent paynes, if to any they be pleaſurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good maiſter Harvey,*[9] *to whom I have, both in reſpect of your worthines generally, and otherwyſe upon ſome particular and ſpecial conſiderations, voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of*

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according to Dibdin (Ames II. 265) in 1508, but it ſeems doubtful whether it was not preceded by an undated impreſſion. Warton's account of it may be found in the 8vo. 1824, of his *Hiſt. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 30. C.

[7] *a certaine Gloſſe, or ſcholion,* &c.] Todd reprinted this "gloſs," and profeſſed to take it from "the original edition;" but, in fact, he followed a conſiderably later impreſſion, and omitted not merely words, but ſometimes whole lines, which we have not failed to ſupply from "The Shepherd's Calendar," as it firſt came out in the year 1579. We have alſo, on the ſame excellent authority, corrected many verbal and literal errors. C.

[8] *his* Dreames, *his* Legendes, *his* Court of Cupide, *and ſondry others.*] Reſpecting theſe works, ſee the introductory Memoir. C.

[9] *mine own good maiſter Harvey.*] The word "good," with various other changes, is from the edit. 1579. C.

this our commen frends Poetrie; himſelfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worſhipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a ſpecial favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whoſe cauſe, I pray you, Sir, yf Envie ſhall ſtur up any wrongful accuſaſion, defend with your mightie Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning,[10] *as you can, and ſhield with your good wil, as you ought, againſt the malice and outrage of ſo many enemies, as I know will bee ſet on fire with the ſparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his moſt ſpecial good frend, and my ſelfe unto you both, as one making ſinguler account of two ſo very good & ſo choiſe friends, I bid you both moſt hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable ſtudies to the tuicion of the greateſt.*

Your owne aſſuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Poſt ſcr.

NOW I truſt, M. Harvey, that upon ſight of your ſpeciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for envie of ſo many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond which to you alone is dewe, you will be perſwaded to plucke out of the hatefull darkneſſe thoſe ſo many excellent Engliſh poemes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Truſt me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the deſired ſonne; and alſo your ſelfe, in ſmoothering your deſerved praiſes; and all men generally, in withholding from them ſo divine pleaſures, which they might conceive of your gallant Engliſh verſes, as they have already done of your Latine Poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and Elocution are very delicate and ſuperexcellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Mayſter Harvey: from my lodging at London this 10 *of Aprill,* 1579.

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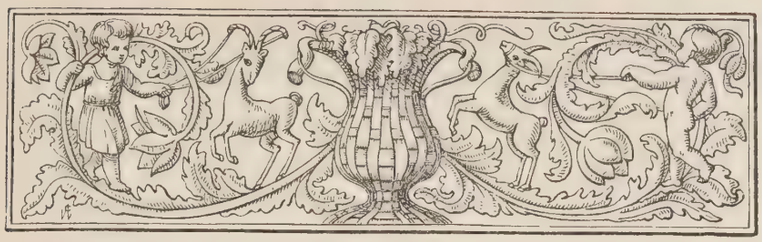
[10] *and other your rare gifts of learning.*] In the edit. of 1597, "rare" was altered to *rath*, and ſo it was ever after reprinted. C.



THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to diſcourſe the firſt Originall of Æglogues, having alreadie touched the ſame. But, for the worde Æglogues, I know, is unknowen to moſt, and alſo miſtaken of ſome of the beſt learned (as they think,) I wyll ſay ſomewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my preſent purpoſe.

They were firſt of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were αἰγὼν, or αἰγονόμων λόγοι, that is, Goteheards tales.[1] For although in Virgile and others the ſpeakers be moſt Shepheards and Goatheards,[2] yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this ſpecially from that deriving, as from the firſt head and welſpring, the whole Invention of his Æglogues, maketh Goteheards the perſons and authors of his tales. This being, who ſeeth not the groſſneſſe of ſuch as by

[1] Æglogai, *as it were* αἰγὼν, *or* αἰγονόμων λόγοι, *that is, Goteheards tales*, &c.] A miſtaken etymology; and derived from Petrarch. See Heinſius on Theocritus diſcuſſing this point, and the commentators on Virgil's Paſtorals. T. WARTON.

[2] *the ſpeakers be moſt Shepheards and Goatheards.*] In editions after the firſt theſe words were changed, perhaps rightly, to "the ſpeakers be more Shepheards then Goatheards." C.

colour of learning would make us beleeve, that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would ſay, extraordinary diſcourſes of unneceſſarie matter: which definition, albe in ſubſtaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit anſwereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the worde. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*;[3] which ſentence this authour very well obſerving, upon good judgement, though indeede fewe Goteheards have to doe herein, netheleſſe doubteth not to cal them by the uſed and beſt knowen name. Other curious diſcourſes hereof I reſerve to greater occaſion.

Theſe xij Æglogues, every where anſwering to the ſeaſons of the twelve monthes, may be well devided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the firſt, the ſixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, ſuch as al thoſe bee, which conceive matter of love,[4] or commendation of ſpecial perſonages; or Morall, which for the moſt part be mixed with ſome Satyrical bitterneſſe; namely, the ſecond, of reverence dewe to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceipt; the ſeventh and ninth, of diſſolute ſhepheards and paſtours; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleaſant wits. And to this diviſion may every thing herein bee reaſonably applyed; a few onely except, whoſe ſpeciall purpoſe and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of theſe xij Æglogues. Now will we ſpeake particularly of all, and

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[3] *For they be not termed* Eclogues, *but* Æglogues.] E. Johnſon, [*Int. Temp.*] in his Verſes prefixed to Browne's "Shepheards Pipe," a ſet of Paſtorals, publiſhed in 1620, thus compliments the author:

"Not Æglogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
Virgil's *ſelected*, yours *elected*, are.
He *imitates*, you *make*; and this your creature
Expreſſeth well your name; and theirs, their nature." Todd.

[4] *which conceive matter of love.*] So the firſt edition; but it may be doubted whether the poet did not write "which *concerne* matter of love," and not "containe matter of love," as the paſſage has ſince been printed. C.

firſt of the firſt, which hee calleth by the firſt monethes name, Januarie: wherein to ſome hee may ſeeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroniouſly beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel knowen, and ſtoutly mainteyned with ſtronge reaſons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the ſonne reneweth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable ſpring refreſheth the earth, and the pleſaunce thereof, being buried in the ſadneſſe of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde Aſtrologers and Philoſophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne; which accoumpt alſo was generally obſerved both of Grecians and Romans. But, ſaving the leave of ſuch learned heads, wee mayntaine a cuſtome of coumpting the ſeaſons from the moneth January, upon a more ſpeciall cauſe then the heathen Philoſophers ever coulde conceyve, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L. Chriſt, who, as then renewing the ſtate of the decayed worlde, and returning the compaſſe of expyred yeares to theyr former date and firſt commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the end of the laſt yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beſide that eternall monument of our ſalvation, leaneth alſo uppon good proofe of ſpecial judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cæſar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the ſame God (as is ſayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Jewes, to count the Moneth Abil, that which wee call March, for the firſt moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet, according to tradition of latter times, it hath been otherwiſe obſerved, both in government of the Church and rule of Mightieſt

Realmes. For from Julius Cæſar who firſt obſerved the leape yeere, which he called *Biſſextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain courſe the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called ὑπερβαίνοντες, of the Romans *intercalares*, (for in ſuch matter of learning I am forced to uſe the termes of the learned,) the monethes have beene nombred xij, which in the firſt ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but cccliiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, ſeeing that reckoning to agree neither with the courſe of the ſonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherin it ſeemeth, that wiſe king minded, upon good reaſon, to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore ſo called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it ſeemeth that he therfore to him aſſigned the beginning and firſt entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the moſt part hath hetherto continued: Notwithſtanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the beſt Rabbins and very purpoſe of the Scripture ſelfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tiſri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feaſt of Pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the ſeventh moneth, which before that time was the firſt.

But our Authour reſpecting neither the ſubtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fitteſt, according to the ſimplicitie of commen underſtanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheard ſhould be ſeene in matter of ſo deepe inſight, or canvaſe a caſe of ſo doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and ſo continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

IN this firſt Æglogue Colin cloute, a ſhepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as ſemeth) enamoured of a countrie laſſe called Roſalinde: with which ſtrong affection being very ſore traveled, he compareth his carefull caſe to the ſadde ſeaſon of the yeare, to the froſtie ground, to the froſen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And laſtlye, fynding himſelfe robbed of all former pleaſaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and caſteth him ſelfe to the ground.

Colin Clout.[a]

SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
When Winters waſtful ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſunneſhine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

[a] *Colin Clout* is Spenſer himſelf. See the *Gloſſe* of E. K. The name

All as the Sheepe, ſuch was the ſhepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May ſeeme he lovd, or elſ ſome care he tooke;
Well couth hee tune his pipe and frame his ſtile:
  Tho to a hill[b] his faynting flocke hee ledde,
  And thus him playnde, the while his ſhepe there fedde.

"Yee Gods of love, that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
  And, Pan, thou ſhepheards God that once didſt love,
  Pitie the paines that thou thy ſelfe didſt prove.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath waſted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy freſh ſpring flowrd, and after haſted
Thy ſommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
  And now is come thy wynters ſtormy ſtate,
  Thy mantle mard wherein thou maſ-kedſt late.

"Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud frieſing with unkindly cold;
Such ſtormy ſtoures do breede my balefull ſmart,
As if my yeare were waſt and woxen old;
  And yet, alas! but now my ſpring begonne,
  And yet, alas! yt is already donne.

ſeems to have been adopted from Skelton's poem, entitled *The Boke of* Colyn Clout: See his Works, Lond. 1736, p. 179. T. Warton. Edit. Dyce, 8vo. 1843, I. 311.

Spenſer was afterwards repeatedly deſignated Colin, and Colin Clout, as by Drayton in his "Shepheards Garland," 1593, Eglog. 3, in a very intereſting paſſage referring to the "Faerie Queene:"

"In thy ſweete ſong ſo bleſſed may'ſt thou bee,
For learned Collin laies his pipes to gage,
And is to fayrie gone a Pilgrimage:
the more our mone."—Sign. C 3. C.

[b] *Tho to a hill.*] i. e. "*Then* to a hill," from A. S. *thonne*. "Tho" is often uſed by Chaucer and Gower for *then*. C.

"You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaves are loſt,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with moſſe and hoary froſt,
In ſtede of blooſmes,[c] wherwith your buds did flowre;
I ſee your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
Whoſe drops in drery yſicles remaine.

"All ſo my luſtfull leafe is drye and ſere,
My timely buds with wayling all are waſted;[d]
The bloſſome which my braunch of youth did beare
With breathed ſighes is blowne away and blaſted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares deſcend,
As on your boughes the yſicles depend.

"Thou feeble flocke, whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weake through faſt and evill fare,
Mayſt witneſſe well, by thy ill governement,
Thy mayſters mind is overcóme with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thouſand ſithes I curſe that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to ſee,
And eke tenne thouſand ſithes I bleſſe the ſtoure
Wherein I ſawe ſo fayre a ſight as ſhee:
Yet all for naught: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love ſhould breede both joy and payne!

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[c] *In ſtede of blooſmes.*] Todd could never have ſeen the firſt edit. 1579, or he would hardly have printed *bloſomes*, a diſſyllable, where a monoſyllable is certainly required. It deſerves remark alſo, that in his copy of the fol. 1611, Drayton altered *bloſſoms*, as it there ſtands, to "bloomes." C.

[d] *My timely buds with wayling all are waſted.*] So Sir Edward Dyer in a paſtoral Poem, "Coridon to his Phillis," in "England's Helicon," 1600, Sign. L 2 b.—

"My bud is blaſted, withered is my leafe,
And all my corne is rotted in the ſheafe." C.

"It is not Hobbinol[e] wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he ſeeke with dayly ſuit;
His clowniſh gifts and curtſies I diſdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, fooliſh Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
Colin them gives to Roſalind[f] againe.

"I love thilke laſſe, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall muſick holdeth ſcorne.
Shepheards deviſe ſhe hateth as the ſnake,
And laughes the ſongs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would;
And thou, unlucky Muſe, that wontſt to eaſe
My muſing mynd, yet canſt not when thou ſhould;
Both pype and Muſe ſhall ſore the while abye."—
So broke his oaten pype, and down dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe[g]
His wearie waine; and nowe the froſty Night

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[e] *It is not Hobbinol.*] *Hobbinol* is our author's friend Gabriel Harvey; who is often introduced, under the ſame fictitious name, in theſe Paſtorals. T. WARTON.

[f] *Colin them gives to Roſalind.*] *Roſalind* is our poet's miſtreſs, whom he is ſuppoſed to have fallen in love with ſoon after his departure from the Univerſity; and whoſe cruelty is frequently lamented in the courſe of theſe Paſtorals. T. WARTON.

Drayton mentions Colin's affection for Roſalind near the cloſe of his 8th "Eglog."

"Sayth he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
to love us now and then;
And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Roſalinde,
of curteſie the flower." Sign. I 4 b. C.

[g] *By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe.*] To "welk" is to *roll*,

Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which ſeene, the penſife boy, halfe in deſpight,
Aroſe, and homeward drove his ſonned ſheepe,[h]
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeeme his carefull caſe to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Anchôra ſpeme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly uſed, and yet have I ſene a Poeſie of M. Skeltons under that title. But indeede the worde Colin is Frenche, and uſed of the French Poete Marot (if hee bee worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Under which name this Poete ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelf, as ſometime did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter then ſuch Latine names, for the great unlikelihoode of the language.

Unnethes, ſcarcely.

Couthe, commeth of the verbe *Conne,* that is, to know, or to have ſkill. As well interpreteth the ſame, the worthy Sir Tho. Smith, in his booke of government: wherof I have a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinſman, and my verye ſingular good freend, M. Gabriel Harvey; as alſo of ſome other his moſt grave and excellent wrytings.

Sythe, time.

Neighbour towne, the next towne: expreſſing the Latine *Vicina.*

Stoure, a fitt.

Sere, withered.

His clowniſh gyfts, imitateth Virgil's verſe.

"Ruſticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis."

Hobbinoll, is a fained country name, whereby, it being ſo commune and uſuall, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpeciall and moſt familiar friend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place

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A. S. *wealcan;* and here the paſſive is uſed for the active participle. To "availe" is to *deſcend,* to *lower,* and ſometimes to *ſubmit;* Fr. *avaler:* ſee the next Eclogue, "but now it *avales.*" C.

[h] *his ſonned ſheepe.*] Todd tells us that "the fol. 1611 converted 'ſunned' into ſunny." This is not the caſe in any copy we have met with. In the "Gloſſe," which follows, he omitted the words "moſt" and "much," leaving the two paſſages leſs emphatic. *Favor* for "favour" was another of Todd's miſprints. C.

ſeemeth to be ſome ſavour of diſorderly love, which the learned call *pæderaſtice;* but it is gathered beſide his meaning. For who hath red Plato his dialogue called *Alcybiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates opinions, may eaſily perceive, that ſuch love is muche to be alowed and liked of, ſpecially ſo meant, as Socrates uſed it: who ſayth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades perſon, but hys ſoule, which is Alcybiades owne ſelfe. And ſo is *pederaſtice* much to be præferred before *gyneraſtice*, that is, the love whiche enflameth men with luſt toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I ſtand with Lucian, or his develiſh diſciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible ſinnes of forbidden and unlawful fleſhlineſſe. Whoſe abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I love, a prety Epanorthoſis in theſe two verſes; and withall a Paronomaſia or playing with the word, where he ſayth *I love thilke laſſe alas*, &c.

Roſalinde, is alſo a feigned name, which, being wel ordered, wil bewray the verie name of hys love and miſtreſſe, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide ſhadoweth hys love under the name of Corynna, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be Julia, th'mperor Auguſtus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella every where call his Ladie, Aſteris and Ianthis, albe it is well knowen that her right name was Violantilla, as witneſſeth Statius in his *Epithalamium*. And ſo the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cælia, in her letters envelopeth her ſelfe under the name of Zima; and Petrona under the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common cuſtome of counterfeicting the names of ſecret Perſonages.

Avail, bring downe.

Overhaile, drawe over.

EMBLEME.

His embleme or *Poſye* is here under added in Italian, *Anchôra ſpeme;* the meaning wherof is, that notwithſtanding his extreme paſſion and luckleſſe love, yet, leaning on hope, he is ſome what recomforted.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to anie ſecrete or particular purpoſe. It ſpeciallie conteyneth a diſcourſe of old age, in the perſone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookedneſſe and unluſtineſſe is ſcorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the ſeaſon of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of yeare, ſo then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieſeth the wetherbeaten fleſh with ſtormes of Fortune, and hoare froſts of Care. To which purpoſe the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, ſo lively, and ſo feelingly, as, if the thing were ſet forth in ſome Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE. THENOT.

Cuddie.

AH for pittie! will rancke Winters rage
Theſe bitter blaſts never ginne t' aſſwage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde:[a]

[a] *through the body gryde.*] Spenſer frequently uſes *gride*, which

My ragged rontes all ſhiver and ſhake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles,
Perke as a Peacock; but nowe it avales.
The. Lewdly complaineſt[b] thou, laeſie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee ſadde.
Muſt not the worlde wend in his commun courſe,
From good to badd, and from badde to worſe,
From worſe unto that is worſt of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtormy time,
Where will he live tyll the luſty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thriſe threttie yeares,[c]
Some in much ioy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.
Cud. No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare;
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So ſemeſt thou like good fryday to frowne:
But my flowring youth is foe to froſt,
My ſhippe unwont in ſtormes to be toſt.

ſignifies to *pierce*. This word, as E. K. remarks in the Gloſs, is often uſed by Lydgate, but never once by Chaucer. *Gride* is found alſo in the following paſſages, F. Q. ii. viii. 36, iii. ii. 37, iii. ix. 29, iv. vi. 1, *Aug.* ver. 95, *Virg. Gnat*, ver. 254. T. Warton.

[b] *Lewdly complaineſt thou.*] i. e. *ignorantly* thou complaineſt: it occurs often in this and other ſenſes. C.

[c] *thriſe threttie yeares.*] The ruſtic pronunciation of *thirty:* it was afterwards (as in 1611) altered to "thrice thirtie yeares," and ſo Todd. C.

The. The ſoveraigne of ſeas he blames in vaine,
That, once ſea-beate, will to ſea againe:
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beaſtes in the budded broomes;
And, when the ſhining ſunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come attonce;
Tho gynne you, fond flies! the cold to ſcorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,[d]
Full of wrinckles and froſtie furrowes,
Drerily ſhooting his ſtormy darte,
Which cruddles the bloud and pricks the harte:
Then is your careleſſe corage accoied,[e]
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied:
Then paye you the price of your ſurquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and miſery.

Cud. Ah, fooliſh old man! I ſcorne thy ſkill,
That wouldeſt me my ſpringing youngth to ſpil:[f]
I deeme thy braine emperiſhed bee
Through ruſty elde, that hath rotted thee;

---

[d] *Winter with chamfred browes.*] *Chamfred,* (ſays T. Warton,) here ſignifies *wrinkled.* This is much to be doubted, ſince in the very next line Spenſer uſes "wrinkled." It ſeems rather to mean, not mere wrinkles, but the deep and long furrows on the brows of aged perſons, like channels or gutters in ſtone-work; and it has been derived from the Fr. *chambré* and *chamfrain.* "Breme" is *fierce, violent.* C.

[e] *your careleſſe corage accoied.*] E. K. informs us that this word is used for *daunted.* And thus Bathurſt tranſlates the paſſage: "Tum demum *cadet* inconſulta ferocia vobis." The word has a very different ſignification, F. Q. iv. viii. 59. But Drayton uſes it, like Spenſer, *Shep. Garland,* 1593, p. 47. "My jolly peacocks trayne ſhall be *acoyd.*" TODD.

[f] *my ſpringing youngth to ſpil.*] So the edit. 1579, and ſo *youth* was ſometimes ſpelt of old, although in this eclogue we afterwards have *youth.* In editions ſubſequent to the firſt it is *youth* in both places. C.

Or ſicker thy head veray tottie is,[g]
So on thy corbe ſhoulder[h] it leanes amiſſe.
Now thy ſelfe haſt loſt both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldeſt cropp;
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho wouldeſt thou learne to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymnes thy laſſes glove;
Tho wouldeſt thou pype of Phyllis prayſe;
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes;
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,[i]
Emboſt with buegle about the belt:
Such an one ſhepeheards woulde make full faine;
Such an one would make thee younge againe.
The. Thou art a fon[k] of thy love to boſte;
All that is lent to love wyll be loſt.
Cud. Seeſt howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So ſmirke, ſo ſmoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe as laſſe of Kent:[l]
See howe he venteth into the wynd;
Weeneſt of love is not his mynd?

---

[g] *Or ſicker thy head veray tottie is.*] Very *wavering*. See the ſame expreſſion, F. Q. vii. vii. 39. In the *Canting Dictionary*, the phraſe TOTTY-HEADED for *giddy-headed* is to be found. TODD.

[h] *So on thy corbe ſhoulder.*] *Crooked*. So Gower, in his *Florent*, v. 273. "Her neck is ſhort, her ſhoulders *courb*." TODD.

[i] *I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt.*] With a *golden* or *gilded* girdle. Skelton uſes *gelt* for *gold:* ſee his *Elinor Rumming*, Poems, edit. Dyce, I. 114. C.

[k] *Thou art a fon.*] *Fool*. He uſes the ſame word in *September* and *October*, and in *Colin Clouts come home again*. T. WARTON.

[l] *as lythe as laſſe of Kent.*] Drayton, in his 8th Eglog. uſes the ſame ſimile, but applies it differently:

"Her feature all as freſh above
As is the graſſe that growes by Dove,
as lyth as laſſe of Kent." Sign. I 3. C.

Seemeth thy flocke thy counſell can,
So luſtleſſe bene they,[m] ſo weake, ſo wan;
Clothed with cold, and hoarie wyth froſt,
Thy flockes father his corage hath loſt.
Thy Ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags;
The rather lambes bene ſtarved with cold,
All for their Maiſter is luſtleſſe and old.
The. Cuddie, I wote thou kenſt little good,
So vainely tadvaunce thy headleſſe hood;[n]
For youngth is a bubble blowne up with breath,
Whoſe witt is weakeneſſe, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſſe, whoſe ynne Penaunce,
And ſtoopegallaunt Age, the hoſte of Greevaunce.[o]
But ſhall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his ſheepe on the hils of Kent?
Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Then to heare novells of his deviſe;
They bene ſo well thewed, and ſo wiſe,
What ever that good old man beſpake.
The. Many meete tales of youth did he make,

---

[m] *So luſtleſſe bene they.*] So *liſtleſs* are they, as we now ſpell the word: "liſtleſs" is of very common occurrence, and it generally means *indifferent, languid, without deſire.* "Can" in the preceding line is *know* or *underſtand.* C.

[n] *So vainely tadvaunce thy headleſſe hood.*] For "thy *heedleſſneſs.*" Hood is a termination denoting *eſtate;* as *manhood,* &c. T. Warton.

[o] *And ſtoopegallaunt Age, the hoſte of Greevaunce.*] The meaning is pretty evident, and there were ſeveral popular productions under the title of "Stoop Gallant." In 1579, the year in which Spenſer's Paſtorals came out, was entered at Stationers' Hall "a ballad called Stowpe gallante;" and in 1586 another "ballad intituled Stowp gallant, concerning a child borne with great ruffes:" the laſt was moſt likely a ballad on the child to the ſame tune as "Stoop Gallant." See "Extracts from the Stationers' Regiſters," (printed for the Shakeſpeare Society,) vol. ii. pp. 119, 226. C.

And ſome of love, and ſome of chevalrie;
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now liſten a while and hearken the end.
There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake ſometime had it bene,
With armes full ſtrong and largely diſplayd,
But of their leaves they were diſarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell maſt to the huſband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many ſwine:
But now the gray moſſe marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with ſtormes,
His toppe was bald, and waſted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches ſere.
Hard by his ſide grewe a bragging Brere,
Which prowdly thruſt into Thelement,
And ſeemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embelliſht with bloſſomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The ſhepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his ſmall buſhes uſed to ſhrowde
The ſweete Nightingale ſinging ſo lowde;
Which made this fooliſh Brere wexe ſo bold,
That on a time hee caſt him to ſcold,
And ſnebbe the good Oake,[p] for hee was old.
'Why ſtandſt there (quoth he) thou brutiſh blocke?
'Nor for fruict nor for ſhadowe ſerves thy ſtocke;

---

[p] *And ſnebbe the good Oake.*] *Snebbe* is *chide* or *revile:* we now ſpell it *ſnub*. When Richardſon, in his Dict. v. *ſnub*, quotes from the F. Q. B. i. c. 8, he does not ſeem aware that "ſnubbes" there is only another word for knobs, or knots, in the giant's club, and that it has no connection with the verb to ſnub. C.

'Seeſt how freſh my flowers bene ſpredde,
'Dyed in Lilly white and Cremſin redde,
'With Leaves engrained in luſty greene;
'Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
'Thy waſt bignes but combers the grownd,
'And dirks[q] the beautie of my bloſſomes rownd:
'The mouldie moſſe, which thee accloieth,[r]
'My Sinamon ſmell too much annoieth:
'Wherefore ſoone I rede thee hence remove,
'Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure prove.'
So ſpake this bold brere with great diſdaine:
Little him aunſwered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with ſhame and greefe adawed,[s]
That of a weede he was overawed.
Yt chaunced after upon a day,
The Huſ-bandman ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome for to ſurvewe his grownd,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe rownd:
Him when the ſpitefull brere had eſpyed,
Cauſeleſſe complayned, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, ſtirring up ſterne ſtrife.
'O, my liege Lord! the God of my life!
'Pleaſeth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
'Cauſed of wrong and cruell conſtraint,

---

[q] *And dirks.*] *Darkens.* The word *dercked* for *darkened* is uſed by Chaucer in his *Boethius.* TODD.

[r] *The mouldie moſſe, which thee accloieth.*] So Chaucer, *Aſſemb. Foules*, v. 518.

"And whoſo it doth ful foule himſelfe *accloyeth:*
"For office uncommittid oft *annoyeth.*" T. WARTON.

To "accloy" is to *burden* or *encumber:* it is the ſame word as to *cloy*, which means to clog or choke up, to embarraſs by ſuperfluity. C.

[s] *with ſhame and greefe adawed.*] "Adawed" is *daunted:* ſometimes it means *awaked.* In the next line, for "overawed" of the 4to. 1579, later impreſſions read *overcrawed*, i. e. overcrowed. Todd treated "overawed" as a miſprint, but for what reaſon he does not ſtate. Drayton noted the difference in his fol. 1611. C.

'Which I your poore Vaſſall dayly endure;
'And, but your goodnes the ſame recure,
'Am like for deſperate doole to dye,
'Through felonous force of mine enemie.'
Greatly agaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede
(As moſt uſen Ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
'Ah, my ſoveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
'Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
'Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
'To be the primroſe of all thy land;
'With flowring bloſſomes to furniſh the prime,
'And ſcarlot berries in Sommer time?
'Howe falls it then that this faded Oake,
'Whoſe bodie is ſere, whoſe braunches broke,
'Whoſe naked Armes ſtretch unto the fyre,
'Unto ſuch tyrannie doth aſpire;
'Hindering with his ſhade my lovely light,
'And robbing mee of the ſwete ſonnes ſight?
'So beate his old boughes my tender ſide,
'That oft the bloude ſpringeth from woundes wyde;
'Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
'That bene the honor of your Coronall:
'And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
'Upon my braunches, to worke me more ſpight;
'And oft his hoarie locks[t] downe doth caſt,
'Where with my freſh flowretts bene defaſt:
'For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
'Craving your goodlihead to aſwage

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[t] *And oft his hoarie locks.*] Todd ſays that "oft" of the folios is *of* in the 4tos. The 4tos. 1579, which we have uſed, have "oft." C.

'The ranckorous rigour of his might,
'Nought aſke I, but onely to holde my right;
'Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
'And praying to be garded from greevance.'
To this the Oake[u] caſt him to replie
Well as he couth; but his enemie
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man noulde ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heate,
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,[x]
(Alas! that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand!)
And to the field alone he ſpeedeth,
(Ay little help to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him ſpeake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his ſturdy ſtroake,
And made many woundes in the waſt Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Semed, the ſenſeleſſe yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare;
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree,
And often croſt with the prieſtes crewe,[y]
And often halowed with holy water dewe:
But ſike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miſerye;

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[u] *To this the Oake.*] So the 4to. 1579: later editions, "To this *this* Oake, &c.:" "caſt him to replie" is *prepared* himſelf to reply. C.

[x] *he hent in hand.*] He *took* in hand. The verb "hent" (which we retain in the form of *hint*) is very common in our older poetry, and it has come down to us in Shakeſpeare: ſee "The Winter's Tale," A. iv. Sc. 2. He alſo uſes the ſubſtantive *hint*. C.

[y] *the prieſtes crewe.*] Todd, for no aſſignable reaſon, put "crewe" in the plural. The alluſion, of courſe, is to the Druids. C.

For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And ſighed to ſee his neare overthrow.
In fine, the ſteele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth[z] hee fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Thearth ſhronke under him, and ſeemed to ſhake:—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!
  Now ſtands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleaſaunce;
But all this glee had no continuaunce:
For eftſones Winter gan to approche;
The bluſtering Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the ſolitarie Brere;
For nowe no ſuccoure was ſeene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pride to[o] late;
For, naked left and diſconſolate,
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burdned him ſo ſore,
That nowe upright hee can ſtand no more;
And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For ſcorning eld—
  Cud. Now I pray thee, ſhepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I liſtened to thy ſpeche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche;
My hartblood is welnigh frorne,[a] I feele,

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[z] *Tho downe to the earth.*] It is "downe to the *ground*" in ſome later editions, but Drayton marked the difference in his fol. 1611. C.

[a] *My hartblood is welnigh frorne.*] *Frorne* is the true reading, and

And my galage[b] growne faſt to my heele.
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted:
Hie thee home, ſhepheard, the day is nigh waſted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene, ſharpe.

Gride, perced: an olde word much uſed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts, young bullockes.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth ſhipwracke; and not *wreake*, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The ſoveraigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the ſeas. The ſaying is borowed of Mimus Publianus, which uſed this proverb in a verſe:

"Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit."

Heardgromes, Chaucers verſe almoſt whole.

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is a paſſive participle of the verb *freeze*. In Milton, Mr. Warton obſerves, *frore* is uſed as a paſſive participle of the ſame verb, *Par. L.* B. ii. 565. Todd.

[b] *And my galage.*] *Galage* occurs alſo in *September*, ver. 131. It means a *wooden ſhoe*, from the French *galoche*. Chaucer probably introduced this word, *Squ. Tale*, v. 573.

"Ne couth man, by the twenty thouſand part,
"Counterfete the ſophiſms of his art;
"Ne were worthy to unbokle his *galoche*."

T. Warton.

Fond Flyes: He compareth careleſſe ſluggardes, or ill huſbandmen, to flyes that, ſo ſoone as the ſunne ſhineth, or it wexeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroade, when ſodeinly they be overtaken with cold.

But eft when, a verye excellent and lively deſcription of Winter, ſo as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter ſeaſon.

Breme, Chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinckled.

Accoied, plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie, pryde.

Elde, olde age.

Sicker, ſure.

Tottie, wavering.

Corbe, crooked.

Herie, worſhip.

Phyllis, the name of ſome mayde unknowen, whom Cuddie, whoſe perſon is ſecrete, loved. The name is uſuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte, a girdle or waſt band.

A fon, a foole.

Lythe, ſoft and gentle.

Venteth, ſnuffeth in the wind.

Thy flocks father, the Ramme.

Crags, neckes.

Rather lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is: a verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the luſts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I ſuppoſe he meanes Chaucer, whoſe prayſe for pleaſaunt tales cannot dye, ſo long as the memorie of hys name ſhal live, and the name of Poetrie ſhall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene moratæ,* full of morall wiſeneſſe.

There grew: This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æſopes fables. It is very excellente for pleaſaunt deſcriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotypoſis of diſdainfull younkers.

Embelliſht, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Why ſtandſt: The ſpeach is ſcornful and very preſumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in graine.

Accloieth, encumbreth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of ſtate, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Sterne ſtrife, ſaid Chaucer, ſ. fell and ſturdie.

O my liege, a maner of ſupplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and ſpeache of Ambitious men.

Coronall, Garlande.

Flourets, yong bloſſomes.

The Primroſe, the chiefe and worthieſt.

Naked armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughs, ſpoyled of leaves. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre.

The blood, ſpoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they ſay) κατ' ε.κασμον.

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Ay, evermore.

Wounds, gaſhes.

Enaunter, leaſt that.

The prieſts crewe, holy water pott, wherwith the popiſhe prieſt uſed to ſprinckle and hallowe the trees from miſchaunce. Such blindneſſe was in thoſe times, which the Poete ſuppoſeth to have bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned, a livelye figure, which geveth ſenſe and feeling to unſenſible creatures, as Virgile alſo ſaith: "Saxa gemunt gravido," &c.

Boreas, The Northern wynd, that bringeth the moſt ſtormie weather.

Glee, Chere and jollitie.

For ſcorning eld, And minding (as ſhoulde ſeme) to have made ryme to the former verſe, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddie, as diſdayning to here any more.

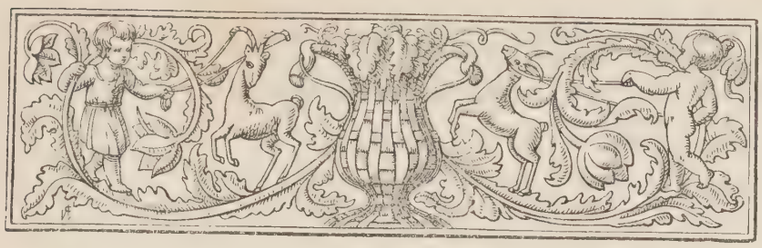
Galage, A ſtartuppe or clowniſh ſhooe.

EMBLEME.

This embleme is ſpoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, which is himſelfe moſt aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh thoſe, whom he loveth, like to himſelfe, in heaping yeares unto theyre dayes, & bleſſing them wyth longe lyfe. For the bleſſing of age is not given to all, but unto thoſe whome God will ſo bleſſe. And albeit that many evil men reache unto ſuch fulneſſe of yeares, and ſome alſo wexe old in myſerie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age ever the leſſe bleſſing. For even to ſuch evill men ſuch number of yeares is added, that they may in their laſt dayes repent, and come to their firſt home: So the old man checketh the raſh-headed boy for deſpyſing his gray and froſtye heares.

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter proverbe, ſpoken indeede at the firſt in contempt of old age generally: for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in ſome mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not ſo much as younger folk; for that being rypened with long experience, and having paſſed many bitter brunts and blaſtes of vengeaunce, they dread no ſtormes of Fortune, nor wrath of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wiſedome armed againſt all miſchaunces and adverſitie, or with much trouble hardened againſt all troubleſome tydes: lyke unto the Ape, of which is ſayd in Æſops fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at firſt ſore aghaſt and diſmayed at the grimnes and auſteritie of hys countenance, but at laſt, being acquainted with his lookes, he was ſo

furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and jeſt with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in ſome men ſecuritie. Although it pleaſe Eraſmus, a great clerke, and good old father, more fatherly and favourablye to conſtrue it, in his Adages, for his own behoofe, That by the proverbe, "Nemo ſenex metuit Jovem," is not meant, that olde men have no feare of God at al, but that they bee furre from ſuperſtition and Idolatrous regard of falſe Gods, as is Jupiter. But his greate learning notwithſtanding, it is to[o] plaine to be gaineſayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to ſuch fond fooleries, then younger heades.



MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two ſhepheards boyes, taking occaſion of the ſeaſon, beginne to make purpoſe of love, and other pleaſaunce which to ſpring time is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Poets God of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in the perſon of Thomalin is meant ſome ſecrete freend, who ſcorned Love and his knights ſo long, till at length him ſelfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of ſome beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrow.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

Willye.

THOMALIN, why ſitten we ſoe,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon ſo fayre a morow?
The joyous time now nigheth[a] faſt,
That ſhall alegge[b] this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the winters ſorow.

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[a] *The joyous time now nigheth.*] So the folio of 1611 reads: the quartos, by miſtake, *nigheſt*. That *nigheth* is the true reading is evident by the uſe of the word in the laſt line but one of *May*. TODD.

[b] *That ſhall alegge.*] *i. e.* allay. See F. Q. iii. ii. 15. and E. K.'s Gloſſe. So Chaucer, *Rom. R.* 6626.

"That of the paine hem woll *alege*." TODD.

Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warneſt well ;
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleaſant ſpring appeareth :
The graſſe nowe ginnes to be refreſht,
The ſwallowe peepes out of her neſt,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.
Wil. Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde,[c]
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head ?
Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,
That newe is upryſt from bedde :
Tho ſhall wee ſporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That ſcornefully lookes aſkaunce ;
Tho will wee little Love awake,
That nowe ſleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
Tho. Willye, I wene thou bee aſſot ;[d]
For luſtie Love ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
Wil. How kenſt thou that he is awoke ?
Or haſt thy ſelfe his ſlomber broke,
Or made previe to the ſame ?
Tho. No ; but happely I him ſpyde,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe ;
And, were not that my ſheepe would ſtray,

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[c] *Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde.*] *Stud* is *ſtock* or *trunk*. Mr. Lye, in Junius's *Etymologicon*, renders it *palus, ſudes*. T. WARTON.

[d] *Willye, I wene thou bee aſſot.*] *Stupefied.* Hughes has converted this ancient participle into a ſubſtantive ; and reads *a ſot :* which corrupted reading all the ſubſequent modern editions follow. But ſee the *Hiſt. of Kynge Arthur*, bl. l. fol. impr. by Tho. Eaſt, B. iv. Ch. 1. "How Merlyn was *aſſotted* and doted on one of the ladies of the lake." TODD.

The previe markes I would bewray,
  Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for thy:
My ſelfe will have a double eye,
  Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For als at home I have a ſyre,[e]
A ſtepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
  That dewly adayes counts mine.
Tho. Nay, but thy ſeeing will not ſerve,
My ſheepe for that may chaunce to ſwerve,
  And fall into ſome miſchiefe:
For ſithens is but the third morowe
That I chaunſt to fall a ſleepe with ſorowe,
  And waked againe with griefe;
The while thilke ſame unhappye Ewe,
Whoſe clouted legge her hurt doth ſhewe,
  Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene joynted attones,
  She ſhoulde have neede no more ſpell;[f]
Thelf was ſo wanton and ſo wood,
(But now I trowe can better good,)[g]

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[e] *For als at home I have a ſyre.*] So all the ancient editions, meaning, "For *alſo* at home," &c. Todd, and every modern editor after him, have printed "als," as if it were an interjection, *alas!* and as if Willye lamented that he had a father at home. In the next line we reſtore the old ſpelling of *hot*, viz. "whott," which was not unuſual, though altered in later impreſſions to *hote*. C.

[f] *Mought her neck bene joynted attones,*
She ſhoulde have neede no more ſpell.] That is, I wiſh ſhe had died in the fall; I then ſhould never have had any further occaſion of bleſſing her with a charm. *Spell*, as E. K. remarks, is a kind of verſe or charm that in elder times they uſed to ſay over everything that they would have preſerved; as the night-*ſpell* for thieves, and the wood-*ſpell*. T. Warton.

[g] *But now I trowe can better good.*] *i. e.* knows better. "Thelf" is, of courſe, *The elf*, meaning the ewe, which before her accident was ſo wanton and *wild* that ſhe would ſcarcely go upon the green with the other ſheep. C.

She mought ne gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is paſt;
That is to come, let be forecaſt:
Now tell us what thou haſt ſeene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,[h]
When ſhepheardes groomes han leave to play,
I caſt to goe a ſhooting.
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in buſhes tooting,[i]
At length within an Yvie todde,
(There ſhrouded was the little God)
I heard a buſie buſtling.
I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,
Liſtening if any thing did ruſhe,
But then heard no more ruſtling:
Tho, peeping cloſe into the thicke,
Might ſee the moving of ſome quicke,
Whoſe ſhape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or ſnake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat ſhotte.
With that ſprang forth a naked ſwayne
With ſpotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And ſilver bowe, which was but ſlacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That ſeeing, I levelde againe,

[h] *It was upon a holiday*, &c.] The following ſtory of the Shepherd ſhooting at a winged boy in a tree is imitated from the ſecond *Idyllium* of Bion, and not from Theocritus as E. K. remarks. But Spenſer has improved the tale with ſome pretty ſtrokes of paſtoral character. T. WARTON.

[i] *For birds in buſhes tooting.*] "Tooting" is *prying, looking narrowly*, and in this ſenſe it is frequently met with. "Bolts," in the preceding line, we need hardly ſay, ſignifies arrows. C.

And ſhott at him with might and maine,
  As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I ſhott, that al was ſpent;
Tho pumie ſtones I haſtly hent,
  And threw; but nought availed:
He was ſo wimble and ſo wight,[j]
From bough to bough he lepped light,
  And oft the pumies latched.[k]
Therewith affrayd, I ranne away;
But he, that earſt ſeemd but to playe,
  A ſhaft in earneſt ſnatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little ſmart did feele,
  But ſoone it ſore encreaſed;
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it feſtreth ſore,
  Ne wote I how to ceaſe it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with love thou diddeſt fight:
  I know him by a token;
For once I heard my father ſay,
How he him caught upon a day,
  (Whereof he wilbe wroken)[l]
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had ſet

[j] *He was ſo wimble and ſo wight.*] *i. e.* he was ſo *quick* and *active*. Turberville, who began to write not very long before Spenſer, ſpeaks of the *wight* wings of Cupid:

"The mountaines hie cauſe Cupid not to quaile;
Wight are his wings." Poems, 1569, edit. 1587.

Wimble means ſharp, keen, and it is ſo uſed by various writers, earlier and later than Spenſer. C.

[k] *And oft the pumies latched.*] He often caught the pumice-ſtones. It is ſingular that our dictionaries do not contain "pumie," though they have *pumice*. Spenſer ſeems to uſe "pumie" merely for a ſtone. C.

[l] *Whereof he wilbe wroken.*] *Revenged.* So Chaucer, "Rem. of Love," 350. edit. Urr.

"———— for one word brokin
She woll not miſſe but ſhe woll be *wrokin*." T. Warton.

That in our Peere-tree haunted:
Tho ſayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and ſhafts as then none had,
Els had he ſore be daunted.[m]
But ſee, the Welkin thicks apace,
And ſtouping Phœbus ſteepes his face:
Yts time to haſte us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wiſe, and eke to love,
Is graunted ſcarce to God above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is ſtore;
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue ſeemeth ſomewhat to reſemble that ſame of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewiſe telling the olde man, that he had ſhot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned to beware of miſchiefe to come.

Overwent, overgone.

Alegge, to leſſen or aſſwage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the ſkie.

The ſwallow, which bird uſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were, the forerunner, of ſpringe.

Flora, the Goddeſſe of flowres, but indede (as ſaith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which, with the abuſe of her body having gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who, in remembraunce of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yearely feſte for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome doe thinke, *Andronica*, but

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[m] *Els had he ſore be daunted.*] Todd, and all after him, have printed "*been* daunted," but it is oppoſed to the old copies, which, from 1579 downwards, read as our text. C.

Flora; making her the Goddeſſe of floures, and doing yerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bower, that is, the pleaſant field, or rather the May buſhes. Maia is a Goddeſſe, and the mother of Mercurie, in honor of whom the moneth of May is of her name ſo called, as ſaith Macrobius.

Lettice, the name of ſome country laſſe.

Aſcaunce, aſkewe, or aſquint.

For thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the ſoules being dipped did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by love ſleeping in *Lethe* lake,[n] he meaneth he was almoſt forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reaſon of winters hardneſſe, when all pleaſures, as it were, ſleepe and weare out of minde.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlomber, to break Loves ſlomber is to exerciſe the delightes of Love, and wanton pleaſures.

Winges of purple, ſo is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verſe.

"Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt injuſta noverca, &c."

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verſe or charme, that in elder tymes they uſed often to ſay over every thing that they would have preſerved, as the Nightſpel for theeves, and the woodſpell. And herehence, I thinke, is named the Goſpel, as it were Gods ſpell, or word. And ſo ſayth Chaucer, Liſteneth Lordings to my ſpel.

Gang, goe.

An Yvie todde, a thicke buſh.

Swaine, a boye: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poetes to be a boye, ſ. alwayes freſhe and luſtie; blindfolded, becauſe he maketh no difference of perſonages; wyth diverſe coloured winges, ſ. ful of flying fancies; with bowe and arrow, that is, with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is ſayd alſo to have ſhafts, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gracious and loved, and ſorowe for the lover that is diſdayned or forſaken. But who liſte more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade either Propertius, or Moſchus his Idyllion of *wandring love,* being nowe moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine, by the ſinguler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych worke I have ſeene, amongſt other of this Poets doings, verie wel tranſlated alſo into Engliſhe Rymes.

Wimble and wight, Quicke and deliver.

In the heele, is very poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpeciall iudge-

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[n] *So that by love ſleeping in* Lethe *lake.*] Todd, following a late edition, made nonſenſe of this paſſage by omitting the important word "love." So lower down, under the word "ſpell," he left out "as it were Gods ſpell," which is eſſential to the explanation of the etymology of "Goſpel," and is found in the edit. 1579. C.

ment. For I remember that in Homer it is ſayd of Thetis, that ſhee tooke her yong babe Achilles, being newly borne, and, holding him by the hele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes waſhed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being waſhed al over, ſave onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable; therfore by Paris was feyned to bee ſhotte with a poyſoned arrow in the heele, whiles he was buſie about the marying of Polyxena in the Temple of Apollo: which myſticall fable Euſtathius unfolding ſayth: that by wounding the hele is meant luſtfull love. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt Phiſitions) to the previe partes there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſynewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are carryed like little pypes behynd the eares; ſo that (as ſayth Hipocrates) yf thoſe veynes there be cut a ſonder, the partie ſtraighte becommeth cold and unfruiteful. Which reaſon our Poete wel weighing, maketh this ſhepheards boye of purpoſe to be wounded by Love in the heele.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once: In this tale is ſette out the ſimplicitye of ſhepheards opinion of Love.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphraſis of the ſunne ſetting.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitterneſſe, and ſorow ſawced with repentaunce. For beſides that the very affection of Love it ſelfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with unreſtfulneſſe all night, and wearines all day, ſeeking for that wee cannot have, and fynding that we would not have: even the ſelfe things which beſt before us lyked, in courſe of time, and chaung of ryper yeares, which alſo therewithall chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantaſies, will then ſeeme lothſome, and breede us annoyaunce, when youths flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodyes and wits anſwere not to ſuch vayne jollitie and luſtfull pleaſaunce.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is purpoſely intended to the honor and prayſe of our moſt gracious ſovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The ſpeakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two ſhepheardes: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here ſet forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great miſadventure in Love; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who moſte loved him, but alſo from all former delightes and ſtudies, aſwell in pleaſant pyping, as conning ryming and ſinging, and other his laudable exerciſes. Whereby he taketh occaſion, for proofe of his more excellencie and ſkill in poetrie, to recorde a ſong, which the ſayd Colin ſometime made in honor of her Majeſtie, whom abruptely he termeth Elyſa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

Thenot.

TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?[a]
What, hath ſome Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy bagpype broke, that ſoundes ſo ſweete?
Or art thou of thy loved laſſe forlorne?

[a] *what garres thee greete?*] What makes thee cry, or weep? Both "gar" and "greet" are northern words. C.

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
  Quenching the gaſping furrowes thirſt with rayne?
Like April ſhoure ſo ſtremes the trickling teares
  Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirſtie payne.

Hob. Nor thys, nor that, ſo muche doeth make me mourne,
  But for the ladde, whome long I lovd ſo deare,
Now loves a laſſe that all his love doth ſcorne:
  He, plongd in paine, his treſſed locks dooth teare:

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forſweare;
  Hys pleaſaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
  His wonted ſongs, wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a Ladde you ſo lament?
  Ys love ſuch pinching payne to them that prove?
And hath he ſkill to make ſo excellent,
  Yet hath ſo little ſkill to brydle love?

Hob. Colin thou kenſt, the Southerne ſhepheardes boye;
  Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
  Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is ſtarte,
  And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So nowe fayre Roſalind hath bredde hys ſmart;
  So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.[b]

The. But if hys ditties bene ſo trimly dight,
  I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde ſome one,

[b] *So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.*] E. K. is right in interpreting "frenne" *ſtranger*, but wrong in giving it the ſame etymology as *foreign*: "frenne" is a corruption of the A. S. *fremd*. C.

The whiles our flockes do graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrowded in thys ſhade alone.

Hob. Contented I: then, will I ſinge his laye
Of fayre Eliſa, Queene of ſhepheardes all,
Which once he made as by a ſpring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.[c]

" Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed Brooke
" doe bathe your breſt,
" Forſake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
" at my requeſt:
" And eke you Virgins, that on Parnaſſe dwell,
" Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
" Helpe me to blaze
" Her worthy praiſe,
" Which in her ſexe doth all excell.

" Of fayre Eliſa be your ſilver ſong,
" that bleſſed wight,
" The flowre of Virgins: may ſhee floriſh long
" in princely plight!
" For ſhee is Syrinx daughter without ſpotte,
" Which Pan, the ſhepheards God, of her begot:
" So ſprong her grace
" Of heavenly race,
" No mortall blemiſhe may her blotte.

" See, where ſhe ſits upon the graſſie greene,
" (O ſeemely ſight!)
" Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
" and ermines white:

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[c] *And tuned it unto the Waters fall.*] This " lay " is printed with variations in " England's Helicon," 1600, Sign. C b, where it is called " Hobbinoll's dittie," but Hobbinol expreſſly aſſigns it to Spenſer. There alſo one of the ſtanzas is wrongly placed, but the verbal and literal differences are not often worth noting. C.

" Upon her head a Cremoſin coronet,
" With Damaſke roſes and Daffadillies ſet;
" Bayleaves betweene,
" And primroſes greene,
" Embelliſh the ſweete Violet.[d]

" Tell me, have ye ſeene her angelick face,[e]
" like Phœbe fayre?
" Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
" can you well compare?
" The Redde roſe medled with the White yfere,
" In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
" Her modeſt eye,
" Her Majeſtie,
" Where have you ſeene the like, but there?

" I ſaw Phœbus thruſt out his golden hedde,
" upon her to gaze;
" But, when he ſawe howe broade her beames did ſpredde,
" it did him amaze.
" He bluſht to ſee another Sunne belowe,
" Ne durſt againe his fyrye face out ſhowe.
" Let him, if he dare,
" His brightneſſe compare
" With hers, to have the overthrowe.

" Shewe thyſelfe, Cynthia, with thy ſilver rayes,
" and be not abaſht:

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[d] *Embelliſh the ſweete Violet.*] Todd tells us that the folio 1611 converts the original epithet "ſweete" into *white*. We have Drayton's copy of the folio 1611 before us, as well as two others, and in all "ſweete" is the word. C.

[e] *her angelick face.*] In "England's Helicon" the line is,

"Tell me, have ye beheld her Angels face."

In the edit. 1611 the word is printed "angel-like;" but Todd ſays that "the true and original reading is *angelike:*" it is "angelick" in the edit. 1579, as we have printed it. C.

" When ſhee the beames of her beautie diſplayes,
" O, how art thou daſht!
" But I will not match her with Latonaes ſeede;
" Such follie great ſorow to Niobe did breede:
" Now ſhe is a ſtone,
" And makes dayly mone,
" Warning all other to take heede.

" Pan may bee proud that ever hee begot
" ſuch a Bellibone;[f]
" And Syrinx rejoyſe that ever was her lot
" to beare ſuch an one.
" Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
" To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
" Shee is my goddeſſe plaine,
" And I her ſhepherds ſwayne,
" Albee forſwonck and forſwatt I am.[g]

" I ſee Calliope ſpeede her to the place,
" where my Goddeſſe ſhines;
" And after her the other Muſes trace,
" with their violines.
" Bene they not Bay braunches which they doe beare,
" All for Eliſa in her hand to weare?
" So ſweetly they play,
" And ſing all the way,
" That it a heaven is to heare.

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[f] *ſuch a Bellibone.*] Such a Bonnibell inverted. In Spenſer's time this name excited no ludicrous ideas. C.

[g] *Albee forſwonck and forſwatt I am.*] From the " Plowman's Tale," attributed by ſome to Chaucer:

" In ſcrippe he bare bothe bred and lekes,
" He was *forſwonke* and all *forſwat;*
" Men might have ſene through both his chekes," &c.

This tale, as Tyrwhitt informs us, was firſt printed among Chaucer's works in 1542, but he gives it as his decided opinion that Chaucer had nothing to do with it. C.

" Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote
" to the Inſtrument:
" They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoote,
" in their meriment.
" Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
" Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeven.
" She ſhalbe a Grace,
" To fyll the fourth place,
" And reigne with the reſt in heaven.

" And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
" raunged in a rowe?
" They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
" that unto her goe.
" Chloris, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of al,
" Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
" Olives bene for peace,
" When wars doe ſurceaſe:
" Such for a Princeſſe bene principall.

" Ye ſhepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
" hye you there apace:
" Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
" to adorne her grace:
" And, when you come whereas ſhee is in place,
" See that your rudeneſſe doe not you diſgrace:
" Binde your fillets faſte,
" And gird in your waſte,
" For more fineneſs, with a tawdrie lace.

" Bring hether[g] the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
" with Gelliflowres;

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[h] *Bring hether.*] In "England's Helicon," 1600, this ſtanza is made to precede that beginning "Ye ſhepheards daughters." Such an arrangement is evidently improper, and it agrees with no known old edition of Spenſer's "Shepherd's Calendar." C.

" Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
" worne of Paramoures:
" Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
" And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
" The pretie Pawnce,
" And the Cheviſaunce,
" Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

" Now ryſe up, Eliſa, decked as thou art
" in royall aray;
" And now ye daintie Damſells may depart
" echeone her way.[i]
" I feare I have troubled your troupes to[o] longe;
" Let dame Eliſa thanke you for her ſong:
" And, if you come hether
" When Damſines I gether,
" I will part them all you among."

The. And was thilk ſame ſong of Colins owne making?
Ah, fooliſh Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pittie is, hee be in ſuch taking,
For naught caren that bene ſo lewldly bent.

Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinckling ſtarres the daylight hence chaſe.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLLS EMBLEME.

O dea certe!

[i] *echeone her way.*] Todd very properly blames Hughes for printing "his way," but excuſes him on the ground that in the folio 1611 it is printed "*hir* way;" ſuch is not the fact: it is there "*his* way" as Hughes had given it: of courſe it is a blunder, and Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, corrected it. C.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, cauſeth thee weep and complain.

Forlorne, left and forſaken.

Attempred to the yeare, agreeable to the ſeaſon of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is moſt bent to ſhoures and ſeaſonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, cauſed through dryneſſe of March wyndes.

The Ladde, Colin Clout.

The Laſſe, Roſalinda.

Treſſed locks, wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde? a ſtraunge manner of ſpeaking, ſ. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make, to rime and verſifye. For in this word, *making*, our olde Engliſhe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the ſkil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιεῖν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenſt, knoweſt. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to ſome Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicauſe he ſo often nameth the Kentiſh downes, and before, *As lythe* as *laſſe of Kent*.

The Widowes, He calleth Roſalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough; which I thinke is rather ſayde to coloure and concele the perſon, then ſimply ſpoken. For it is well knowen, even in ſpighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that ſhee is a Gentlewoman of no meane houſe, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but ſuch indeede, as neede nether Colin be aſhamed to have her made knowne by his verſes, nor Hobbinoll be greved, that ſo ſhe ſhould be commended to immortalitie for her rare and ſingular vertues: Specially deſerving it no leſſe, then eyther Myrto the moſt excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddeſſe, or Himera the worthye poet Ste[r]ſichorus hys idol; upon whom he is ſayd ſo much to have doted, that, in regard of her excellencie, he ſcorned and wrote againſt the beautie of Helena. For which his præſumptuous and unheedie hardineſſe, he is ſayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to have loſt both his eyes.

Frenne, a ſtraunger. The word, I thinke, was firſt poetically put, and afterwarde uſed in commen cuſtome of ſpeach for forrene.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a ſonge, as Roundelayes and Virelayes.

In all this ſonge is not to be reſpected, what the worthineſſe of her Majeſtie deſerveth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moſt comely for the meaneſſe of a ſhepheards wit, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elyſa, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name; and a ſhepheards daughter, it being

very unfit, that a ſhepheards boy, brought up in the ſhepefold, ſhould know, or ever ſeme to have heard of, a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie, is, as it were, an Exordium *ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muſes, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whoſe abode the Poets faine to be on Parnaſſus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye ſpecially floriſhed the honor of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnaſſus, and alſo of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous ſpring Caſtalius, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of which ſpring it is ſayd, that, when Pegaſus the winged horſe of Perſeus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) ſtrooke the grownde with his hoofe, ſodenly thereout ſprange a well of moſte cleare and pleaſaunte water, which fro thenceforth was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

Your ſilver ſong, ſeemeth to imitate the like in Heſiodus ἀργύριον μέλος.

Syrinx is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love purſued, ſhe, flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes, in ſtede of the Damoſell, and puffing hard, (for he was almoſt out of wind,) with his breath made the Reedes to pype; which he ſeeing, tooke of them, and, in remembraunce of his loſt love, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the ſhephearde ſimplye meante thoſe Poeticall Gods; but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progenie to be devine and immortall (ſo as the Paynims were wont to judge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres ſaying,

"Θύμος δὲ μέγας ἐστι διοτρεφέος βασιλέος,
"Τιμὴ δ' ἐκ διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ἡ μητίετα Ζεῦ,")

could deviſe no parents in his judgement ſo worthy for her, as Pan the ſhepeheards God, and his beſt beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the moſt famous and victorious king, her highneſſe Father, late of worthy memorie, K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, ofttymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in ſome place Chriſt himſelfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremoſin coronet, he deviſeth her crowne to be of the fineſt and moſt delicate flowers, inſtede of perles and precious ſtones, wherewith Princes Diademes uſe to bee adorned and emboſt.

Embelliſh, beautifye and ſet out.

Phebe, the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be ſiſter unto Phœbus, that is, the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the White is meant the uniting of the two principall houſes of Lancaſter and Yorke: by whoſe longe diſcord and deadly debate this realm many yeares was ſore traveiled, and almoſt cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the ſeventh, of the line of Lancaſter, taking to wife the moſt vertuous Princeſſe Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the houſe of Yorke, begat the moſt royal Henry the eyght aforeſayde, in whom was the firſt union of the Whyte roſe and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muſes: to whome they aſſigne the honour

of all Poeticall Invention, and the firſt glorye of the Heroical verſe. Other ſay, that ſhee is the Goddeſſe of Rethorick; but by Virgile it is manifeſte, that they myſtake the thyng. For there, in hys Epigrams, that arte ſeemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, ſaying,

"Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu."

Which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action, and elocution, both ſpecial parts of Rethorick: beſyde that her name, which (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part: but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good ſinging.

Bay branches, be the ſigne of honor and victory, and therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as ſaith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

"Arbor vittorioſa triomphale,
"Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti," &c.

The Graces be three ſiſters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whoſe names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphroſyne; and Homer onely added a fourth, ſ. Paſithea) otherwiſe called Charites, that is, thankes. Whom the Poets feyned to be the Goddeſſes of all bountie[k] and comelines, which therefore (as ſayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men firſt ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteouſly; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three ſundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace ſaith, that they bee painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæſar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finelye and nimbly.

Soote, ſweete.

Meriment, mirth.

Bevie, a beavie of ladies, is ſpoken figuratively for a company, or a troupe; the terme is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a bevie of larkes, even as a covey of partridge, or an eye of pheaſaunts.

Ladyes of the lake be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongſte the Auncient Heathen, that of every ſpring and fountaine was a goddeſſe the Soveraigne. Whiche opinion ſtucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares ſithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and lowd lyers, ſuch as were the Authors of King Arthure the great, and ſuch like, who tell many an unlawfull leaſing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke, ſignifieth Well water, or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bryde.

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[k] *Goddeſſes of all bountie.*] Todd printed "of all *beautie*," which what follows proves to be wrong: he took his text from ſome late edition, where "bountie" was miſprinted *beautie*, and he did not detect the error. In "The Merry Wives of Windſor," A. i. Sc. 3, (fol. 1623) Falſtaff is made to call Mrs. Page "a region in Guiana, all gold and *bounty*," inſtead of "all gold and beauty," *bounty* there having been, of old, miſprinted for "beauty." C.

Behight,[1] called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greeneſſe; of whome is ſayd, that Zephyrus, the Weſterne wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chiefedome and ſoveraintye of all flowres, and greene herbes, growing on the earth.

Olives bene, The Olive was wont to be the enſigne of Peace and quietneſſe, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or els for that the Olive tree, they ſay, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and uſed moſt for ſpeares, and other inſtruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva ſtrove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground with his mace cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minervaes ſtroke ſprong out an Olive, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, and ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Bind your, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſhepheardes ſimplicitye.

Bring, all theſe be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in ſmel and quantitye. *Flowre delice*, that which they uſe to miſterme flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitiarum*.

A Bellibone, or a bonnibell, homely ſpoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilaſſe.

Forſwonck, and forſwatt, overlaboured and ſunneburnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the ſunne. A ſenſible narration, and preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call παρουσία

Cynthia, the Moone, ſo called of *Cynthus* a hyll, where ſhe was honoured.

Latonaes ſeede, Was Apollo and Diana. Whom, when as Niobe the Wife of Amphion ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her ſeven ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, Latona, being therewith diſpleaſed, commaunded her ſonne Phœbus to ſlay al the ſonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe being ſore diſmayed, and lamenting out of meaſure, was feigned by the Poetes to be turned into a ſtone, upon the ſepulchre of her children: for which cauſe the ſhepheard ſayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like misfortune.[m]

Now riſe, is the concluſion. For, having ſo decked her with prayſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Majeſtie.

When Damſins, A baſe reward of a clowniſh giver.

Yblent, Y is a poeticall addition; *blent*, blended.

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[1] *Behight.*] Todd printed *bedight*, which has quite a different meaning: it is "behight" in all the old editions we have ſeen from 1579 to 1613. C.

[m] *for feare of like misfortune.*] Todd, following the edit. fol. 1611, omits like. *Blinded* for "blended," juſt before the "Embleme," was a miſprint, for which he alone was reſponſible. C.

EMBLEME.

This Poeſye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him uſed in the perſon of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeneſſe of one of Dianaes damoſells; being there moſt divinely ſet forth. To which ſimilitude of divinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excelency of Eliſa, and being, through the worthynes of Colins ſong, as it were, overcome with the hugeneſſe of his imagination, bruſteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwiſe unhable, then by ſoddein ſilence, to expreſſe the worthineſſe of his conceipt. Whom Thenot anſwereth with another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that Eliſa is no whit inferiour to the Majeſtie of her, of whome that Poete[n] ſo boldly pronounced *O dea certe.*

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[n] *that Poete.*] i. e. Virgil: Todd has it "*the* Poet," for which he is to be blamed, only becauſe (as in the inſtance, on p. 50, l. 10, where he gave *withered* for "wrethed") he adopted the miſreading of the folio 1611, inſtead of reprinting the original text of the 4to. 1579.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

IN this fift Æglogue,[a] *under the perſon of two ſhepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be repreſented two formes of paſtoures or Miniſters, or the proteſtant and the Catholique; whoſe chiefe talke ſtandeth in reaſoning, whether the life of the one muſt be like the other; with whom having ſhewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowſhip, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by ſuch a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous kidde.*

PALINODE. PIERS.

Palinode.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love lads maſken in freſh aray?
How falles it, then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveryes bene all to ſadde[b]
For thilke ſame ſeaſon, when all is ycladd

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[a] *In this fift Æglogue.*] "Fift" is *firſt* by an error of the preſs in the edition of 1579: it was corrected afterwards. C.

[b] *Our bloncket liveryes bene all to ſadde.*] Todd properly reſtores here the reading of "all to ſad," meaning extremely or entirely ſerious and grave, and cenſures *modern* editors for printing "all *too* ſad," as if ignorant that ſuch is the erroneous text in the fol. 1611. C.

With pleaſaunce: the ground with graſſe, the Wods
With greene leaves, the buſhes with blooſming Buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken[c] in every where,
To gather May buſkets and ſmelling brere;
And home they haſten the poſtes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day-light,
With Hawthorne buds, and ſweete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roſes, and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,[d]
But wee here ſitten as drownd in a dreme.
Piers. For Younkers, Palinode, ſuch follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witt.
Pal. Sicker this morrowe, no lenger agoe,
I ſawe a ſhole of ſhepeheardes outgoe
With ſinging, and ſhouting, and jolly chere:
Before them yode a luſty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
To ſee thoſe folkes make ſuch jouyſaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene Wood they ſpeeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their muſicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a freſh bend

---

[c] *Yougthes folke now flocken.*] Todd printed *youngthes* for "youghes," or "youthes," as it ſtands in all old editions here. It is true that "youth," as we have ſeen, (Feb. v. 52,) was ſometimes ſpelt *youngth*, and the ſame form is repeated afterwards, (Nov. v. 20,) but that is no ſufficient reaſon for here altering the ancient and long received text. C.

[d] *holy Saints doth queme.*] Spenſer ſeems to be one of the laſt poets to employ the old verb "queme," from the A. S. *cweman*, to pleaſe, to delight, to gratify. In the next line Todd omits the indefinite article before "dreme," in oppoſition not only to the 4to. 1579, but to the folio 1611. C.

Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybuſh beare!)
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwinck?
Piers. Perdie, ſo farre am I from envie,
That their fondneſſe inly I pitie:
Thoſe faytours little regarden their charge,[e]
While they, letting their ſheep runne at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke ſame bene ſhepeheardes for the Devils ſtedde,
That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
Well it is ſeene theyr ſheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone:[f]
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they
What fallen the flocke, ſo they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muſe, what account both theſe will make;
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And thother for leaving his Lords taſke,
When great Pan accoûnt of ſhepeherdes ſhall aſke.
Pal. Sicker, now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſomdele their delight.

---

[e] *Thoſe faytours little regarden their charge.*] Alluding here eſpecially to the clergy; but the word "faitour" of old had a very wide ſignification, and, as T. Warton remarks, meant not only vagabonds, as E. K. informs us, but impoſtors, and deceivers of every kind. The etymology is uncertain, whether from *factor*, as ſome have contended, or from *faitard*, Fr. a lazy, idle fellow. C.

[f] *runne at randon alone.*] "This is the old word for *random*," obſerves Todd; and it is certainly older than *random*, but *random* was uſed at an early date: thus Robert Greene, in his "Menaphon," 4to. 1587, ſign. H, ſays, "Cupid, diſmounted from his mother's lap, left his bow and quiver at *random*, to outbrave the Theſſalonian dames in their beauty." G. Wither uſes the ſame word in his "Satires," but they were not publiſhed till 1613.

I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied;
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather then other ſhould ſcorne at me;
For pittied is miſhap that nas remedie,
But ſcorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
What ſhoulden ſhepheards other things tend,
Then, ſith their God his good does them ſend,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleaſure,
The while they here liven at eaſe and leaſure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behinde them is loſt.
Good is no good, but if it be ſpend;
God giveth good for none other end.

Piers. Ah! Palinodie, thou art a worldes child:
Who touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde;
But ſhepheards (as Algrind uſed to ſay)
Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
With them it fits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire.
They muſt provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce:
But ſhepheard muſt walke another way,
Sike worldly ſovenance he muſt foreſay.
The ſonne of his loines why ſhould he regard[g]
To leave enriched with that he hath ſpard?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cheriſh his child, if in his wayes he ſtood?
For if he miſlive in leudnes and luſt,
Little bootes all the wealth, and the truſt,

[g] *The ſonne of his loines why ſhould he regard.*] So the firſt edition, although Todd ſtates that all impreſſions previous to the folio 1611 read "why he ſhould regard." He never looked at the 4to. 1579. C.

That his father left by inheritaunce;
All will be ſoon waſted with miſgovernaunce:
But through this, and other their miſcreaunce,[h]
They maken many a wrong cheviſaunce,[i]
Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof ſhall them overflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better then to the Apes foliſh care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, ſuch cauſe had ſhe none)
That with her hard hold, and ſtraight embracing,
Shee ſtoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Evil enſueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne)
When ſhepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in ſufferaunce,
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheepe,
(Were it more or leſſe) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with ſhepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe;
For Pan himſelfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them ſerved for their mayntenaunce.

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[h] *and other their miſcreaunce.*] From not having examined the earlieſt edition of "The Shepherd's Calendar," Todd here falls into a ſtrange blunder. He ſays that E. K. explains "miſcreaunce" as *diſpraiſe*, or *unbelief*. What connection is there between diſpraiſe and unbelief? E. K.'s words are, as our readers will ſee, "*diſpeire* or *miſbeleefe*." Todd ſeems to have copied the repreſentation in the folio 1611, and to have miſtaken even that, for there the words are "Miſcreance, *diſpraiſe* or *miſbeliefe*," not *unbelief*. The connection between "deſpair" and "miſbelief" is eaſily underſtood. C.

[i] *many a wrong cheviſaunce.*] *Bargain*, as in Chaucer, Shipm. T. 2837, edit. Urr. Of a merchant:

"That nedis muſt he make a *cheveſaunce*."

Again, ibid. 2889.

"For that I to him ſpake of *cheveſaunce*." T. WARTON.

The ſhephear[d]s God ſo wel them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long proſperitie,
That nource of vice, this of inſolencie,
Lulled the ſhepheards in ſuch ſecuritie,
That, not content with loyall obeyſaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them ſelfe[k] with mighty potentates,
Lovers of Lordſhip, and troublers of ſtates.
Tho gan ſhepheards ſwaines to looke a loft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge ſoft:
Tho, under colour of ſhepeheards, ſomewhile
There crept in Wolves, ful of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their owne ſheepe,
And often the ſhepheards that did hem keepe:
This was the firſt ſourſe of ſhepheards ſorow,
That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.[1]

Pal. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare is outragious:
Wemen, that of Loves longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they muſt:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to aſſwage:
And who can counſell a thirſtie ſoule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

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[k] *And match them ſelfe.*] Todd collated very carelesſly: he ſays that the folios in this line read, *themſelves:* ſuch is not the caſe: the folio 1611 is like the 4to. 1579 in this reſpect. True it is, as he remarks, that Chaucer uſually applies "the pronominal adjective *ſelf* both to the plural as well as the ſingular number." "By degrees," ſays Tyrwhitt, "the cuſtom was introduced of annexing *ſelf* to pronouns in the ſingular number only, and *ſelves* to thoſe in the plural." C.

[l] *That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.*] *Bail* nor *pledge.* The word *borrow* is often uſed in this ſenſe by Chaucer. See Troil. and Creſſ. L. ii. and Rom. R. 7309. Todd.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moſt is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not ſuch a weight,
That beares on his ſhoulders the heavens height.
Thou findeſt faulte where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong warke upon a weake ground:
Thou rayleſt on right withouten reaſon,
And blameſt hem much for ſmall encheaſon.
How ſhoulden[m] ſhepheardes live, if not ſo?
What! ſhould they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, ſaye I thereto,[n] by my deare borrowe,
If I may reſt, I nil live in ſorrowe.
  Sorrowe ne neede be haſtened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Uſen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the ſtormie ſtowres,
We mought with our ſhoulders beare off the ſharpe ſhowres;
And, ſooth to ſayne, nought ſeemeth ſike ſtrife,
That ſhepheardes ſo witen[o] ech others life,
And layen her faults the worlds beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem ſcorne.
Let none miſlike of that may not be mended;
So conteck ſoone by concord mought be ended.
  Piers. Shepheard, I liſt none accordaunce make
With ſhepheard that does the right way forſake;

[m] *How ſhoulden*] So the quartos read. The reſt, "How *woulden*." Todd.

[n] *Nay, ſaye I thereto.*] This is the emendation made by the folio of 1611. The quartos read, "Nay *ſayde* I." Todd.

[o] *That ſhepheardes ſo witen.*] *Blame.* This is the original reading; but the folio of 1611 has converted it into *twiten*, which the modern editions have followed. *Wite* is from the Anglo-Sax. ƿitan, *culpare*, as the Gloſſaries to the edition of G. Douglas's "Virgil" in 1710, and of Urry's "Chaucer" inform us. The verb occurs in F. Q. ii. xii. 16, and in other places of the ſame poem. Todd.

And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe then my freend he be;
For what concord han light and darke ſam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their falſe hearts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.
Pal. Now, Piers, of felowſhip, tell us that ſaying;
For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from ſtraying.
Piers. Thilke ſame Kidde (as I can well deviſe)
Was too very fooliſh and unwiſe;
For on a tyme, in Sommer ſeaſon,
The Gate[p] her dame, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroade unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what ſhe thought good:
But, for ſhe had a motherly care
Of her young ſonne, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh and lovely to ſee,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His Vellet head[q] began to ſhoote out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly ſprout;
The bloſſomes of luſt to bud did beginne,
And ſpring forth ranckly under his chinne.
"My Sonne," (quoth ſhe and with that gan weepe,
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
"God bleſſe thee, poore Orphane! as he mought me,
And ſend thee joy of thy jollitee.

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[p] *The Gate.*] Northernly ſpoken, ſays E. K., to turn *o* into *a*. The original reading is *Gate;* and yet, notwithſtanding E. K.'s remark, the folio of 1611 has printed it *Goat*, and retained the obſervation which decides it to be *Gate*. The modern editions have followed the ſuppoſed emendation. But I follow the genuine text. Todd.

[q] *His Vellet head.*] His *velvet* head. *Vellet* is the ancient orthography, from the Fr. *velou, velouette*. See *velouettes* in Chaucer, Cant. T. 10958, ed. Tyrwhitt, who refers to Du Cange in V. *Villoſa, Velluetum*. Todd.

Thy father," (that worde ſhe ſpake with payne,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
" Thy father, had he lived this day,
To ſee the braunche of his body diſplaie,
How would he have joyed at this ſweete ſight!
But ah! falſe Fortune ſuch joy did him ſpight,
And cut of[f] hys dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of his foe.
Now I, a waylfull widdowe behight,
Of my olde age have this one delight,
To ſee thee ſucceede in thy fathers ſteade,
And flouriſh in flowres of luſty head;
For even ſo thy father his head upheld,
And ſo his hauty hornes did he weld."
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeache
With ſome old ſorowe that made a newe breache;
Seemed ſhe ſawe in her younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At laſt her ſolein ſilence ſhe broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to ſtroke.
" Kiddie, (quoth ſhee) thou kenſt the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beaſtes liggen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender ſtate:
But moſt the Foxe, maiſter of colluſion;
For he has voued thy laſt confuſion.
For thy, my Kiddie, be rulde by mee,
And never give truſt to his trecheree;
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate[r] faſt for fear of fraude;

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[r] *Sperre the yate.*] *i. e.* ſpar, or bar the gate. Shakeſpeare uſes " ſperr " preciſely in the ſame way in " Troilus and Creſſida," Prol. C.

Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
Open the dore at his requeſt."
So ſchooled the Gate her wanton ſonne,
That anſwer'd his mother, all ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſife Damme out of dore,
And chaunſt to ſtomble at the threſhold flore;
Her ſtombling ſteppe ſome what her amazed,
(For ſuch, as ſignes of ill luck, bene diſpraiſed;)
Yet forth ſhee yode, thereat half aghaſt;
And Kiddie the dore ſperred after her faſt.
It was not long, after ſhee was gone,
But the falſe Foxe came to the dore anone;
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a truſſe of tryfles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glaſſes, in hys packe:
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a ſore payne:
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he caſt me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, "Alack! alack!
Ah, deare Lord! and ſweete Saint Charitee![s]
That ſome good body woulde once pitie mee!"
Well heard Kiddie al this ſore conſtraint,
And lengd to know the cauſe of his complaint;
Tho, creeping cloſe behinde the Wickets clink,
Privelie he peeped out through a chinck,
Yet not ſo privilie but the Foxe him ſpyed;
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

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[s] *Ah, deare Lord! and ſweete Saint Charitee!*] The common oath of the Catholicks, ſays E. K.—This ſaint is often introduced in our old poetry. Ophelia's adjuration in "Hamlet," (A. iv. Sc. 5) is,
"By Gis, and by *ſaint Charity*," &c. Todd.

"Ah, good young maiſter!" (then gan he crye)
"Jeſus bleſſe that ſweete face I eſpye,
And keepe your corpſe from the carefull ſtounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds."
The Kidd, pittying hys heavineſſe,
Aſked the cauſe of his great diſtreſſe,
And alſo who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
"Sicke, ſicke, alas! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beaſtlyhead.
I am a poore ſheepe, albe my coloure donne,
For with long traveile I am brent in the ſonne;
And if that my grandſire me ſayd be true,
Sicker, I am very ſybbe to you;
So be your goodlihead do not diſdayne
The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwaine.
Of mercy and favour, then, I you pray
With your ayd to foreſtall my neere decay."
Tho out of his packe a glaſſe he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke,
He was ſo enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell:
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The falſe Foxe, as he were ſtarke lame:
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glaſſe he did ſee.
After his chere the pedler can chat,
And tell many leſinges of this and that,
And how he could ſhewe many a fine knack:
Tho ſhewed his ware and opened his packe,
All ſave a bell, which he left behind
In the baſket for the Kidde to fynd;

Which when the Kidde ſtooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his baſket did latch:
Ne ſtayed he once the dore to make faſt,
But ranne awaye with him in all haſt.
  Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought ſee the dore ſtand open wyde.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde; but he nould aunſwere at all:
Tho on the flore ſhe ſaw the merchaundiſe
Of which her ſonne had ſette to[o] deere a priſe.
What help? her Kidde ſhe knewe well was gone:
She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with ſimplicitie;
And ſuch end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of ſuch falſers freendſhip bene fayne.
  Pal. Truely, Piers, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our Sir John,[t] to ſay tomorowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday;
For well he meanes, but little can ſay.
But, and if foxes bene ſo crafty as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepheards hem to knowe.
  Piers. Of their falſhode more could I recount,
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to diſmount;

[t] *For our Sir John.*] A Popiſh Prieſt, ſays E. K.—And ſo the Popiſh prieſt is deſcribed in "Yet a courſe at the Romyſhe foxe," &c. 12mo. Printed at Zurik in 1543, fol. 54, b. "The enchyridion of Eckius, that impudent proctour of antichriſt, offendeth yow nothynge at all. Yet contayneth yt all doctryne of deuylyſhneſſe, as the popes auctoryte, &c. Euerye where ys thys boke ſought and enquyred for in cyte, markett, and feyer. Euerye *ſir Johan* muſt haue yt that can rede, to make hym therwith a Chriſten curate, a good ghoſtlye father, and a catholyck member of holy churche. Verye fewe *popyſhe preſtes*, within my lordes dyoceſe, are at thys ſame houre without yt," &c. Todd.

And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it beſt for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μεν ἄπιστος ἄπιστει.

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this ſame moneth. It is applyed to the ſeaſon of the moneth, when all men delight them ſelves with pleaſaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liveries, gray coates.

Yclad, arrayed, Y redoundeth, as before.

In every where, a ſtraunge, yet próper kind of ſpeaking.

Buſkets, a diminutive, ſ. little buſhes of hauthorne.

Kirke, church.

Queme, pleaſe.

A ſhole, a multitude, taken of fiſh, whereof ſome, going in great companies, are ſayde to ſwimme in a ſhole.

Yode, went.

Jouiſſaunce, Joye.

Swinck, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all ſhepheards, which calleth himſelfe the greate, and good ſhepherd. The name is moſt rightly (methinkes) applyed to him; for Pan ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord Jeſus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Euſebius, in his fifth booke *De Preparat. Evang.* who thereof telleth a proper ſtorye to that purpoſe. Which ſtory is firſt recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceaſing of Oracles:[u] and of Lavetere tranſlated, in his booke of walking ſprightes; who ſayth, that about the ſame time that our Lord ſuffered his moſt bitter paſſion, for the redemtion

[u] *in his booke of the ceaſing of Oracles.*] For "Oracles," Todd, following the folio 1611 and later impreſſions, miſprints *miracles*, and a little farther on, for the ſame reaſon, *perſons* inſtead of "paſſengers." C.

of man, certein paſſengers ſayling from Italie to Cyprus, and paſſing by certaine iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling aloud Thamus, Thamus! (now Thamus was the name of an Aegyptian, which was Pilote of the ſhip) who, giving eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to Palodes, there ſodeinly was ſuch a calme of winde, that the ſhippe ſtoode ſtill in the ſea unmoved, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard ſuche piteous outcries, and dreadfull ſhriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of ſome bee underſtoode the great Satanas, whoſe kingdome was at that time by Chriſt conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſayth, all Oracles ſurceaſed, and enchaunted ſpirits, that were woont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace:) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of Mercurie and Penelope: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Chriſt, the only and very Pan, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the commen proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

Nas is a ſyncope, for *nehas*, or *has not*; as *nould* for *would not.*

Tho with them doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych he cauſed to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by Tullie.

" Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
" Hauſit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

" All that I eat did I joye, and all that I greedily gorged:
" As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Erle of Devonſhire, which though much more wiſedome bewraieth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe: the rimes be theſe:

" Ho, ho! who lies here?
" I the good Earle of Devonſhire,
" And Maulde my wife that was ful deare:
" We lived togithir lv. yeare.
" That we ſpent, we had:
" That we gave, we have:
" That we lefte, we loſt."

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard.[x]
Men of the lay, Laymen.
Enaunter, leaſt that.
Sovenaunce, remembraunce.
Miſcreaunce, diſpeire, or miſbeleefe.

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[x] Algrind, *the name of a ſhepheard.*] It is miſprinted *Algrim* in the 4to. 1579: the alluſion is ſaid to be to Archbiſhop Grindall. C.

Cheviſaunce, ſometime of Chaucer uſed for gaine: ſometime of other for ſpoyle, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefdome.

Pan himſelfe, God; according as is ſayd in Deuteronomie, That, in diviſion of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Levi no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for God himſelfe was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian prelates, which uſurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfet keyes open a wide gate to al wickedneſſe and inſolent government. Nought here ſpoken, as of purpoſe to deny fatherly rule and governaunce (as ſome maliciouſly of late have done, to the great unreſte and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to diſplaye the pride and diſorder of ſuch, as, in ſtede of feeding their ſheepe, indeede feede of their ſheepe.

Sourſe, welſpring and originall.

Borrowe, pledge or ſuertie.

The Geaunte is the great Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heaven on his ſhoulders: being indeede a marvelous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which, to mans ſeeming, perceth the cloudes, and ſeemeth to touch the heavens. Other thinke, and they not amiſſe, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the ſame countrye, who (as the Greekes ſay) did firſt fynd out the hidden courſes of the ſtarres, by an excellent imagination; wherefore the poetes feigned, that hee ſuſteyned the firmament on hys ſhoulders: Many other conjectures needleſſe be told hereof.

Warke, worke.

Encheaſon, cauſe, occaſion.

Dear borow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame.

Nought ſeemeth, is unſeemely.

Conteck, ſtriſe, contention.

Her, theyr, as uſeth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æſops fables, but the cataſtrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be underſtoode the ſimple ſort of the faythfull and true Chriſtians. By his dame Chriſte, that hath alreadie with carefull watchewords (as heere doth the Gote) warned hir little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the falſe and faithleſſe Papiſtes, to whom is no credit to be given, nor felowſhippe to be uſed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northernely ſpoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went: aforeſayd.

Shee ſet, a figure called *Fictio*, which uſeth to attribute reaſonable actions and ſpeaches to unreaſonable creatures.

The blooſmes of luſt, be the yong and moſſie heares, which then beginne to ſproute and ſhoote foorth, when luſtfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical πάθος.

Orphane, a yongling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor or governour.

That word, a patheticall parentheſis, to encreaſe a carefull hyperbaton.

The braunch, of the fathers body, is the child.

For even ſo, Alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in Virgile.

"Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat."

A thrilling throb, a percing ſighe.

Liggen, lye.

Maiſter of colluſion, ſ. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe, of all beaſts, is moſt wily and crafty.

Sperre the yate, ſhut the dore.

For ſuch, the gotes ſtombling is here noted as an evill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories; and that not the leaſte of the Lorde Haſtingues in King Rycharde the third his dayes. For, beſide his daungerous dreame (whiche was a ſhrewd prophecie of his miſhap that folowed) it is ſayd, that in the morning, ryding toward the tower of London, there to ſitte uppon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtombled twiſe or thriſe by the way: which, of ſome, that ryding with him in his company were privie to his neare deſtenie, was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great miſhap that enſewed. For being then as merye as man might be, and leaſt doubting any mortall daunger, he was, within two howres after, of the Tyranne put to a ſhamefull deathe.

As belles, by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no ſmal religion in Belles, and Babies, ſ. Idoles, and glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, and ſuch lyke trumperies.

Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntarye ſufferance, as a worke of merite and holy humbleneſſe.

Sweet S. Charitie, The Catholiques comen othe, and onely ſpeache, to have charitye alwayes in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward Actions, but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke, a keyhole. Whoſe diminutive is clicket, uſed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stounds, fittes: aforeſayde.

His lere, his leſſon.

Medled, mingled.

Beſtlihead, agreeing to the perſon of a beaſt.[y]

Sibbe, of kinne.

Newell, a newe thing.

To foreſtall, to prevent.

Glee, chere: afforeſayde.

Deare a price, his lyfe which he loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such ende, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale, whoſe purpoſe is to warne the proteſtaunt to beware, how he geveth credit to the unfaythfull Catholique: wherof we have dayly proofes

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[y] Beſtlihead, *agreeing to the perſon of a beaſt.*] So the edit. 1579, but the folio 1611 for "agreeing" has *a greeting*, which nonſenſe Todd reprinted. Farther on he omitted the words "in Fraunce" before "by Charles the nynth." C.

ſufficient, but one moſte famous of all practiſed of late yeares in Fraunce, by Charles the nynth.

Fayne, gladde or deſyrous.

Our ſir Iohn, a Popiſhe prieſt. A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunte unlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount, deſcende or ſet.

Nye, draweth nere.

EMBLEME.

Both theſe Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſhod breedeth miſtruſt in the mynd, thinking no leſſe guile to lurke in others then in hymſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth with an other peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying, as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythleſſe? For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they daily falſe, what hold is there of theyr religion? And thys is all that they ſaye.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue[a] *is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſucceſſe in his love. For being (as is aforeſaid) enamoured of a country laſſe, Roſalind, and having (as ſeemeth) founde place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is now forſaken unfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepheard, received diſloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.*

HOBBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

Hobbinoll.

LO! Collin, here the place whoſe pleſaunt ſyte
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mynde:
Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?
The ſimple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, ſo coole, as no where elſe I fynde;
The graſſye ground with daintye Dayſies dight,
The Bramble buſh, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.[b]

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[a] *This Æglogue*, &c.] This is one of the moſt poetical and elegant of the Paſtorals. T. WARTON.

[b] *To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.*] Compare with theſe

Col. O happy Hobbinoll! I bleſſe thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt founde whych Adam loſt:
Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of wolves to bene ytoſt;
Thy lovely layes here mayſt thou freely boſte:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruell fate
And angry gods purſue from coſte to coſte,
Can no where fynd to ſhroude my luckleſſe pate.[c]

Hob. Then, if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake the ſoyle that ſo doth thee bewitch;
Leave me thoſe hilles where harbrough nis to ſee,[d]
Nor holy buſh, nor brere, nor winding witche;
And to the dales reſort, where ſhipheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks, bene every where to ſee:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then pitche,
Nor elviſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owles doe flee;

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſyſters nyne, which dwell on Parnaſſe hight,
Doe make them muſick for their more delight;
And Pan himſelfe, to kiſſe their chriſtall faces,

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beautiful lines thoſe two moſt perfect ſtanzas, of their kind, in the "Faery Queen," B. ii. C. xii. ſt. 70, 71. C.

[c] *to ſhroude my luckleſſe pate.*] *Pate* was not a ludicrous or illiberal word formerly. It occurs in our tranſlation of the Pſalms: "His wickedneſs ſhall fall on his own *pate*." Pſ. vii. 17. T. WARTON.

"Shroude" is miſprinted *ſhrouder* in the 4to. 1579. C.

[d] *where harbrough nis to ſee.*] i. e. where no *ſhelter* is to bee ſeen, a not unuſual ſenſe of "harbrough," or harbour. In the next line we reſtore the old text "witche," altered by Hughes to *ditch*, moſt improperly, though approved by Todd. The meaning of "witch" is what we now call *with*, a winding *with*, or withy, in reference to the utter bareneſs of the ground, without a ſhrub, or a plant out of which even a *with* could be made. See "with" in Richardſon's *Dictionary:* Spenſer changed the ſpelling to "witche" for the rhyme ſake. C.

Will pype and daunce when Phœbe ſhineth bright:
Such pierleſſe pleaſures have we in theſe places.

Col. And I, whylſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yeeres,
Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love,
In ſuch delights did joy amongſt my peeres;
But ryper age ſuch pleaſures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies move
To ſtayed ſteps; for time in paſſing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen olde above,)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I ſing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verſes made;
Tho would I ſeeke for queene-apples unrype,
To give my Roſalind; and in ſommer ſhade
Dight gaudy girlonds was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more rype,
And loſſe of her, whoſe love as lyfe I wayd,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wype.

Hob. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on waſtfull hylls to ſinge,
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes,
Whoſe Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroude in ſhady leaves from ſonny rayes,
Frame to thy ſonge their cheereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for ſhame of thy ſweete layes.

I ſawe Calliope wyth Muſes moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to ſound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins[e] forgoe,

[e] *Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins.*] This is the ſpelling of the

And from the fountaine, where they ſat around,
Renne after haſtely thy ſilver ſound;
But, when they came where thou thy ſkill didſt ſhowe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with ſhame confound,
Shepheard to ſee them in theyr arte outgoe.

Col. Of Muſes, Hobbinoll, I conne no ſkill,
For they bene daughters of the higheſt Jove,
And holden ſcorne of homely ſhepheards quill;
For ſith I heard that Pan with Phœbus ſtrove,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove,
I never liſt preſume to Parnaſſe hyll,
But, pyping low in ſhade of lowly grove,
I play to pleaſe myſelfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my ſong doth prayſe or blame,
Ne ſtrive to winne renowne, or paſſe the reſt:
With ſhepheard ſittes not[f] followe flying fame,
But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem beſt.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely dreſt;
The fytter they my carefull caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unreſt,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the ſame.

The god of ſhepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make;[g]

4to. 1579, for *Lutes* and *timburins* of later impreſſions. When Drayton uſed the word *taburin*, he probably meant an inſtrument beaten with a ſtick like a tabor;

"Our Taburins in dolefull dumps are drownd."

This line is in the 4th Eglog of his "Shepherd's Garland," 1593, devoted to the loſs and praiſe of Sir Philip Sidney. C.

[f] *With ſhepheard ſittes not.*] Todd ſtates that "the 4to. 1586, and ſubſequent editions," alter "ſittes" (unqueſtionably the true lection) to *fits*. This is a miſtake, for *fits* is preſerved in the folio 1611. C.

[g] *as I can, to make.*] Sir J. Harington, in his "Apologie of Poetrie," 1591, attributed the merit of this application of the verb to "make,"

Hee, whilſt hee lived, was the ſoveraigne head
Of ſhepheards all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth hee waile his Woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames which love within his heart had bredd,
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our ſheepe about us ſafely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is,[h] and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O! why ſhould Death on hym ſuch outrage ſhowe?)
And all hys paſſing ſkil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But, if on me ſome little drops would flowe
Of that the ſpring was in his learned hedde,
I ſoone would learne theſe woods to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to ſhedde.

Then ſhould my plaints, cauſde of diſcurteſee,
As meſſengers of this my painfull plight,[i]
Flye to my love, where ever that ſhe bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As ſhee deſerves that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree
Didſt underfong[k] my laſſe to wexe ſo light,
Shouldeſt well be knowne for ſuch thy villanee.

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in the Greek ſenſe of ποιεῖν, to Puttenham, who wrote in 1589; but here we ſee it employed by Spenſer, in the ſame way, ten years earlier. Still more ancient inſtances might be pointed out. C.

[h] *Nowe dead hee is*, &c.] This and the ſeven ſubſequent lines are omitted in the quarto of 1597, and in the folios; but the folio of 1679 has acknowledged, at the end of the volume, the omiſſion. Todd.

[i] *As meſſengers of this my painfull plight.*] It is quite clear that Todd never collated the original edition of 1579 with ſubſequent impreſſions. He complains that in "the old editions" "this" is wanting, and blames Hughes and others for printing "painfull" inſtead of *plainfull*. The fact is that not only is "this" found in the 4to. 1579, but the epithet there is "painful," and we find "painful" preſerved in the folio 1611. As, however, "this" is wanting, Drayton put a *caret* in the margin of his folio 1611, to denote the abſence of ſome word to fill the meaſure. C.

[k] *Didſt underfong.*] *Underfong* means to *take*, to *undertake*, to

But ſince I am not as I wiſhe I were,
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witneſſe all of thys ſo wicked deede;
And tell the laſſe, whoſe flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultleſſe fayth is turned to faithleſſe fere,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepheards heart made bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her moſt dere.

Hob. O, carefull Colin! I lament thy caſe;
Thy teares would make the hardeſt flint to flowe.
Ah, faithleſs Roſalind and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I geſſe, homeward to goe:
Then ryſe, ye bleſſed Flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteppes do you forſloe,
And wett your tender Lambes that by you trace.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, ſituation and place.

Paradiſe, A Paradiſe in Greeke, ſignifieth a Garden of pleaſure, or place of delights. So hee compareth the ſoyle, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradiſe, in ſcripture called Eden, wherein Adam in his firſt creation was placed; which of the moſt learned is thought to be in Meſopotamia, the moſt fertile pleaſaunte country in the world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus deſcription of it, in the hiſtorie of Alexanders conqueſt thereof,) lying betweene the two famous Rivers (which are ſaid in ſcripture to flowe out of Paradiſe) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is ſo denominate.

Forſake the ſoyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but unfeynedly ſpoken

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manage, to *tamper with*: Chaucer uſes the word, "Rom. R." 5709. We find it again in *November*, ver. 22. T. WARTON.

of the Poete ſelfe, who for ſpeciall occaſion of private affayres (as I have bene partly of himſelfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the Northparts,[1] came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede adviſed him privately.

Thoſe hylles, that is in the North countrye, where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The Dales. The Southpartes, where he now abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye, and therefore ſo called, for *Kantſh* in the Saxons tongue ſignifieth woodie,) yet in reſpecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Ravens, &c. By ſuch hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all miſfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying every where.

Frendly faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet ſticketh very religiouſly in the myndes of ſome. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no ſuch thinges, nor yet the ſhadowes of the things, but onely by a ſort of bald Friers and knaviſh ſhavelings ſo feigned; which as in all other things, ſo in that, ſoughte to nouſell the comen people in ignoraunce, leaſt, being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme ſmell out the untruth of theyr packed pelfe, and Maſſepenie religion. But the ſooth is, that when all Italy was diſtraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, being two famous houſes in Florence, the name began through their great miſchiefes and many outrages, to be ſo odious, or rather dreadfull, in the peoples eares, that, if theyr children at any time were frowarde and wanton, they would ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from them (as many things elſ) be come into our uſage, and, for Guelfes and Gibelines, we ſay Elfes and Goblins. No otherwiſe then the Frenchmen uſed to ſay of that valiaunt captain, the very ſcourge of Fraunce, the Lorde Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrewſbury, whoſe nobleſſe bred ſuch a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times even great armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In ſomuch that the French wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is ſayd) or at the utmoſt but foure, yet, in reſpect of many gyftes of bountie, there may be ſayd more. And ſo Muſæus ſayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there ſat a hundred Graces. And, by that autho-

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[1] *removing out of the Northparts.*] From not conſulting the 4to. 1579, Todd here made a change and inſerted "and" between brackets, for which there is no neceſſity, if the old text of E. K.'s notes be followed: Todd was miſled by the folios. In the explanation of the "embleme," he placed "in" alſo between brackets, as if it were not in the old copies, "You remember, that *in* the firſt Æglogue," &c. It is both in the 4to. 1579, and in the folio 1611, ſo that in this caſe he looked at neither the one nor the other. C.

ritye, thys ſame Poete, in his Pageaunts, ſaith "An hundred Graces on her eyeledde ſatte," &c.

Heydeguies, A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce unto the Muſes and Pan his muſicke all night by Moonelight. To ſignifie the pleaſauntneſſe of the ſoyle.

Peeres. Equalles, and felow ſhepheards.

Quene-apples unripe, imitating Virgils verſe.

"Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala."

Neighbour groves, a ſtraunge phraſe in Engliſh, but word for word expreſſing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees ſpringing.

Calliope, aforeſayde. This ſtaffe is full of verie poetical invention.

Tamburines, an olde kind of inſtrument, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus: the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo, ſtriving for excellencye in muſicke, choſe Midas for their judge. Who, being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gave the victorye to Pan undeſerved: for which Phœbus ſette a payre of Aſſes eares upon hys head, &c.

Tityrus: That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already ſufficiently ſayde, and by thys more playne appeareth, that he ſayth, he told merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales, whom he calleth the God of the Poetes for hys excellencie; ſo as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ ſuæ*, ſ. the God of his life.

To make, to verſifie.

O why, A prety Epanorthoſis, or correction.

Diſcurteſie: he meaneth the falſeneſſe of his lover Roſalinde, who forſaking hym hadde choſen another.

Poynte of worthy wite, the pricke of deſerved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a ſhephearde in Virgile: but here is meant a perſon unknowne and ſecrete, againſt whom he often bitterly invayeth.

Underfonge, undermynde, and deceive by falſe ſuggeſtion.

EMBLEME.

You remember, that in the firſt Æglogue Colins Poeſie was *Anchora ſpeme;* for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whoſe hope, that was, is cleane extinguiſhed and turned into deſpeyre, he renounceth all comfort, and hope of goodneſſe to come; which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

IULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue[a] *is made in the honour and commendation of good ſhepeheardes, and to the ſhame and diſprayſe of proude and ambitious Paſtours: Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.*

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Thomalin.

IS not thilke ſame a goteheard prowde,
that ſittes on yonder bancke,
Whoſe ſtraying heard them ſelfe doth ſhrowde
emong the buſhes rancke?
Mor. What, ho! thou jollye ſhepheards ſwayne,
come up the hill to me;
Better is then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke and thee.
Thom. Ah! God ſhield, Man, that I ſhould clime,
and learne to looke alofte;
This reede is ryfe that, oftentime
Great clymbers fall unſoft.

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[a] *This Æglogue*, &c.] This Paſtoral reſembles in ſome reſpects "The Plowman's Tale." There is an abſurdity, as Mr. Warton obſerves, in the ſhepherds being ſo ſkilled in profane and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. TODD.

In humble dales is footing faſt,
the trode is not ſo tickle,[b]
And though one fall through heedleſſe haſt,
yet is his miſſe not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared up
his fierie footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe
and golden Diademe;
The rampant Lyon hunts he faſt,
with dogge of noyſome breath,
Whoſe balefull barking bringes in haſt
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynſt his cruell ſcortching heate,
where haſt thou coverture?
The waſtefull hylls unto his threate
is a playne overture:
But, if thee luſt to holden chat
with ſeely ſhepherds ſwayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can ſayne.
Mor. Syker, thous but a laeſie loord,
and rekes much of thy ſwinck,
That with fond termes, and weetleſſe words,
to blere mine eyes doeſt thinke.
In evill houre thou henteſt in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For ſacred unto ſaints they ſtond,
and of them han their name.
St. Michels Mount who does not know,
that wardes the Weſterne coſte?
And of St. Brigets bowre, I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaſte:

[b] *the trode is not ſo tickle.*] *Tread* or *path.* See the ſame ſubſtantive, F. Q. iii. ix. 49, vi. x. 5. Todd. In the 4to. 1579 the laſt word in the line is not "tickle," but *trickle*, a mere error of the compoſitor. C.

And they that con of Muſes ſkill
  ſayne moſt what, that they dwell
(As gote-heards wont) upon a hill,
  beſide a learned well.
And wonned not the great God Pan[c]
  upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the bleſſed flocke of Dan,
  which did himſelfe beget?
Thom. O bleſſed ſheepe! O ſhepheard great!
  that bought his flocke ſo deare,
And them did ſave with bloudy ſweat
  from Wolves that would them teare.
Mor. Beſyde, as holy fathers ſayne,
  there is a hyllye place,[d]
Where Titan ryſeth from the mayne
  to renne his dayly race,
Upon whoſe toppe the ſtarres bene ſtayed,
  and all the ſkie doth leane;
There is the cave where Phœbe layed
  the ſhepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there uſed ſhepheards all
  to feede theyr flockes at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
  that all the reſt did ſpill.
And, ſithens ſhepheardes bene foreſayd
  from places of delight,
For thy I weene thou be affrayd
  to clime this hilles height.

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[c] *And wonned not the great God Pan.*] Here Todd introduced a corruption of "*good* Pan" for "God Pan" without any authority. Juſt above he takes credit for reſtoring the original reading "ſayne" inſtead of *faine*, which he tells us is in modern editions; but "ſayne" is not only the text of the 4to. 1579, but of the folio 1611, &c. C.

[d] *there is a hyllye place.*] It is "hyllye place" in the 4to. 1579, but the uſual, uncollated, and erroneous text has been "*holy* place." The old compoſitor caught *holy* from the line above. C.

Of Synah can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladyes bowre;[e]
But little needes to ſtrow my ſtore,
ſuffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourſe,[f]
and Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the ſalt Medway his ſourſe,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe;
The ſalt Medway, that trickling ſtremis
adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackiſh waves be meynt.
Here growes Melampode every where,
and Teribinth, good for Gotes;
The one my madding kiddes to ſmere,
the next to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heven,
and thence the paſſage ethe;
As well can proove the piercing levin,
that ſeldome falles bynethe.
Thom. Syker, thou ſpeakes like a lewd lorrell,[g]
of Heaven to demen ſo;
How be I am but rude and borrell,[h]
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old ſayd ſawe;

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[e] *and of our Ladyes bowre.*] At Loretto. T. WARTON.

[f] *the holy Faunes recourſe.*] It is *reſource* in the earlieſt impreſſion, but "recourſe" afterwards, as in the folio 1611. C.

[g] *Syker, thou ſpeakes like a lewd lorrell.*] A *looſe, contemptible fellow.* See Chaucer's "Boethius," edit. Urr. p. 363:

"Every *lorell* ſhapeth hym to finde newe fraudes," &c.

See alſo "Wife of Bath's Prol." 273. T. WARTON.

[h] *How be I am but rude and borrell.*] *Ruſtick.* In Drayton's ſeventh Eglog, *Borrill* is the name of an old ſhepherd, "Shep. Garland," edit. 1593, p. 45. So in Chaucer, "Frank. Prol." 11028, edit. Tyrwhitt. TODD.

And he, that ſtrives to touch a ſtarre,
  oft ſtombles at a ſtrawe.
Alſoone may ſhepheard clymbe to ſkye
  that leades in lowly dales,
As goteherd prowd, that, ſitting hye,
  upon the Mountaine ſayles.
My ſeely ſheepe like well belowe,[i]
  they neede not Melampode,
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
  and liken their abode;
But if they with thy Gotes ſhould yede,
  they ſoone myght be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie fede,[k]
  or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls where dwelled holy ſaints
  I reverence and adore,
Not for themſelfe, but for the ſayncts
  Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,
  their good is with them goe;
Their ſample onely to us lent,
  That als we mought doe ſoe.
Shepheards they weren of the beſt,
  and lived in lowlye leas;
And, ſith theyr ſoules bene now at reſt,
  why done we them diſeaſe?[l]
Such one he was (as I have heard
  old Algrind often ſayne)

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[i] *My ſeely ſheepe like well belowe.*] i. e. my ſilly ſheep *thrive* well below: ſee Job xxxix. 4, where "good liking" is uſed for *thriving*. C.

[k] *Or like not of the frowie fede.*] *Muſty* or *moſſy*. It is alſo uſed in the "Faer. Qu." This word, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is now obſolete, and *frouzy* is uſed in its ſtead. Todd.

[l] *why done we them diſeaſe?*] Why do we give them uneaſineſs? why do we diſturb them? Fr. *deſaiſe*. See F. Q. vi. v. 40, &c. Todd. In the preceding line Todd careleſsly printed *they* for "theyr," and *be* for "bene." C.

That whilome was the firſt ſhepheard,
and lived with little gayne:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
ſimple as ſimple ſheepe;
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke which he did keepe.
Often he uſed of hys keepe
a ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kidde, now with a ſheepe,
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he unto hys Lord,
ſuch favour couth he fynd,
That ſithens never was abhord
the ſimple ſhepheards kynd.
And ſuch, I weene, the brethren were
that came from Canaän,
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty Pan.
But nothing ſuch thilke ſhephearde was
whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke to fetch a laſſe,
whoſe love he bought to[o] deare;
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no ſuch mought ſhepheards be)
And with lewde luſt was overlayd;
tway things doen ill agree.
But ſhepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well-eyed, as Argus was,
With fleſhly follyes undefyled,
and ſtoute as ſteede of braſſe.
Sike one (ſayd Algrin[d]) Moſes was,
that ſawe his makers face,
His face, more cleare then Chriſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knewe)
the firſt of all his cote,

A ſhepheard trewe, yet not ſo true
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were lowe and lief,
and loved their flocks to feede;
They never ſtroven to be chiefe,
and ſimple was theyr weede:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not ſo nighly wore;
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath theyr god them bliſt;
They reigne and rulen over all,
and lord it as they liſt;
Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold.[m]
(mought they good ſheepeheards bene?)
Theyr Pan theyr ſheepe to them has ſold,
I ſaye as ſome have ſeene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſawe thilke miſuſage;
For ſhepeheards (ſayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where;
Their ſheepe han cruſtes, and they the bread;
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O, ſeely ſheepe the while!)

[m] *belts of glitterand gold.*] Spenſer thus affectedly ſpells the participle *glittering*, in imitation of Chaucer. *Glitterand* is very frequently uſed by our author. See F. Q. ii. vii. 42, ii. xi. 17, i. iv. 16. Many of Chaucer's active participles are thus terminated, viz. *ſittande*, *ſmertande*, *laughande*, &c. for *ſitting*, *ſmarting*, *laughing*. We meet with this termination of the active participle very frequently in the ancient Scottiſh poets. T. Warton.

The corne is theyrs, let other threſh,
their handes they may not file.[n]
They han great ſtores and thriftye ſtockes,
great freendes and feeble foes;
What neede hem caren for their flocks,
theyr boyes can looke to thoſe.
Theſe wiſards weltre in welths waves,
pampred in pleaſures deepe;
They han fatte kernes,[o] and leany knaves,
their faſting flockes to keepe.
Sike miſter men bene all miſgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath;
Sike ſyrlye ſhepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.
Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
loſt for lacke of telling:
Now, ſicker, I ſee thou doeſt but clatter,
harme may come of melling.
Thou medleſt more then ſhall have thanke,
to wyten ſhepheards welth;
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a ſigne of helth.
But ſay me, what is Algrin[d], he
that is ſo oft bynempt?[p]
Thom. Hee is a ſhepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.

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[n] *their handes they may not file.*] *Defile.* See alſo F. Q. iii. i. 62. The uſe of "file" for *defile* was very common: ſee "Shakeſpeare" by Collier, 1858, v. 418. C.

[o] *They han fatte kernes.*] Shakeſpeare uſes kernes for irregular Iriſh foot-ſoldiers, but Spenſer gives it a wider application, and E. K. renders *kern* "a churl, a farmer." C.

[p] *ſo oft bynempt.*] So often *named*, or *mentioned*. We do not find the word uſed by other authors, though Chaucer has *nempte*, to which Richardſon refers us, but does not give. Tyrwhitt ſays that it is of Saxon origin, and means "to name," of which there can be no doubt. *Beiname* is uſed for ſurname, or nickname, in German. C.

One daye hee ſat upon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldeſt me;
But I am taught, by Algrin[d]s ill,
to love the lowe degree);
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalpe,
an Eagle ſored hye,
That, weening his whyte head was chalke,
a ſhell fiſh downe let flye:
Shee weend the ſhell fiſh to have broake,
but therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, aſtonied with the ſtroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.
Mor. Ah! good Algrin[d]! his hap was ill,
but ſhall be better in time.
Now farwell, ſhepheard, ſith thys hyll
thou haſt ſuch doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.[q]

In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.

In ſummo fælicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard: by Gotes, in ſcrypture, be repreſented the wicked and reprobate, whoſe paſtour alſo muſt needes be ſuch.

Banck, is the ſeate of honor.

Straying heard, which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als, for alſo.

Clymbe, ſpoken of Ambition.

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[q] *Thomalins embleme.*] The old editions print it as "Palinodes embleme," and ſo Todd and others; but it muſt be a miſprint, ſince the ſpeakers in the Eclogue are Thomalin and Morrell—Palinode having no concern in it. Mr. F. H. Child does not fall into this error in his impreſſion of Spenſer's works, Boſton, 1855, vol. IV. p. 330. C.

Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verſe. "Decidunt celſa graviore lapſus."[r] *Mickle*, much.

The ſonne: A reaſon why he refuſeth to dwell on Mountaines; becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcortching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whoteſt moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe, be two ſignes in the Firmament, through which the ſonne maketh his courſe in the moneth of July.

Lion, Thys is poetically ſpoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in July the ſonne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge ſtar, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate heate, cauſing peſtilence, drougth, and many diſeaſes.

Overture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and uſed in good writers.

To holden chatt, to talke and prate.

A loorde, was wont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time uſurped theyr tyrannie here in Brytanie, were called, for more dread than dignitie, Lurdanes, ſ. *Lord danes*. At which time it is ſayd, that the inſolencie and pryde of that nation was ſo outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and ſaw the Dane ſet foote upon the ſame, he muſte retorne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, or elſe abyde the pryce of his diſpleaſure, which was no leſſe then preſent death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became ſo odious unto the people, whom they had long oppreſſed, that even at this day they uſe, for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the fever lurdane.

Recks much of thy ſwinck, countes much of thy paynes.

Weeteleſſe, not underſtoode.

S. Michels mount, is a promontorie in the Weſt part of England.

A hill, Parnaſſus afforeſayd.

Pan, Chriſt.

Dan, one trybe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the Sonne. Which ſtory is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida, from whence, he ſayth, all night time is to bee ſeene a mightye fire, as if the ſkye burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a rownd forme, and thereof riſeth the ſonne, whome the Poetes call Titan.

The Shepheard, is Endymion, whom the Poets fayne to have bene ſo beloved of Phœbe. ſ. the Moone, that he was by her kept a ſleepe in a cave by the ſpace of xxx yeares, for to enjoye his companye.

There, that is, in Paradiſe, where, through errour of the ſhepheards underſtanding, he ſayth, that all ſhepheards did uſe to feede their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by hys folly and diſobedience, made all the reſt of hys ofspring be debarred and ſhutte out from thence.

Synah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Faunes, or Sylvanes, be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

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[r] *graviore lapſus.*] So printed originally in 1579, but ſubſequently altered to *lapſu*. C.

Medway, the name of a Ryver in Kent, which, running by Rocheſter, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe he is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the Sea.

Meynt, mingled.

Melampode and Terebinth, be hearbes good to cure diſeaſed Gotes: of thone ſpeaketh Mantuane, and of the other Theocritus.

Τερμίνθου τράγων εἰκατον ἀκρέμονα.

Nigher heaven: Note the ſhepheards ſimpleneſſe, which ſuppoſeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heaven.

Levin, lightning, which he taketh for an argument to prove the nighnes to heaven, becauſe the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the ſaying of the Poete:

"Feriuntque ſummos fulmina montes."

Lorrell, a loſell.

A borrell, a playne fellowe.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Yede, goe.

Frowye, muſtye or moſſie.

Of yore, long agoe.

Forewente, gone afore.

The firſte ſhepheard, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture ſayth) bent hys mind to keeping of ſheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe, hys charge, ſ. his flocke.

Lowted, did honour and reverence.

The brethren, the twelve ſonnes of Jacob, which were ſheepemaiſters, and lyved onelye thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which being the ſonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which, being with childe of hym, dreamed ſhee broughte forth a firebrand, that ſet the towre of Ilium on fire, was caſt forth on the hyll Ida, where being foſtered of ſhepheards, he eke in time became a ſhepheard, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A laſſe, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden Aple to her geven, then promiſed to Paris, who thereupon with a ſorte of luſtie Troyanes, ſtole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which was the cauſe of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moſte famous citie of all Aſia lamentably ſacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets deviſed to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: ſo called, becauſe that, in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middeſt of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron, whoſe name, for more Decorum, the ſhepheard ſayth he hath forgot, leaſt his remembraunce and ſkill in antiquities of holy writ ſhould ſeeme to exceede the meaneneſſe of the perſon.

Not ſo true, for Aaron, in the abſence of Moſes, ſtarted aſide, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, ſpoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which uſe ſuch tyrannicall colours and pompous paynting.

Belts, Girdles.

Glitterand, glittering, a participle uſed ſometime in Chaucer, but altogither in I. Gower.

Theyr Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greateſt ſhepheard.

Palinode, a ſhephearde, of whoſe report he ſeemeth to ſpeake all thys.

Wiſards, greate learned heads.

Welter, wallowe.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike miſter men, ſuch kinde of men.

Surly, ſtately and prowde.

Melling, medling.

Bett, better.[s]

Bynempte, named.

Gree, for degree.

Algrin[*d*], the name of a ſhepheard afforeſayde, whoſe myſhap he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet Æſchylus, that was brayned with a ſhellfiſhe.

EMBLEME.

By this poeſye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former ſpeach by ſondrye reaſons he had proved; for being both hymſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occaſion to prayſe the meane and lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie without feare, and quiet without daunger; according to the ſaying of olde Philoſophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midſt, being environed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuaunce of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in ſupremacie: for they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree, ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that ſtreight way ceaſeth[t] to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alleged in defence of humilitye, out of a great doctour. "Suorum Chriſtus humillimus:" which ſaying a gentle man in the companie taking at the rebownd, beate backe againe with a lyke ſaying of another doctoure, as he ſayde, "Suorum Deus altiſſimus."

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[s] Bett, *better.*] Todd altogether omits E. K.'s explanation of "Bett," although it is inſerted in all the old impreſſions, 4to. and folio. C.

[t] *then that ſtreight way ceaſeth*, &c.] Todd, following the later impreſſions, left out the word "ſtreight," and thus made nonſenſe of the paſſage. In the 4to. 1579 *altiſſimus* is miſprinted *alliſſimus*, at the end of E. K.'s notes. C.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is ſet forth a delectable controverſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgile faſhioned his third and ſeventh Æglogue. They choſe for umpere of their ſtrife, Cuddie, a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin, he ſayth, was Authour.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

Willie.

TELL me, Perigot, what ſhalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy muſick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?
Per. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill aſſayde,
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apayd?
Wil. What the foule evill hath thee ſo beſtadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the beſt,
And, wont to make the jolly ſhepeheards gladde,
With pyping and dauncing didſt paſſe the reſt.
Per. Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe daunce;
My old muſick mard by a new miſchaunce.

Wil. Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft us of our meriment.
But reede me what payne doth thee ſo apall;
Or loveſt thou, or bene thy younglings miſwent?
Per. Love hath miſled both my younglings and mee;
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to ſee.
Wil. Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers ſheepe in good plight:
But and if in rymes with me thou dare ſtrive,
Such fond fantſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.
Per. That ſhall I doe, though mochell worſe I fared:
Never ſhall be ſayde that Perigot was dared.
Wil. Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchaſed many a fayre ſight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre;
And over them ſpred a goodly wilde vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvye twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolvës jawes;
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheard ſwayne
To ſave the innocent from the beaſtes pawes,
And here with his ſheepehooke hath him ſlayne.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou ever ſene?
Well mought it beſeme any harveſt Queene.

Per. Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe;
Of all my flocke there nis ſike another,
For I brought him up without the Dambe;
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the playne field:
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yield.
Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall judge the wager wonne or loſt?
Per. That ſhall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which over the pouſſe hetherward doth poſt.

Wil. But, for the Sunnbeame ſo ſore doth us beate,
Were not better to ſhunne the ſcortching heate?
Per. Well agreed, Willie; then, ſitte thee downe, ſwayne;
Sike a ſong never heardeſt thou but Colin ſing.
Cud. Gynne when ye lyſt, ye jolly ſhepheards twayne;
Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.
Per. "It fell upon a holly eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, hollidaye!
Per. When holly fathers wont to ſhrieve;[a]
Wil. Now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill ſo hye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hyll!
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
Wil. The while the ſhepheard ſelfe did ſpill.
Per. I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonibell!
Per. Tripping over the dale alone;
Wil. She can trippe it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greete![b]
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene ſaye,[c]
Wil. The greene is for maydens meete.
Per. A chapelet on her head ſhe wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!

---

[a] *wont to ſhrieve.*] To ſhrive or "ſhrieve" (uſually the former) means to take confeſſion, and ſometimes to confeſs: from the A. S. *ſcriffan.* C.

[b] *gray is greete.*] The Eclogue for April opens with the uſe of "greet" as a verb: "What gan thee greet?" i. e. what makes thee *complain* or *grieve?* "Greete," as a ſubſtantive, means *ſorrow* and *mourning*, ſo that "gray is greete," is as much as to ſay that gray, as a colour, indicates lamentation. C.

[c] *a Kirtle of greene ſaye.*] "Kirtle" generally means a petticoat; but, as applied to the dreſs of men, a ſurcoat or cloak. The material of which "ſaye" was compoſed, does not ſeem aſcertained: we obtained the word from the Fr., but it has uſually been derived from the Lat. *ſagum*, becauſe the cloaks of ſoldiers were often made of it. It was, no doubt, a ſtrong coarſe ſtuff. C.

Per. Of ſweete Violets therein was ſtore,
Wil. She ſweeter then the Violet.
Per. My ſheepe did leave theyr wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, ſeely ſheepe!
Per. And gazd on her as they were wood.[d]
Wil. Woode as he that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilaſſe paſſed bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonilaſſe!
Per. She rovde at mee with glauncing eye,
Wil. As cleare as the chriſtall glaſſe:
Per. All as the Sunny beame ſo bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Sunnebeame!
Per. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy hart did ſtreame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Thonder!
Per. Wherein the lightſome levin[e] ſhroudes,
Wil. So cleaves thy ſoule a ſonder:
Per. Or as Dame Cynthias ſilver raye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Moonelight!
Per. Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
Wil. Such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide;
Wil. Hey, ho, the glyder!
Per. Therewith my ſoule was ſharply gryde.
Wil. Such woundes ſoone wexen wider.
Per. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!

---

[d] *as they were wood.*] As if they were *mad*, and we have it in the next line in the ſame ſenſe. The word was extremely common: Shakeſpeare puns upon it in "Midſ. N. Dream," A. ii. Sc. 2. C.

[e] *the lightſome levin.*] The brilliant or vivid lightning. Todd refers us to Chaucer for "levin;" but it was by no means an uncommon word. Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of Virgil, B. ii. ſpells it *levening*, and the more uſual mode was *leven*. C.

Per. I left the head in my hartroote,
Wil. It was a deſperate ſhot.
Per. There it ranckleth, ay more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrowe!
Per. Ne can I find ſalve for my ſore:
Wil. Love is a cureleſſe ſorrowe.[f]
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
Per. Yet ſhould thilk laſſe not from my thought,
Wil. So you may buye golde to[o] deere.
Per. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching payne!
Per. Or thrive in wealth, ſhe ſhalbe mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for graceleſſe greefe I dye,
Wil. Hey, ho, graceleſſe griefe!
Per. Witneſſe ſhee ſlewe me with her eye.
Wil. Let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that ſawe it, ſimple ſhepe,
Wil. Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
Per. For priefe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
Wil. And mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I love on a hollye eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holidaye!
Per. That ever ſince my hart did greve,
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay."
Cud. Sicker, ſike a roundle[g] never heard I none;

---

[f] *Love is a cureleſſe ſorrowe.*] Surely we muſt here read *cureleſs* for "careleſſe;" but in all editions, ancient and modern, the epithet is "careleſſe." Perigot ſays that he can find no ſalve for his ſore, upon which Willie obſerves that love is incurable: "Love is a *cureleſſe* ſorrowe." It ſeems ſtrange that ſuch an obvious miſprint ſhould have been ſo long preſerved. C.

[g] *Sicker, ſike a roundle.*] *Certainly ſuch* a roundle. So Chaucer in "The Legende of good Women," edit. Urr. ver. 423.

"And many an hymne, for your holy daies,
"That hightin balades, *rondils*, virelaies." T. WARTON.

Little lacketh Perigot of the beſt,
And Willye is not greatly overgone,
So weren his underſongs well addreſt.
Wil. Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a ſquint eye:
Areede uprightly who has the victorye.
Cud. Fayth of my ſoule, I deeme ech have gayned;
Forthy let the Lambe be Willye his owne;
And for Perigot, ſo well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleaſed with the doome;
Ne can Willye wite the witeleſſe herdgroome.
Wil. Never dempt more right of beautye, I weene,
The ſhepheard of Ida that judged beauties Queene.
Cud. But tell me, ſhepherds, ſhould it not yſhend[h]
Your roundels freſh, to heare a doolefull verſe
Of Roſalend (who knowes not Roſalend?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearſe.[i]
Per. Now ſay it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ſadde.
Wil. Fayth of my ſoule, thou ſhalt ycrouned be
In Colins ſtede, if thou this ſong areede;
For never thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud. Then liſtneth ech unto my heavie laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may.

---

[h] *ſhould it not yſhend.*] Should it not *reprove* or *rebuke* your cheerful roundels to hear a ſad verſe regarding Roſalind? C.

[i] *ylke can I you rehearſe.*] *That*, or *the ſame*. So Chaucer, "Prol. Cant. T." 64, edit. Tyrwhitt, "This *ilke* worthy Knight," &c. Again, "Kn. Tale," 3035, "All goth that *ilke* way." It is a common Scottiſh expreſſion. Hence, ſays Ruddiman, in his Gloſſary to G. Douglas, "the ordinary S. phraſe, *Of that ilk*, (A. S. thaet ylca,) i. e. *of the ſame*, when a knight's or laird's ſurname and title are the ſame, as *Pitcairn of that ilk*, *Grant of that ilk*, &c. which is commonly reckoned a ſign of the antiquity of the family, and that the perſon is chief of the blood; though ſometimes it is otherwiſe." TODD.

" Ye waſtefull Woodes! beare witneſſe of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound;
Ye careleſſe byrds are privie to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were woont to make a part:
Thou, pleaſaunt Spring, haſt luld me oft aſleepe,
Whoſe ſtreames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

" Reſort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe;
The foreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes:
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my love did part,
Whoſe waylefull want debarres mine eyes from ſleepe.[k]

" Let ſtremes of teares ſupply the place of ſleepe;
Let all, that ſweete is, voyd; and all, that may augment
My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle my woe
Bene the wild woddes, my ſorowes to reſound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them ſee ſo waiſt, and fynd no part

" Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtfull grove therefore, till my laſt ſleepe
Doe cloſe mine eyes; ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as chaunge my reſtleſſe woe.
Help me, yee banefull byrds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Ys ſigne of dreery death, my deadly cryes

" Moſt ruthfully to tune: and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)

---

[k] *debarres mine eyes from ſleepe.*] So the firſt edition, and moſt properly. Todd, following the folio 1611, printed " debars mine eyes *of* ſleepe;" as if " debars " had been *deprives*. Drayton ſaw the error, and reſtored " from " in his copy of the folio 1611; but Todd, perverſely, juſtifies *of*. C.

You heare all night, when nature craveth ſleepe,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaintes, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to wayſt, till ſafe and ſound

"She home returne, whoſe voyces ſilver ſound
To cheerefull ſonges can chaunge my chereleſſe cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed byrd, that ſpends her time of ſleepe
In ſonges and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
The memorie of hys miſdeede that bred her woe.

"And you that feele no woe,
when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cryes
ye heare apart,
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe,
and pitie augment."

Per. O Colin, Colin! the ſhepheards joye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verſe![1]
And Cuddie, freſh Cuddie, the liefeſt boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didſt rehearſe!
Cud. Then blowe your pypes, ſhepheards, til you be at home;
The night nigheth faſt,[m] yts time to be gone.

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[1] *How I admire ech turning of thy verſe.*] Still apoſtrophizing to Colin. Hughes improperly reads "*the* verſe," which other editions have followed. Todd. Every old edition has "thy." C.

[m] *The night nigheth faſt.*] Here Todd gave *higheth*, of the folio 1611, for "nigheth" of the 4to. 1579: the meaning is not that the night hurries faſt away, but approaches, or draws nigh faſt. Drayton ſaw the unfitneſs of *higheth*, and altered it, conſiſtently with the laſt line but one of the Æcl. for May. C.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Beſtadde, diſpoſed, ordered.
Peregall, equall.
Whilome, once.
Rafte, bereft, deprived.
Miſwent, gon a ſtray.
Ill may, according to Virgile,
"Infelix o semper ovis pecus."
A mazer: So alſo do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their ſtrife.

Enchaſed, engraven. Such pretie deſcriptions every where uſeth Theocritus to bring in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe, indeed, he by that name termeth his Æglogues; for Idyllion in Greeke ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thing, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I have heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, wrought betwene.

Harveſt Queene, The maner of country folke in harveſt tyme.

Pouſſe, Peaſe.

It fell upon: Perigot maketh all hys ſong in prayſe of his love, to whom Willy anſwereth every underverſe. By Perigot who is ment, I can not uprightly ſay; but if it be who is ſuppoſed, his love deſerveth no leſſe prayſe then he giveth her.

Greete, weeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leven, Lightning.

Cynthia, was ſayd to be the Moone.

Gryde, perced.

But if, not unleſſe.

Squint eye, partiall judgement.

Eche have, ſo ſaith Virgile,

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic," &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaſeth both partes.[n]

Doome, judgement.

Dempt, for deemed, judged.

Wite the witeleſſe, blame the blameleſſe.

The ſhepherd of Ida, was ſayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris adjudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of hir beautie.

EMBLEME.

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claming the conqueſt, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cauſe, and Patron of his own, ſemeth to chalenge it, as his dew, ſaying, that he is happy which can, ſo abruptly ending; but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beſte, or moderate him ſelfe being beſt, and leave of with the beſt.

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[n] *So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaſeth both partes.*] Theſe words are entirely omitted by Todd, becauſe he did not find them in the folio 1611, by which, almoſt ſolely, he was guided. We take them from the 4to. 1579. C.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

HEREIN Diggon Davie is deviſed to be a ſhepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his ſheepe into a farre countrye. The abuſes whereof, and looſe living of Popiſh prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, he diſcourſeth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

Hobbinoll.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bidde her god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſaye.
Dig. Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the dirke[a] night doth haſt.
Hob. Diggon, areede who has thee ſo dight;
Never I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred, or at miſchiefe dead?
Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee moſt leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old griefe;
Sike queſtion rippeth up cauſe of newe woe,

[a] *the dirke night.*] "Dirke" is *dark*, and in the folio 1611 "dirke" is altered to *darke*: we have "dirke" afterwards as the rhyme to "mirke." Todd calls it "the old northern word for *dark*." C.

For one, opened, mote unfolde many moe.
Hob. Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart,
I know, to kepe is a burdenous ſmart:
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is falln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe, ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,
Thriſe three Moones bene fully ſpent and paſt;
Since when thou haſt meaſured much grownd,
And wandred, I wene,[b] about the world round,
So as thou can many thinges relate;
But tell me firſt of thy flocks aſtate.
Dig. My ſheepe bene waſted; (wae is me therefore!)
The jolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor jollye, nor ſhepehearde more.
In forrein coſtes men ſayd was plentye;
And ſo there is, but all of miſerye:
I dempt there much to have eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countries, whereas I have bene,
No being for thoſe that truely mene;
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,
No ſuch countrye as there to remaine;
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name:
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the ſhepheards throte.[c]
The ſhepheardes ſwayne you cannot wel ken,

[b] *And wandred, I wene.*] Todd, becauſe he found *weele* in the folio 1611, ſo printed it, inſtead of "I wene," (i. e. I believe,) which is the text of the 4to. 1579, and undoubtedly what Spenſer wrote. *Weele* was probably miſheard by the old compoſitor for "I wene." C.

[c] *Or they will carven the ſhepheards throte.*] So Chaucer, "Kn. Tale," v. 2015, edit. Urr.

"———— with *throte ycorve*,
"A thouſand ſleine—" T. WARTON.

But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtate,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.[d]
Hob. Diggon, I am ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtanck,
That uneth may I ſtand any more;
And nowe the Weſterne winde bloweth ſore,
That nowe is in his chiefe ſovereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the bluſtring blaſt.
Now ſay on, Diggon, what ever thou haſt.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curſe the ſtounde
That ever I caſt to have lorne this grounde:
Wel-away the while I was ſo fonde
To leave the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So loſt the Dogge the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheepe (ah, ſeely ſheepe!)
That here by there I whilome uſd to keepe,
All were they luſtye as thou didſt ſee,
Bene all ſterved with pyne and penuree:[e]
Hardly my ſelfe eſcaped thilke payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.
Hob. Ah fon! now by thy loſſe art taught,
That ſeeldome chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed ſtate
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;

---

[d] *As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.*] *Crank* is *luſty, courageous.* See Minſheu, in V. Drayton uſes the word in his "Shepherd's Garl." 1593. Todd.

[e] *Bene all ſterved with pyne and penuree.*] See the ſame expreſſion, F. Q. i. ix. 35.

"His raw-bone cheekes, through *penurie* and *pine*,
"Where ſhronke into his iawes," &c. Todd.

But who will ſeeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by loſſe, and leaves with payne.
Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne deſire and hope to be enricht;
But, ſicker, ſo it is, as the bright ſtarre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre:
I thought the ſoyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing ſich;
For eyther the ſhepeheards bene ydle and ſtill,
And ledde of theyr ſheepe what way they wyll,
Or they bene falſe, and full of covetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong empriſe:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſette all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They ſaye they con to heaven the high-way,
But, by my ſoule, I dare underſaye
They never ſette foote in that ſame troade,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the devill at commaund,
But aſke hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,[f]
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrowe.
But they han ſold thilke ſame long agoe,
For thy woulden draw[g] with hem many moe.

---

[f] *Pan bought with deare borrow.*] The word "borrow," which uſually meant *ſecurity*, is here in a manner explained by "paund" in the preceding line. C.

[g] *For thy woulden draw.*] i. e. *Therefore* would draw with them many more. Todd, not underſtanding the paſſage, followed the miſprint of the folio 1611, "For *they* would draw." "For thy" was the old form of *therefore*, as "for why" was of *wherefore*. C.

But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.
Hob. Diggon, I praye thee, ſpeake not ſo dirke;
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.
Dig. Then, playnely to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what,
Badde is the beſt; (this Engliſh is flatt.)
Their ill haviour garres men miſſay
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.
They ſayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her ſhepheards bene beaſtly and blont.
Other ſayne, but howe truely I note,
All for they holden ſhame of theyr cote:
Some ſticke not to ſay, (whote cole on her tongue!)
That ſike miſchiefe graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre;
For ſuch encheaſon, if you goe nye,
Fewe chimneis reeking you ſhall eſpye:
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the ſtal,
Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr ſteads,
Ylike as a Monſter of many heads;
But they, that ſhooten neereſt the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge Bulles of Baſan brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more ſtoute;
But the leane ſoules treaden under foote,
And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to reſtore:
For they bene like foule wagmoires overgraſt,
That, if thy galage[h] once ſticketh faſt,

[h] *That, if thy galage.*] Todd takes credit for reſtoring "thy," telling us that in the folios and modern editions it is "if *any* galage." This

The more to wind it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
Yet better leave off with a little loſſe,
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſſe.
Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt to[o] plaine;
Better it were a little to feyne,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured:
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of ſike paſtoures howe done the flocks creepe?
Dig. Sike as the ſhepheards, ſike bene her ſheepe,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheards voyce;
But if he call hem, at theyr good choyce
They wander at wil and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to theyr folds yead[i] at their owne leaſure.
But they had be better come at their cal;
For many han into miſchiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.
Hob. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leaſing!
Well is knowne that ſith the Saxon king,
Never was Woolfe ſeene, many nor ſome,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendome;
But the fewer Woolves (the ſoth to ſayne)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.
Dig. Yes, but they gang in more ſecrete wiſe,
And with ſheepes clothing doen hem diſguiſe.
They walke not widely[k] as they were wont,

---

is a miſtake, for, at all events, the folio of 1611, which Todd generally follows, reads "That if thy galage," like the 4to. 1579. In the Gloſs upon February, E. K. explains "galage" as "a ſtartup or clowniſh ſhoe," meaning the heavy ankle-boots ſtill worn by peaſants. C.

[i] *And to theyr folds yead.*] So the folio 1611: the earlier impreſſions have *yeeld* for "yead," i. e. *go*. The verb more frequently occurs in the paſt tenſe, *yode*, which is equivalent to *went*. C.

[k] *They walke not widely.*] So the 4to. 1579, and rightly; but in the folio 1611 "walke" is altered to *talke*. C.

For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling two and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.
Hob. Or prive or pert[1] yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their ſkinne.
Dig. Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre:
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy ſhepheards to diſcerne their face;
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene ſo grave and full of mayntenaunce.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelfe knowe
Chaunced to Roffynn[m] not long ygoe?
Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is ſo meeke, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable.
Colin Clout, I wene, be his ſelfe boye,
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my ioye!)
Shepheards ſich, God mought us many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully theyr flocks tend.
Dig. Thilk ſame ſhepheard mought I well marke,
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke;
Never had ſhepheard ſo kene a kurre,
That waketh and if but a leafe ſturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,[n]

---

[1] *Or prive or pert.*] *Secret* or *open*. So Shakeſpeare in "Cymbeline," A. iii. Sc. 4, uſes *privy*—"privy, yet full of view." Collier's "Shakeſpeare," 1858, vol. vi. p. 316. C.

[m] *Chaunced to Roffynn.*] E. K. in his Gloſſe calls this name not Roffyn, or Roffin, but *Roffy*, and tells us that it is a name uſed by Marot. See alſo afterwards. C.

[n] *had glutted his gulfe.*] So all impreſſions: but Todd miſprinted "glutted" *gutted*. "Gulfe" is paunch, and this paſſage may be taken as an illuſtration of "Macbeth," A. iv. Sc. 1:—

"maw and gulf
"Of the ravind ſalt-ſea ſhark."

And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin ſhone fayre,
Ycladde in clothing of ſeely ſheepe,
When the good old man uſed to ſleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call,)
As if a Woolfe were emong the ſheepe:
With that the ſhepheard would breake his ſleepe,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dog hote)°
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
This Wolviſh ſheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell waſt;
With that to the wood would he ſpeede him faſt.
Long time he uſed this ſlippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
At end, the ſhepheard his practiſe ſpyed,
(For Roffy is wiſe, and as Argus eyed,)
And when at even he came to the flocke,
Faſt in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the ſheepes bloud at his throte.
Hob. Marry, Diggon, what ſhould him affraye
To take his owne where ever it laye?
For, had his weſand bene a little widder,
He woulde have devoured both hidder and ſhidder.
Dig. Miſchiefe light on him, and Gods great curſe!
Too good for him had bene a great deale worſe;
For it was a perilous beaſt above all,
And eke had he cond the ſhepherds call,
And oft in the night came to the ſhepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,

° *for ſo his dog hote.*] For ſo his dog was *named* or *called:* A. S. *hætan,* to call.

As if it the olde man[p] ſelfe had bene:
The dog his maiſters voice did it wene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No ſooner was out, but, ſwifter then thought,
Faſt by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy renne to the ſteven,[q]
Lowder had bene ſlaine thilke ſame even.
Hob. God ſhield, man, hee ſhould ſo ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoyre belive![r]
If ſike bene Wolves, as thou haſt told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?
Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfullneſſe,
Forſtallen hem of their wilineſſe:
For thy with ſhepheard ſittes not playe,
Or ſleepe, as ſome doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From ſoddein force theyr flocks for to gard.
Hob. Ah, Diggon! thilke ſame rule were too ſtraight,
All the cold ſeaſon to wach and waite;
We bene of fleſh, men as other bee,
Why ſhould we be bound to ſuch miſeree?
Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable reſt,
Mought needes decay, when it is at beſt.
Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought eaſeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What ſhall I doe? what way ſhall I wend,
My piteous plight and loſſe to amend?

---

[p] *As if it the olde man.*] Todd omits "it," and ſo ſubſequent editors, excepting Mr. F. J. Child in his impreſſion, Boſton, U. S. 1855. C.

[q] *And, had not Roffy renne to the ſteven.*] *Noiſe.* So Chaucer, "Leg. of Philomela," v. 101.

"She cryith ſuſter with full loude *ſteven.*" T. Warton.

[r] *All for he did his devoyre belive.*] "Becauſe he did his *duty promptly* or *quickly*." The word *devoyre* being the French *devoir*, duty; and *belive* being often uſed for *quickly* in the F. Q. Todd.

Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
Of ayde or counſell in my decaye.
Hob. Now, by my ſoule, Diggon, I lament
The hapleſſe miſchiefe that has thee hent;
Netheleſſe thou ſeeſt my lowly ſaile,
That froward fortune doth ever availe:[s]
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought pleaſe,
Diggon ſhould ſoone finde favour and eaſe:
But if to my cotage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can I wil thee comfort;
There mayſt thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune ſhewe forth his head.
Dig. Ah, Hobbinoll! God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe ſuch freends did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phraſe of ſpeache, in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the comen. The cauſe whereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the party herein meant, who, being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forrain countryes, and there ſeene many diſorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for praiers, and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beades, ſ. to ſaye his praiers.

Wightly, quicklye, or ſodenly.

Chaffred, ſolde.

Dead at miſchiefe, an unuſuall ſpeache, but much uſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, deare.

Ethe, eaſie.

Thriſe three Moones,[t] nine monethes.

---

[s] *That froward fortune doth ever availe.*] Todd clearly did not underſtand this line: he took "availe" in the modern acceptation, whereas it meant of old to *lower*, to *ſubmit*, and the ſenſe is, that froward fortune always lowers Hobbinol's humble ſail.

[t] *Thriſe three Moones.*] Miſprinted in the 4to. 1579, "*Theſe* three Moones;" but ſee p. 103. C.

Meaſured, for traveled.
Wae, woe, Northernly.
Eeked, encreaſed.
Carven, cutte.
Kenne, know.
Cragge, neck.
State, ſtoutly.
Stanck, weary or fainte.
And nowe: hee applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of harveſt, which they call the fall of the leafe; at which tyme the Weſterne wynde beareth moſt ſwaye.
A mocke, Imitating Horace, "*Debes ludibrium ventis.*"
Lorne, lefte.
Soote, ſwete.
Uncouthe, unknowen.
Hereby, there, here and there.
As the brighte, &c. tranſlated out of Mantuane.
Empriſe, for enterpriſe. Per Syncopen.
Conteck, ſtrife.
Trode, path.
Marrie that, that is, their ſoules, which by popiſh exorciſmes and practices they damne to hell.
Blacke, hell.
Gange, goe.
Miſter, maner.
Mirke, obſcure.
Warre, worſe.
Crumenall, purſe.
Brace, compaſſe.
Encheſon, occaſion.
Overgraſt, overgrowen with graſſe.
Galage, ſhoe.
The groſſe, the whole.
Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.
Saxon King, King Edgare that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lord which king cauſed all the Wolves, whereof then was ſtore in this countrye, by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as never ſince that time there have ben Wolves here founde, unleſſe they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of untruth, for ſaying that there be Wolves in England.
Nor in Chriſtendome: this ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and unreaſonable; but indede it was wont to be an olde proverbe and comen phraſe. The original whereof was, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in myſbeliefe and unchriſtened: So that Kent was counted no part of Chriſtendome.
Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iuſtice.
Enaunter, leaſt that.
Inly, inwardly: afforeſayde.
Prively or pert, openly, ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. Whome he here commendeth for greate care and wiſe governance of his flock.

Colin cloute: Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Authour ſelfe, whoſe eſpeciall good freend Hobbinoll ſayth hee is, or more rightly Mayſter Gabriel Harvey: of whoſe ſpeciall commendation, aswell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we have lately had a ſufficient tryall in divers his workes, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*, which boke, in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, he dedicated in writing to her Majeſtie, afterward preſenting the ſame in print to her Highneſſe at the worſhipfull Maiſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable writings, partely under unknown tytles, and partly under counterfayt names, as his *Tyrannomaſtix*, his *Ode Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and eſſpecially that parte of *Philomuſus*, his divine *Anticoſmopolita*, and divers other of lyke importance. As alſo, by the name of other ſhepheardes, he covereth the perſons of divers other his familiar freendes and beſt acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to coloure ſome particular Action of his. But what, I certeinlye know not.

Wonned, haunted.

Welkin, ſkie: afforeſaid.

A weanell waſte, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and ſhidder, he and ſhe, Male and Female.

Steven, noyſe.

Belive, quickly.

What ever, Ovids verſe tranſlated.

"Quod caret alterna requie durabile non eſt."

Forehaile, drawe or diſtreſſe.

Vetchie, of Peaſe ſtrawe.

EMBLEME.

This is the ſaying of Narciſſus in Ovid. For when the fooliſhe boy, by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in love with his owne likeneſſe, and not hable to content him ſelfe with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plentye made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon uſeth it[u] to other purpoſe, as who that, by tryall of many wayes, had founde the worſt, and through greate plentye was fallen into great penurie. This poeſie I knowe to have bene much uſed of the author, and to ſuche like effecte, as fyrſte Narciſſus ſpake it.

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[u] *But our Diggon uſeth it.*] Todd omitted both "our" and "it," but the firſt is left out in the folio 1611: "it" is abſolutely required by the ſenſe. Above Todd printed "*Olde Natalitia*," inſtead of "Ode Natalitia," a corruption alſo in the folio 1611. C.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is ſet out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenaunce of his ſtate and ſtudies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongſt the moſt barbarous, alwayes of ſingular accounpt and honor, and being indede ſo worthy and commendable an arte; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly inſtinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain Ἐνθουσιασμὸς *and celeſtiall inſpiration, as the Author hereof els where at large diſcourſeth in his booke called* The Engliſh Poete, *which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace, upon further adviſement, to publiſh.*

PIERCE. CUDDIE.

Pierce.

CUDDIE, for ſhame! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us caſt with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the ſhepheards laddes to leade

In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding baſe;[a]
Nowe they in thee, and thou in ſleepe art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have pyped erſt ſo long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
And my poore Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſſe gayne.
Such pleaſaunce makes the Graſhopper ſo poore,
And ligge ſo layd, when Winter doth her ſtraine.

The dapper ditties,[b] that I wont deviſe
To feede youthes fanſie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the bett for thy?[c]
They han the pleaſure, I a ſclender priſe;
I beate the buſh, the byrds to them do flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can ariſe?

Piers. Cuddie, the prayſe is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O! what an honor is it, to reſtraine
The luſt of lawleſſe youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleaſaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou liſt their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynſt to ſette thy notes in frame,
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
Seemeth thou doeſt their ſoule of ſenſe bereave;
All as the ſhepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
His muſicks might the helliſh hound did tame.

[a] *in bydding baſe.*] i. e. in challenging to conteſts of ſpeed—*inviting* to the trial. The game was uſually called *Priſon*, or *Priſoners' baſe*. C.

[b] *The dapper ditties.*] The *neat* or *pretty* ſongs, &c. So Drayton, in his "Shepherd's Garland," ed. 1593, p. 13.

"—— tune thy reed to *dapper* virelays." TODD.

The original meaning of the word "dapper" was *vigorous, bold, ſtrong*. C.

[c] *what I the bett for thy?*] What am I the *better* therefore? C.

Cud. So prayſen babes the Peacoks ſpotted trayne,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for thy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſkye;
Sike words bene wynd, and waſten ſoone in vayne.

Piers. Abandon, then, the baſe and viler clowne;
Lift up thy ſelfe out of the lowly duſt,
And ſing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giuſts;
Turne thee to thoſe that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſſe armour ruſts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttryng wing,
And ſtretch her ſelfe at large from Eaſt to Weſt;
Whither thou liſt in fayre Eliſa reſt,
Or, if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Advaunce the worthy whome ſhee loveth beſt,
That firſt the white beare to the ſtake did bring.

And, when the ſtubborne ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring,
Of love and luſtihead tho mayſt thou ſing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Eliſa one of thilke ſame ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven ſownde.

Cud. Indeede the Romiſh Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon hee earſt had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did ſing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verſe to here.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Auguſtus long ygoe is dead,

And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring doe were dreade,[d]
The loftie verſe of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoope,
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of eaſe,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe
To put in preace emong the learned troupe:
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wittes to ceaſe,
And ſonnebright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poeſie,
Yet of the old ſtocke, gan to ſhoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forſt to fayne,[e]
And rolle with reſt in rymes of ribaudrye;
Or, as it ſprong, it wither muſt agayne:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierleſſe Poeſye! where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe ſitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the moſt fitt,)
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aſpyring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, flye backe to heaven apace.

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[d] *who in derring doe were dreade.*] The etymology of "derring," whether from *daring*, or the Fr. *déreſner*, is uncertain; but we may perhaps accept it here in the former ſenſe, and underſtand "derring doe" as *daring deed*, or *enterpriſe*. C.

[e] *Or it mens follies mote be forſt to fayne.*] A miſprint was here of old introduced into the text, which has miſled all modern editors: the earlieſt impreſſion gives the very intelligible words we have printed, but afterwards the line was thus corrupted:—

"Or it mens follies mote *to force* to fain;"

which is nonſenſe. Nobody ſeems to have thought it worth while to refer back beyond the fol. 1611, from which it is pretty clear that Todd printed. Drayton put a mark of interrogation in his margin. C.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight;
Her peeced pyneons bene not ſo in plight:
For Colin fittes ſuch famous flight to ſcanne;
He, were he not with love ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.[f]

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him climbe ſo hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathſome myre:
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would rayſe ones mynd above the ſtarry ſkie,
And cauſe a caytive corage to aſpire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwiſe[g] the ſtate of Poet ſtands;
For lordly love is ſuch a Tyranne fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell:
Unwiſely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever caſts to compaſſe wightye priſe,
And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
Let powre in laviſh cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wiſe;
And, when with Wine the braine begins to ſweate,
The nombers flowe as faſt as ſpring doth ryſe.

Thou kenſt not, Percie, howe the ryme ſhould rage,
O! if my temples were diſtaind with wine,

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[f] *and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.*] i. e. as *ſweet* as ſwan. It is ſingular to find Spenſer praiſing himſelf in terms ſo extravagant, however well deſerved. It is clear, as Warton remarks, from this ſtanza that Cuddie could not have been meant for Spenſer, as E. K. haſtily ſuggeſts in his Gloſs. Colin was Spenſer's paſtoral and poetical appellation. C.

[g] *Cud. All otherwiſe*, &c.] This ſpeech has no prefix in the edit. 1579, but it has always been aſſigned to Cuddy, and, no doubt, properly. The omiſſion has never been obſerved upon. C.

And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teache her tread aloft in buſkin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme:
For thy content us in thys humble ſhade,
Where no ſuch troublous tydes han us aſſayde;
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.
Piers. And, when my Gates ſhall han their bellies layd,
Cuddie ſhall have a Kidde to ſtore his farme.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante caleſcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein he reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuſe for his niggardiſe towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good deeds, or ſhameful for their naughtie lyfe. And the lyke alſo is in Mantuane. The ſtyle hereof, as alſo that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the reſt, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie. I doubt whether by Cuddie be ſpecified the authour ſelfe, or ſome other. For in the eyght Æglogue the ſame perſon was brought in, ſinging a Cantion of Colins making, as he ſayth. So that ſome doubt that the perſons be different.

Whilome, ſometime.

Oaten reedes, Avena.

Ligge ſo layd, lye ſo faynt and unluſtye.

Dapper, pretye.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpawning fiſhes; for the multitude of young fiſh be called the frye.

To reſtraine: This place ſeemeth to conſpyre with Plato, who in his firſt booke de Legibus ſayth, that the firſt invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth uſually came to theyr great ſolemne feaſtes called Panegyrica, which they uſed every five yeere to hold, ſome learned man, being more hable then the reſt for ſpeciall gyftes of wytte and Muſicke, would take upon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in praiſe eyther of vertue or of victory, or

of immortality, or ſuch like. At whoſe wonderfull gyft al men being aſtonied, and as it were raviſhed with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inſpired from above, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterward framing their verſes to lighter muſick (as of Muſick be many kinds, ſome ſadder, ſome lighter, ſome martiall, ſome heroical, and ſo diverſly eke affect the mynds of men,) found out lighter matter of Poeſie alſo, ſome playing wyth love, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome powred out in pleaſures: and ſo were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereave: what the ſecrete working of Muſick is in the myndes of men, aſwell appeareth hereby, that ſome of the auncient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſte wiſe, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmony and muſicall nombers, for the great compaſſion, and likenes of affection in thone and the other, as alſo by that memorable hiſtory of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Muſitian playd the Phrygian melody, it is ſaid, that hee was diſtraught with ſuch unwonted fury, that, ſtreightway ryſing from the table in great rage, he cauſed himſelfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre, (for that muſick is very warlike.) And immediatly when as the Muſitian chaunged his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was ſo furr from warring, that he ſat as ſtyl, as if he had bene in matters of counſell. Such might is in Muſick: wherefore Plato and Ariſtotle forbid the Arcadian Melodie[h] from children and youth. For that being altogither on the ſyft and vii tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which uſeth to burne in yong breſts. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here ſayth, that Muſick can bereave the ſoule of ſence.

The ſhepheard that, Orpheus: of whom is ſaid, that by his excellent ſkil in Muſick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes: of Argus is before ſaid, that Juno to him committed her huſband Iupiter his Paragon Io, bicauſe he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury, wyth hys Muſick lulling Argus aſlepe, ſlew him and brought Io away, whoſe eyes it is ſayd that Iuno, for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle; for thoſe coloured ſpots indeede reſemble eyes.

Woundleſſe armour, unwounded in warre, doe ruſt through long peace.

Diſplay, A poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet liſt ſhowe his ſkill in matter of more dignitie then in the homely Æglogue, good occaſion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument in the perſon of our moſt gratious ſoveraign, whom (as before) hee calleth Eliſa. Or if mater of knighthoode and chevalrie pleaſe him better, that there be many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deſerved prayſes, and alſo favourers of hys ſkil and facultie.

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[h] *forbid the Arcadian Melodie.*] The word in the edit. 1579 is miſprinted *Aradian;* and later printers, not detecting the error, converted it into *Arabian*, as it has ever ſince ſtood. Todd apparently took *Arabian* from the fol. 1611. C.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I gueſſe) the moſt honourable and renowmed the Erle of Leyceſter, whom by his cogniſance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be knowne to country clowne.

Slack, that is when thou chaungeſt thy verſe from ſtately diſcourſe,[i] to matter of more pleaſaunce and delight.

The Millers, a kinde of daunce.

Ring, companie of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus, wel knowen to be Virgile,[k] who by Mæcenas meanes was brought into the favour of the Emperor Auguſtus, and by him moved to write in loftier kinde then he erſt had done.

Whereon, &c. in theſe three verſes are the three ſeverall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In ſinging of warres and deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis figured.

In derring doe, In manhood and chevalrie.

For ever: He ſheweth the cauſe why Poetes were wont to be had in ſuch honor of noble men, that is, that by them their worthines and valor ſhould through theyr famous Poyſies be commended to al poſterities. Wherfore it is ſayd, that Achilles had never beene ſo famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verſes, which is the onely advantage which he had of Hector. And alſo that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with naturall teares bleſſed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets work, as ſo renowmed and ennobled only by hys meanes. Which being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe woorthely ſette forth in a ſonet.

" Giunto Alexandro a la famoſa tomba
" Del fero Achille, ſoſpirando diſſe:
" O fortunato, che ſi chiara tromba Trouaſti," &c.

And that ſuch account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, aſwell ſheweth this, that the worthy Scipio, in all his warres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had evermore in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good olde poet Ennius; as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus was borne in that Citie, not onely commaunded ſtreightly, that no man ſhould, upon payne of death, do any violence to that houſe, by fire or otherwiſe:[l]

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[i] *from ſtately diſcourſe.*] Hitherto miſprinted "*to* ſtately *courſe*," making nonſenſe of the ſentence, as in the fol. 1611. Drayton, probably not underſtanding what was meant, again put a query in his margin: ours is the original text. C.

[k] *wel knowen to be Virgile.*] So the earlieſt impreſſion, which in 1611 became "The Romiſh Tityrus well knew noble Virgil." Juſt below "Bucoliques" was changed to *Georgiques*.

[l] *by fire or otherwiſe.*] Editions ſubſequent to the firſt omit "by fire." How editors ſhould have read the ſentence, and not perceived that ſomething muſt have been left out, is extraordinary. Todd, as uſual, bound himſelf by the fol. 1611:—Drayton ſtruck out "or otherwiſe."

but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the onely name of a Poete, which prayſe otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſſe famous, that when he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom hee lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of ſilver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for ſpeciall jewels and richeſſe, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his boſome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the ſight of princes and noble men, which this author here verie well ſheweth, as els where more notably.

But after. He ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of Poetry to be idleneſſe, and baſeneſſe of mynd.

Pent, ſhut up in ſlouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper, an ironicall Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of ſkill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne breſt, the meaner ſort of men.

Her peeced pineons, unperfect ſkil: Spoken wyth humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Swanne: The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange, for the ſwan hath ever wonne ſmall commendation for her ſwete ſinging: but it is ſayd of the learned, that the ſwan, a little before hir death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecrete inſtinct her neere deſtinie. As well ſayth the Poete elſewhere in one of his ſonetts.

" The ſilver ſwanne doth ſing before her dying day,
" As ſhee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death," &c.

Immortall myrrhour, Beautie, which is an excellent object of Poeticall ſpirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, ſaying,

" Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,
" A la ſua ombra, et creſcer ne gli affanni."

A caytive corage, a baſe and abject minde.

For lofty love, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes ſaying, " vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poſcit."

Laviſh cups, Reſembleth the comen verſe, " Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum."

O if my, he ſeemeth here to be raviſhed with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers riſe ſo ful, and the verſe groweth ſo bigge, that it ſeemeth he had forgot the meaneneſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

Wild yvie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is ſayd, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke prieſtes) uſed in their ſacrifice to carrie Thyrſos, which were pointed ſtaves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

In buſkin, it was the maner of Poetes and players in tragedies to weare buſkins, as alſo in Comedies to uſe ſtockes and light ſhoes. So that the buſkin in Poetry is uſed for tragical matter, as it ſaid in Virgile, " Sola

Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno." And the like in Horace, "Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno."

Queint, ſtrange. Bellona, the goddeſſe of battaille, that is, Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint, for that (as Lucian ſaith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head: Out of which leaped out luſtely a valiant damſell armed at all poyntes, whom ſeeing Vulcan ſo faire[m] and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome corteſie, which the Lady diſdeigning, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtraungeneſſe is well applyed to her.

Æquipage, order.

Tydes, ſeaſons.

Charme, temper and order; for charmes were wont to be made by verſes, as Ovid ſayth, "Aut ſi carminibus."

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, as alſo in the whole courſe of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a divine inſtinct, and unnatural rage, paſſing the reach of comen reaſon. Whom Piers anſwereth Epiphonematicos, as admitting the excellencye of the ſkyll, whereof in Cuddie he hadde alreadie hadde a taſte.

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[m] *whom ſeeing Vulcan ſo faire.*] An inverſion in the original impreſſion: it ought rather to run, as indeed it does in ſome later editions, "whom Vulcan ſeeing ſo faire," &c.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of ſome mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The perſonage is ſecrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him ſelfe I often required the ſame. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his ſong, which he made upon the death of Loys the frenche Queene; but farre paſſing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

Thenot.

COLIN, my deare, when ſhall it pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou were wont, ſongs of ſome joui-ſaunce? [ing,
Thy Muſe to[o] long ſlombreth in ſorrow-
Lulled a ſleepe through loves miſgovernaunce.
Now ſomewhat ſing, whoſe endles ſovenaunce
Emong the ſhepeheards ſwaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee liſt thy loved laſſe advaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;

Sike myrth in May is meeteſt for to make,
Or ſummer ſhade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe ſadde Winter welked hath the day,[a]
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taſke,
Yſtabled hath his ſteedes in lowly laye,
And taken up his ynne in Fiſhes haſke.[b]
Thilk ſollein ſeaſon ſadder plight doth aſke,
And loatheth ſike delightes as thou doeſt prayſe:
The mornefull Muſe in myrth now liſt ne maſke,
As ſhee was wont in youngth and ſommer dayes;
But if thou algate luſt light virelayes,
And looſer ſongs of love to underfong,
Who but thy ſelf deſerves ſike Poetes prayſe?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes[c] that ſleepen long.
The. The Nightingale is ſovereigne of ſong,
Before him ſits the Titmoſe ſilent bee;[d]
And I, unfitte to thruſt in ſkilfull thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muſes well;

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[a] *Winter welked hath the day.*] Richardſon explains this paſſage as "Winter hath completed the revolution of the day;" but ſurely it means *decreaſed* or *ſhortened* the day, "welked" being the participle of to *welk*, to decay, to fade or to leſſen. When Spenſer, in "F. Q." B 1. C 1, ſays "Phœbus gins to welk in weſt," he means that the ſun begins to deſcend or roll down in the weſt. C.

[b] *And taken up his ynne in Fiſhes haſke.*] See E. K.'s Gloſſe. So, in Daviſon's "Poems," edit. 1611, p. 38.

"The ioyfull ſunne, whom cloudy winters ſpight
"Had ſhut from us in watry *Fiſhes* HASKE,
"Returnes againe," &c. TODD.

By "Daviſon's Poems," Todd means "The Poetical Rhapſody," a new edition of which was printed in 1611, 8vo.; but it was the work not only of Francis and Walter Daviſon, but of various other poets and verſifyers. C.

[c] *Relieve thy Oaten pypes.*] *Awake*, or *take up* thy oaten pipes. This paſſage has not been quoted in our dictionaries. C.

[d] *ſits the Titmoſe.*] Here, as in various other places, "ſits" is uſed for *fits*, or befits. C.

The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if ſadde winters wrathe, and ſeaſon chill,
Accorde not with thy Muſes meriment,
To ſadder times thou mayſt attune thy quill,
And ſing of ſorrowe and deathes dreeriment;
For deade is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the greate ſhephearde his daughter ſheene.
The fayreſt May ſhe was that ever went,
Her like ſhee has not left behinde I weene:
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,
I ſhall thee give yond Coſſet for thy payne;
And, if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene
As thoſe that did thy Roſalind complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou ſhalt gayne,
Than Kidde or Coſſet, which I thee bynempt.
Then up, I ſay, thou jolly ſhepeheard ſwayne,
Let not my ſmall demaund be ſo contempt.

Col. Thenot, to that I chooſe thou doeſt mee tempt;
But ah! too well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt;
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will ſtrayne.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulſt Muſe of nyne,
Such cauſe of mourning never hadſt afore;
Up, grieſlie ghoſtes! and up my rufull ryme!
Matter of myrth now ſhalt thou have no more;
For dead ſhee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
O heavie herſe!
Let ſtreaming teares be poured out in ſtore;
O carefull verſe!

"Shepheards, that by your flocks of Kentiſh downes abyde,
Waile ye this woefull waſte of Natures warke;

Waile we the wight, whoſe preſence was our pryde;
Waile we the wight, whoſe abſence is our carke;
The ſonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
  The earth now lacks her wonted light,
  And all we dwell in deadly night.
  O heavie herſe!
Breake we our pypes, that ſhrild as lowde as Larke;
  O carefull verſe!

"Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we ſo long?)
Whoſe better dayes death hath ſhut up in woe?
The fayreſt floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into duſt ygoe.
Sing now, ye ſhepheards daughters, ſing no moe
  The ſongs that Colin made you in her praiſe,[e]
  But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
  O heavie herſe!
Nowe is time to die: Nay, time was long ygoe:
  O carefull verſe!

"Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale;
Yet, ſoone as ſpring his mantle doth diſplaye,
It floureth freſh, as it ſhould never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of moſt availe,
  As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
  Reliven not for any good.
  O heavie herſe!
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes muſt quaile;
  O carefull verſe!

"She, while ſhe was, (that was, a woful word to ſayne!)
For beauties prayſe and pleſaunce had no peere;

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[e] *made you in her praiſe.*] In the edition 1579 "you," neceſſary to the meaſure, is omitted; but it is found in ſome of the later impreſſions. C.

So well ſhe couth the ſhepherds entertayne
With cakes and cracknells, and ſuch country chere:
Ne would ſhe ſcorne the ſimple ſhepheards ſwaine;
For ſhe would cal hem[f] often heme,
And give hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heavie herſe!
Als Colin Cloute ſhe would not once diſdayne;
O carefull verſe!

" But now ſike happy cheere is turnd to heavie chaunce,
Such pleaſaunce now diſplaſt by dolors dint:
All muſick ſleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,[g]

[f] *For ſhe would cal hem.*] "Hem" is *them*, and not *him*, as in the fol. 1611. Todd, who prints *him*, tells us that it is omitted in ſome editions: if he had looked at that of 1579, he would have there ſeen the true language of the poet. Spenſer refers to ſhepherds generally, mentioned above, and not to any particular "ſwaine." C.

[g] *death doth leade the daunce.*] Nearly everything that is known of "The Dance of Death" is contained in the late Mr. Douce's volume on the ſubject, 8vo. 1833. We may add here one or two additional alluſions to that popular ſubject, the firſt being from "The Demaundes Joyous," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511. "Demaunde. Wherefore be there not as many women conteyned in the Daunce of Powles as there be men?—Bycauſe a woman is ſo ferefull of herte, that ſhe had lever daunce amonge quicke folke then dead." The following is from the anonymous poem of "Guiſtard and Siſmond," B. ii. Sign. D. 6, b. printed in 1597, but written conſiderably earlier,—

"———————— forſooth, I ſhal not tary
"But among other in death's wofull daunce,
"Following next thy hond, as is my fatall chaunce."

On the ſame ſubject, the ſubſequent from the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company has not been quoted: the date is 27 Aprilis, 1578, (the year before "The Shepherd's Calendar" came out,) and it ſtands under the names of Hugh Singleton and John Gillam:—"At a Court holden this day for thendinge of a controverſie betwixt the ſaid parties, yt is ordered, that the ſaid Hughe ſhall bringe into the Hall, at or before the ſixt day of Maie nexte, half a hundred and xij bookes of one copie called the Booke of Death. And that thereupon he ſhall receyve an obligation wherein he ſtandeth bound to the ſaid John Gillam."

As early as 1568, John Awdely had a licenſe for printing "The Daunce and Song of Death," and we may feel confident that it is the ſame ballad which has come down to us in much more modern impreſ-

And ſhepherds wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct;
The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corſe embrave.
O heavie herſe!
Morne nowe, my Muſe, now morne with teares beſprint;
O carefull verſe!

"O thou greate ſhepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
Where bene the noſegayes that ſhe dight for thee?
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted ruſhringes, and gilt Roſemaree?
For ſhee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blaſt blewe all away.
O heavie herſe!
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;
O carefull verſe!

"Ay me! that dreerie Death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortall ſtroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindly courſe;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaſpe, for dryed is theyr ſourſe,
And flouds of teares flow in theyr ſtead perforſe:
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr ſondry colours tourne.
O heavie herſe!
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorſe;
O carefull verſe!

"The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former foode,
And hang theyr heades as they would learne to weepe;

ſions, one copy being in the Roxburghe Collection, and the other among Wood's Ballads in the Aſhmolean Muſeum. It was reprinted in 1847, in "A Book of Roxburghe Ballads," by the preſent editor. C.

The beaſtes in foreſt wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolves, that chaſe the wandring ſheepe,
Now ſhe is gone that ſafely did hem keepe:
  The Turtle on the bared braunch
  Laments the wound that death did launch.
  O heavie herſe!
And Philomele her ſong with teares doth ſteepe;
  O carefull verſe!

" The water Nymphs, that wont with her to ſing and
      daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen advaunce;
The Muſes, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches ſeare;
  The fatall ſiſters eke repent
  Her vitall threde ſo ſoone was ſpent.
  O heavie herſe!
Morne now, my Muſe, now morne with heavy cheare,
  O carefull verſe!

" O! truſtleſſe ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper hope
Of mortal men, that ſwincke and ſweate for nought,
And, ſhooting wide, doe miſſe the marked ſcope;
Nowe have I learnd (a leſſon derely bought)
That nys on earth aſſurance to be ſought;
  For what might be in earthlie mould,
  That did her buried body hould.
  O heavie herſe!
Yet ſaw I on the beare when it was brought;
  O carefull verſe!

" But maugre death, and dreaded ſiſters deadly ſpight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forſe,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

Her ſoule unbodied of the burdenous corpſe.
Why then weepes Lobbin ſo without remorſe?
O Lobb! thy loſſe no longer lament;
Dido nis dead,[h] but into heaven hent.
O happye herſe!
Ceaſe now, my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrowes ſourſe;
O joyful verſe!

"Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if ſome evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddeſſe now emong the ſaintes,
That whilome was the ſaynt of ſhepheards light,
And is enſtalled nowe in heavens hight.
I ſee thee, bleſſed ſoule, I ſee
Walke in Eliſian fieldes ſo free.
O happy herſe!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyfull verſe!

"Unwiſe and wretched men, to weete what's good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill deſert;
But knewe we, fooles, what it us bringes until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert![i]
No daunger there the ſhepheard can aſtert;[k]
Fayre fieldes and pleaſaunt layes there bene;
The fieldes ay freſh, the graſſe ay greene.
O happy herſe!
Make haſt, ye ſhepheards, thether to revert:
O joyfull verſe!

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[h] *Dido nis dead.*] i. e. Dido *ne is* (or is not) dead—as in the preceding ſtanza, "That *nys* on earth." Todd printed "Dido *is* dead," exactly the contrary of what Spenſer wrote and intended. C.

[i] *Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.*] To *experience*. A verb perhaps of Spenſer's coinage. Todd.

[k] *the ſhepheard can aſtert.*] "Aſtert" is *affright*, or *alarm*—make to *ſtart*. Todd abſurdly printed *aſſert*, which is authorized by the corruption of no old copy. C.

" Dido is gone afore; (whoſe turne ſhall be the next?)
There lives ſhee with the bleſſed Gods in bliſſe,
There drincks ſhe Nectar with Ambroſia mixt,
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe miſſe.
The honor now of higheſt gods ſhe is,
That whilome was poore ſhepheards pryde,
While here on earth ſhee did abyde.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſſe now, my ſong, my woe now waſted is;
O joyfull verſe!"

The. Ay, francke ſhepheard, how bene thy verſes meint[1]
With doleful pleaſaunce, ſo as I ne wotte
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great conſtrainte.
Thyne be the coſſette, well haſt thow it gotte.
Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned haſt;
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward faſt.

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Jouiſaunce, myrth.

Sovenaunce, remembrance.

Herie, honour.

Welked, ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is ſayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the ſeaſon of the moneth November, when the ſonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fiſhes haſke, the ſonne reigneth, that is, in the ſigne Piſces all November: a haſke is a wicker pad, wherein they uſe to cary fiſh.

Virelaies, a light kind of ſong.

Bee watred, for it is a ſaying of Poetes, that they have dronk of the Muſes Well Caſtalias, whereof was before ſufficiently ſayd.

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[1] *how bene thy verſes meint.*] The word "meint" is in Richardſon, under *minge:* it is not only uſed by Spenſer, but by Lydgate:—

"With lillies *meynt* and freſhe rooſes redde."

In both poets it is to be underſtood as *mingled*, or mixed. Chaucer and Gower alſo uſe it as the paſt. part. C.

Dreriment, dreery and heavy cheere.

The great ſhepheard, is ſome man of high degree, and not, as ſome vainely ſuppoſe, God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhephearde and of Dido is unknowen, and cloſely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Roſalind, as ſome imagin: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.

Shene, fayre and ſhining.

May, for mayde.

Tene, ſorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Coſſet, a lambe brought up without the dam.

Unkempt, Incompti. Not comed, that is, rude and unhanſome.

Melpomene, The ſadde and waylefull Muſe, uſed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as ſaith Virgile, "Melpomene tragico proclamat mœſta boatu."

Up grieſly ghoſts, The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghoſts: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the reſt of the reſt.

Herſe, is the ſolemne obſequie in funeralles.

Waſte of, decay of ſo beautiful a peece.

Carke, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthoſis, as alſo ſoone after: nay, time was long ago.

Flouret, a diminutive for a little floure. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon, "*A minore ad majus.*"

Relive not, live not againe, ſ. not in their earthly bodies: for in heaven they enjoy their due reward.[m]

The braunch, He meaneth Dido, who being as it were the mayne braunch now withered, the buddes, that is, beautie (as he ſayd afore) can no more flouriſh.

With cakes, fit for ſhepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the northerne pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or ſtayned.

The gaudie: the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her lyfe are made the honor of her funerall, as is uſed in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a ſhepheard, which ſeemeth to have beene the lover and deere frende of Dido.

Ruſhrings, agreeable for ſuch baſe gyftes.

Faked lockes, dryed leaves. As if Nature her ſelfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourſe, ſpring.

Mantled medowes, for the ſondry flowres are like a Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale: whome the Poetes faine once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty, till, being raviſhed by hir ſiſters huſbande,

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[m] *they enjoy their due reward.*] Todd, following the fol. 1611, and looking no further, printed *receive* for "enjoy." C.

ſhe deſired to be turned into a byrde of her name, whoſe complaintes be very wel ſet forth of Ma. George Gaſkin, a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who, and if ſome parts of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of thoſe famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptneſſe appeare in hym aboundantly.

Cypreſſe, uſed of the old Paynims in the furniſhing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the ſigne of all ſorow and heavineſſe.

The fatall ſiſters, Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to ſpinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they draw out in length, till his fatal howre and timely death be come; but if by other caſualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is ſayde to have cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verſe.

"Clotho colum bajulat, Lacheſis trahit, Atropos occat."

O truſtleſſe, a gallant exclamation, moralized with great wiſedom, and paſſionate wyth great affection.

Beare, a frame, wheron they uſe to lay the dead corſe.

Furies, of Poetes are feyned to be three, Perſephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are ſayd to be the Authors of all evill and miſchiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darkneſſe of hell.

Betight, happened.

I ſee, A lively Icon or repreſentation, as if he ſaw her in heaven preſent.

Elyſian fieldes, be deviſed of Poetes to be a place of pleaſure like Paradiſe, where the happye ſoules do reſt in peace and eternal happyneſſe.

Dye would, the very epreſſe ſaying of Plato in Phædone.

Aſtert, befall unwares.

Nectar and Ambroſia, bee feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambroſia they liken to Manna in ſcripture, and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that ſpilt a cup of it, and ſtayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already diſcourſed that at large in my Commentarye upon the Dreames of the ſame Authour.

Meynt, mingled.

EMBLEME.

Which is as much to ſay, *as death biteth not*. For although by courſe of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely harveſt, we muſt be gathered in time, or els of our ſelves we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for evill,[n] nor (as the Poete ſayd a little before) as doome of ill deſert. For though the treſpaſſe of the firſt man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of ſinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that dyed for all, it is now made (as Chaucer ſayth) the grene path way of life. So that it agreeth well with that was ſayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

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[n] *death is not to be counted for evill.*] "Counted" is the word not merely in the 4to. 1579, but in the fol. 1611: nevertheleſs, Todd has it *coveted*. "Counted" requires no explanation. C.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue[a] *(even as the firſt beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure ſeaſons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the ſpring time, when he was freſh and free from loves follye. His manhoode to the ſommer, which, he ſayth, was conſumed with greate heate and exceſſive drouth, cauſed throughe a Comet or blazing ſtarre, by which hee meaneth love; which paſſion is comenly compared to ſuch flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares he reſembleth to an unſeaſonable harveſte, wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll and froſtie ſeaſon, now drawing neare to his laſt ende.*

THE gentle ſhepheard ſatte beſide a ſpringe,
All in the ſhadowe of a buſhye brere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and ſinge,
For hee of Tityrus his ſongs did lere:
There, as he ſatte in ſecreate ſhade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

[a] *This Æglogue.*] This, which is one of his moſt finiſhed and elegant paſtorals, is literally tranſlated from old Clement Marot; which is not

" O ſoveraigne Pan! thou god of ſhepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takeſt keepe,
And, when our flocks into miſchaunce mought fall,
Doeſt ſave from miſchiefe the unwary ſheepe,
  Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regard
  Then of the flocks, which thou doeſt watch and ward;

" I thee beſeche (ſo be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to ſhepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I ever ſonet ſong ſo cleare,
As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancie feede)
  Hearken a while, from thy greene cabinet,
  The rurall ſong of carefull Colinet.[b]

" Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull ſpring,
Like Swallow ſwift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
  I went the waſtefull woodes and foreſt wide,
  Withouten dreade of wolves to bene eſpyed.

" I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Chriſtmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartleſſe hare til ſhee were tame.
  What wreaked I[c] of wintrye ages waſte?—
  Tho deemed I my ſpring would ever laſte.

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obſerved by the commentator, E. K. See the " Eglogue au roy, ſouz les noms de Pan et Robin." Les Œuv. de Marot, ed. Par. 1551, 12mo. p. 19. T. WARTON.

[b] *The rurall ſong of carefull Colinet.*] *Carefull* is the text of the oldeſt impreſſion, and the ſame may be ſaid of "joyfull" in the next line. In the fol. 1611 the firſt is altered to *lawrell*, and the ſecond to *youthfull*, —both wrongly. Todd, however, here gave the true readings. C.

[c] *What wreaked I.*] i. e. " What *recked* I,"—what *cared* I. It is amended to *recked* in the fol. 1611. To " wreak," properly, only means to revenge. C.

" How often have I ſcaled the craggie Oke,
All to diſlodge the Raven of her neſt?
How have I wearied with many a ſtroke
The ſtately Walnut-tree, the while the reſt
Under the tree fell all for nuts at ſtrife?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

" And for I was in thilke ſame looſer yeares,
(Whether the Muſe ſo wrought me from my byrth,
Or I tomuch beleeved my ſhepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to ſong and muſicks mirth,
A good olde ſhephearde, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the ſame.

" Fro thence I durſt in derring to compare
With ſhepheards ſwayne what ever fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right iudgement bare,
To Pan his own ſelfe pype I neede not yield:
For, if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiſer Muſes after Colin ranne.

" But, ah! ſuch pryde at length was ill repayde:
The ſhepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtleſſe pleaſaunce did me ill upbraide;
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

" Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer ſeaſon ſped him to diſplay
(For love then in the Lyons houſe did dwell)
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
A comett ſtird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men ſayd) in Venus ſeate.

" Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choiſe I had to chooſe my wandring waye,
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
The buſh my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witneſſe many a wofull ſtowre.

" Where I was wont to ſeeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
The grieſlie Todeſtoole growne there mought I ſe,
And loathed paddocks[d] lording on the ſame:
And where the chaunting birds luld me a ſleepe,
The ghaſtlie Owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

" Then as the ſpringe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of ſommers pryde;
Alſo my age, now paſſed younthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper ſeaſon[e] ſelfe applyed,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might ſave my ſheepe and me fro ſhame.

" To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baſkets of bulruſhes, was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fiſh in winding ſale
Was better ſeene, or hurtful beaſtes to hont?
I learned als the ſignes of heaven to ken,
How Phœbe fayles,[f] where Venus ſittes, and when.

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[d] *And loathed paddocks.*] Some editions (fol. 1611) incorrectly read *loathing*. This whole ſtanza is cited in Fraunce's "Lawiers Logike," 1588, p. 16, where the original reading, *loathed*, is rightly preſerved. TODD.

[e] *To thinges of ryper ſeaſon.*] Todd informs us that "all the editions" have *reaſon* for "ſeaſon." He could not have examined the original impreſſion of 1579, or he muſt have ſeen that the word there was correctly "ſeaſon." Todd erroneouſly gives credit to Hughes for an emendation more than a century older than his day. C.

[f] *How Phœbe fayles.*] The firſt folio reads, "How *Phœbus* fayles,"

" And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges;
The ſodain ryſing of the raging ſeas,
The ſoothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and eaſe,
And which be wont t' enrage[g] the reſtleſſe ſheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall ſleepe.

" But, ah! unwiſe and witleſſe Colin cloute,
That kydſt the hidden kinds of many a wede,
Yet kydſt not ene[h] to cure thy ſore hart roote,
Whoſe ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.
Why liveſt thou ſtil, and yet haſt thy deathes wound?
Why dyeſt thou ſtil, and yet alive art founde?

" Thus is my ſommer worne away and waſted,
Thus is my harveſt haſtened all to rathe;
The eare that budded fayre is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to ſcathe:
Of all the ſeede, that in my youth was ſowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles[i] to be mowne.

" My boughes with blooſmes that crowned were at firſte,
And promiſed of timely fruite ſuch ſtore,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erſt;
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,

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notwithſtanding the note by E. K. which explains the paſſage. And this ſtrange inadvertency has been adopted by Hughes and the modern editions. Todd. Drayton altered *Phœbus* to " Phœbe " in his copy of the fol. 1611. C.

[g] *And which be wont t' enrage.*] This is, of courſe, the proper text, and ſuch we find it in later impreſſions, but in the firſt the miſprint is " wont *to tenrage.*" C.

[h] *Yet kydſt not ene.*] " Yet *knowedſt* not *one:*" " kydſt " is the paſt tenſe of to *ken*. We may ſuſpect that " ene " was merely a printer's error for *one*, although it was ſometimes uſed for *alone* or *all one*. C.

[i] *Was nought but brakes and brambles.*] So the old impreſſions; but Todd, and all editors after him, have ſubſtituted *none* for " nought " without notice or pretext. C.

And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harveſt, waſt, my hope away dyd wipe.

" The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Roſalind this ſpight,
To ſpil the flowres that ſhould her girlond dight?

" And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out as rotten and unſoote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe nomore;
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

" And thus of all my harveſt hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have threſht in ſwelling ſheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blown away of the wavering wynd.

" So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt up quite;
My harveſte haſtes to ſtirre up Winter ſterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:
So nowe he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure;
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coſte doth ſcoure.

" The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe doth wright:

Delight is layd abedde; and pleaſure paſt;
No ſonne now ſhines; cloudes han all overcaſt.

"Now leave, ye ſhepheards boyes, your merry glee;
My Muſe is hoarſe and wearie of this ſtounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree;
Was never pype of reede did better ſounde.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaſte,
And after Winter dreerie death does haſt.

"Gather ye together[k] my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me ſo liefe;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

"Adieu, delightes, that lulled me aſleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whoſe love I bought ſo deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved ſheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witneſſe were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was ſo true,
Tell Roſalind, her Colin bids her adieu."[l]

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.[m]

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[k] *Gather ye together.*] So the ancient impreſſions from 1579 to 1611, excepting, as Todd ſtates, the edit. of 1597, where "ye" is poſtponed to "together." The copy of that edit. which we have uſed reads like our text, and we therefore preſerve the line, it may be preſumed, as Spenſer wrote it. C.

[l] *Tell Roſalind, her Colin bids her adieu.*] The line is thus printed in every ancient edition; but, as Todd mentions, Hughes omitted "her" before "Colin." If we left out any word, the change would be merely arbitrary, and we ſhould prefer the eraſure of "her" before "adieu." We adhere to what appears to have been Spenſer's language. C.

[m] *cætera mortis erunt.*] It may deſerve a note that Colin's emblem

GLOSSE.

Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath bene oft ſayd.

Lambkins, young lambes.

Als of their, ſeemeth to expreſſe Vergils verſe.

"Pan curat oves oviumque magiſtros."

Deigne, vouchſafe.

Cabinet, *Colinet*, diminutives.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.

Peres, Felowes and companions.

Muſick, that is Poetry, as Terence ſayth, "Qui artem tractant muſicam," ſpeking of Poetes.

Derring do, aforeſayd.

Lions houſe: he imagineth ſimply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the whote ſigne Leo, which is in middeſt of ſomer; a prettie allegory; whereof the meaning is, that love in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of luſt.

His ray, which is Cupides beame of flames of Love.

A comete, a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which was the cauſe of his whote love.

Venus, the goddeſſe of beautie or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aſpect to Venus, was the cauſe of his unquietnes in love.

Where I was: a fine diſcription of the chaunge of his lyfe and liking, for all things nowe ſeemed to him to have altered their kindly courſe.

Lording: Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges ſitting, which is indeed lordly, not remooving nor looking once a ſide, unleſſe they be ſturred.

Then as: The ſecond part, That is, his manhoode.

Cotes, Sheepecotes, for ſuch be the exerciſes of ſhepheards.

Sale, or ſallow, a kinde of wood like Wyllow, fitte to wreath and bynde in leapes[n] to catch fiſh withall.

Phœbe fayles, The Eclipſe of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, ſignes in heaven.

Venus, ſ. Venus ſtarre, otherwiſe called Heſperus, and Veſper, and Lucifer, both becauſe he ſeemeth to be one of the brighteſt ſtarres, and alſo firſt ryſeth, and ſetteth laſt. All which ſkill in ſtarres being convenient for ſhepheardes to know, Theocritus and the reſt uſe.

Raging ſeas: The cauſe of the ſwelling and ebbing of the ſea commeth of the courſe of the Moone, ſometime increaſing, ſometime wayning and decreaſing.

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is, by ſome accident, omitted in the fol. 1611; but nobody, that we know of, has obſerved upon its abſence.

[n] *and bynde in leapes.*] i. e. what we ſtill call ſalmon leaps, from A. S. *leap*, a baſket. Todd, like ſome of the later impreſſions, has *heapes* for "leapes:" ſee fol. 1611, &c.

Sooth of byrdes, A kind of ſoothſaying uſed in the elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds: Firſt (as is ſayd) invented by the Thuſcanes, and from them derived to the Romanes who, as it is ſayd in Livie, were ſo ſuperſticiouſly rooted in the ſame, that they agreed that every Noble man ſhould put his ſonne to the Thuſcanes, by them to be brought up in that knowledge.

Of herbes: That wonderous things be wrought by herbes, aſwel appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as alſo by the wonderful enchauntments and ſorceries that have bene wrought by them, inſomuch that it is ſayde that Circe, a famous ſorcereſſe, turned men into ſondry kinds of beaſtes and Monſters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete ſayth,

"Dea ſæva potentibus herbis &c."

Kidſt, kneweſt.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, loſſe, hinderaunce.

The fragrant flowres, ſundry ſtudies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poet is ſeene, be they witneſſe which are privie to this ſtudy.

Ever among, Ever and anone.

Thus is my. The thyrde part wherein is ſet forth his ripe yeeres as an untimely harveſt that bringeth little fruite.

So now my yeere: The laſt part, wherein is deſcribed his age, by compariſon of wintrie ſtormes.

Carefull cold, for care is ſayd to coole the blood.

Glee, mirth.

Hoary froſt, a metaphore of hoary haires ſcattered lyke a gray froſt.

Breeme, ſharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a concluſion of all: where in ſixe verſes he comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the firſt verſe his delights of youth generally: In the ſecond, the love of Roſalind: In the thyrd, the keeping of ſheepe, which is the argument of all the Æglogues: In the fourth, his complaints: And in the laſt two, his profeſſed frendſhip and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

EMBLEME.

The meaning wherof is, that all things periſh and come to their laſt end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry[o] abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indede

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[o] *and monuments of Poetry.*] The important words "of poetry" having been careleſsly left out in the fol. 1611, Todd never miſſed them, and looked no further: Drayton added, not "of poetry," but "of *poeſye*," in his copy; ſo that he was aware of the deficiency, and remedied it, though his emendation does not quite agree with the 4to. 1579. C.

of great wit and learning yet of no ſo great weight and importaunce, boldly ſayth,

" Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
" Quod non imber edax, non aquilo vorax,"[p] &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poete in his Epilogue ſayth, he hath made a Calendar that ſhall endure as long as time, &c. following the enſample of Horace and Ovid in the like.

" Grande opus exegi, quæ nec Iovis ira, nec ignis,
" Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetuſtas," &c.

LOE! I have made[q] *a Calender for every yeare,*
That ſteele in ſtrength, and time in durance, ſhall outweare;
And if I marked well the ſtarres revolution,
It ſhall continewe till the worlds diſſolution,
To teach the ruder ſhepheard how to feede his ſheepe,
And from the falſers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe, lyttle Calender! thou haſt a free paſſeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongſte the meaner ſorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his ſtyle,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle;
But followe them farre off, and their high ſteppes adore:
The better pleaſe, the worſe deſpiſe;[r] *I aſke no more.*

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

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[p] *non aquilo vorax.*] We give this citation in the very words of the old impreſſions, and E. K. did not alter *vorax* to *impotens*, as Todd printed it. In the next quotation, however, E. K. did amend *quæ*, of the 4to. 1579 to *quod*, and ſo it ſtands in the fol. 1611.

[q] *Loe! I have made.*] In modern times theſe lines have uſually been headed " Epilogue;" but ſuch is not the caſe in the old editions, which, here and elſewhere, we follow.

[r] *The better pleaſe, the worſe deſpiſe.*] The quarto of 1597 altered " deſpiſe " to *diſpleaſe*, which the later editions have admitted as the genuine reading. Bathurſt, in his tranſlation of " The Shepherd's Calendar," gives *diſpleaſe* alſo as the Engliſh reading; but tranſlates it, conformably to the older quartos, *deſpiſe:*

" *Sperne* malos, placeaſque bonis." TODD.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

LONDON

Printed for William Ponſonbie.

1590.

TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE ELIZABETH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF. ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

&c

Her moſt humble

Seruant:

ED. SEPNSER.[a]

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[a] Theſe were the terms, and this the form, of the Dedication of the earlieſt Edition of the three firſt books of "The Faerie Queene" in 1590. The Dedication of the ſecond and ſubſequent impreſſions, in ſix books, ran thus:—

"To the moſt high mightie and magnificent Empreſſe, renowmed for pietie vertue and all gracious government, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia, Defendour of the Faith &c. her moſt humble ſervaunt, Edmund Spenſer, doth in all humilitie, dedicate, preſent and conſecrate theſe his labours to live with the eternitie of her fame." C.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

Expounding his whole intention in the courſe of this worke: which, for that it giveth great light to the Reader, for the better underſtanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be conſtrued, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, aſwell for avoyding of gealous opinions and miſconſtructions, as alſo for your better light in reading therof, (being ſo by you commanded,) to diſcover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole courſe thereof I have faſhioned, without expreſſing of any particular purpoſes, or by accidents, therein occaſioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to faſhion a gentleman or noble perſon in vertuous and gentle diſcipline: Which for that I conceived ſhoulde be moſt plauſible and pleaſing, being coloured with an hiſtoricall fiction,

the which the moſt part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the enſample, I choſe the hiſtorye of King Arthure, as moſt fitte for the excellency of his perſon, being made famous by many mens former workes, and alſo furtheſt from the daunger of envy, and ſuſpition of preſent time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets hiſtoricall; firſt Homere, who in the Perſons of Agamemnon and Ulyſſes hath enſampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odyſſeis: then Virgil, whoſe like intention was to doe in the perſon of Aeneas: after him Arioſto compriſed them both in his Orlando; and lately Taſſo diſſevered them again, and formed both parts in two perſons, namely that part which they in Philoſophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By enſample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Ariſtotle hath deviſed; the which is the purpoſe of theſe firſt twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his perſon, after that hee came to be king.

To ſome, I know, this Methode will ſeeme diſpleaſaunt, which had rather have good diſcipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they uſe, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deviſes. But ſuch, me ſeeme, ſhould be ſatisfide with the uſe of theſe dayes, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhowes, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleaſing to commune ſence. For this cauſe is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquiſite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other, in the perſon of Cyrus, and the Perſians, faſhioned a governement, ſuch as might beſt be: So much more profitable and gratious

is doctrine by enſample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the perſon of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, ſo ſoone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have ſeene in a dream or viſion the Faery Queen, with whoſe excellent beauty raviſhed, he awaking reſolved to ſeeke her out; and ſo being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in ſome places els, I doe otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhe beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royall Queene or Empreſſe, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in ſome places I doe expreſſe in Belphœbe, faſhioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the perſon of Prince Arthure I ſette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Ariſtotle and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the hiſtory: Of which theſe three bookes contayn three.

The firſt of the knight of the Redcroſſe, in whome I expreſſe Holynes: The ſeconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I ſette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chaſtity. But, becauſe the beginning of the whole worke ſeemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occaſion of theſe three knights ſeuerall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet hiſtorical is not ſuch, as of an Hiſtoriographer.

For an Hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, even where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the thinges forepaſte, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleaſing Analyſis of all.

The beginning therefore of my hiſtory, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer ſhould be the twelfth booke, which is the laſt; where I deviſe that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaſte xii. dayes; uppon which xii. ſeverall dayes, the occaſions of the xii. ſeverall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. ſeverall knights, are in theſe xii. books ſeverally handled and diſcourſed. The firſt was this. In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented him ſelfe a tall clowniſhe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries deſired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaſt ſhe might not refuſe; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaſte ſhould happen: that being graunted, he reſted him on the floore, unfitte through his ruſticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Aſſe, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his ſpeare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years ſhut up in a braſen Caſtle, who thence ſuffred them not to yſſew; and therefore beſought the Faery Queene to aſſygne her ſome one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Preſently that clowniſh perſon, upſtarting, deſired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaineſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end the Lady told him, that unleſſe that armour which ſhe brought, would ſerve him (that is, the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified

by Saint Paul, v. Epheſ.) that he could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And efteſoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that ſtraunge Courſer, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the firſt booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The ſecond day there came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whoſe Parents he complained to have bene ſlayn by an Enchauntereſſe called Acraſia; and therfore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him ſome knight to performe that adventure; which being aſſigned to Sir Guyon, he preſently went forth with that ſame Palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond booke, and the whole ſubject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Buſirane, had in hand a moſt faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in moſt grievous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yield him the pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, preſently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reaſon of the hard Enchauntments, after long ſorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who ſuccoured him, and reſkewed his loue.

But by occaſion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as Accidents then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the miſery of Florimell, the vertuouſnes of Belphœbe, the laſciviouſnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your underſtanding to the wel-head of the Hiſtory; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the diſcourſe, which otherwiſe may

happily ſeeme tedious and confuſed. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall eſtabliſhment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. *Ianuary* 1589.

Yours moſt humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenſer.[b]

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[b] It may not be improper to remark that, although Dr. Todd and others have profeſſed to give the preceding letter with minute exactneſs, they failed to do ſo in more than fifty inſtances. Our reprint follows literally (with the uſual exceptions of *v* for *u*, and *j* for *i*) the original impreſſion of 1590, in which it firſt appeared at the end of Book III. It ought evidently to precede the whole poem, and was moſt likely an afterthought on the part of the author, in order to explain more diſtinctly the nature of his deſign. We have ſubjoined to it the reſt of the preliminary matter, which was alſo inſerted out of its place in the editions of 1590 and 1596, 4to. as well as in the folios. C.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A Viſion upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.

ME thought I ſaw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the veſtall flame
Was wont to burne; and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of living fame,
Whoſe tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddeinly I ſaw the Faery Queene:
At whoſe approch the ſoule of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe graces were not ſeene;
For they this Queene attended: in whoſe ſteed
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herſe.
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſtes the hevens did perſe:
Where Homers ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt th' acceſſe of that celeſtiall theife.

Another of the ſame.

THE prayſe of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when Philumena ſings.
If thou haſt formed right true vertues face herein,
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt beauty prayſd, let her ſole lookes divine
Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.

If Chaſtitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while She ſhall perceive, how far her vertues ſore
Above the reach of all that live, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and favour thy good will;
Whoſe vertue can not be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeak our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy device.

W. R.[a]

To the learned Shepeheard.

COLLYN, I ſee, by thy new taken taſke,
Some ſacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy muſe in haughty verſe to maſke,
And loath the layes that longs to lowly ſwaynes;
That liftes thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges:
So like the lively Larke that mounting ſinges.

Thy lovely Roſalinde ſeemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in ſcorne,
Thoſe prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Thoſe truſty mates, that loved thee ſo well;
Whom thou gav'ſt mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earſt with thy ſweete roundelayes
Didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;
So moughtſt thou now in theſe refyned layes
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers:
And ſo mought they, in their deepe ſkanning ſkill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And fare befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
In whoſe faire eyes love linckt with vertue ſittes;
Enfuſing, by thoſe bewties fyers devyne,

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[a] *W. R.*] This copy of verſes and the preceding Sonnet have always been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, and probably rightly; yet they are of very unequal merit, the firſt being a work of high imaginative quality, worthy of the great poet, ſtateſman and navigator, and the laſt, little more than a common-place laudation of Spenſer's ſubject and ſtyle. C.

Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reedes[b]
From ruſtick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcroſſe knight* with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou doſt vayle in Type of Faery land,
Elizas bleſſed field, that *Albion* hight:[c]
That ſhieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (jolly ſhepheard) though with pleaſing ſtyle
Thou feaſt the humour of the Courtly trayne;
Let not conceipt thy ſetled ſence beguile,
Ne daunted be through envy or diſdaine.
Subject thy dome to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world, takes light.

HOBYNOLL.[d]

FAYRE Thamis ſtreame, that from Ludds ſtately towne
Runſt paying tribute to the Ocean ſeas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be ſilent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes.
Nere thy ſweet bankes there lives that ſacred crowne,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes Palme and never-dying bayes:
Let all at once, with thy ſoft murmuring ſowne,
Preſent her with this worthy Poets prayes;
For he hath taught hye drifts in ſhepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now ſinges in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.[e]

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[b] *paſtors oaten reedes.*] It is "reede" in the firſt edit., a letter at the end of the line having fallen out: it was ſupplied afterwards. C.

[c] *that* Albion *hight.*] i. e. that is *called* Albion. C.

[d] *Hobynoll.*] By Hobynoll we are probably to underſtand Gabriel Harvey, who is ſo deſignated in "The Shepherd's Calendar." If theſe ſix ſtanzas were, in fact, his compoſition, they are a more favourable ſpecimen of his poetical talents than anything elſe he has left behind him. C.

[e] *R. S.*] Theſe lines have been imputed to Robert Southwell, merely on the ſtrength of the initials: he was executed as a concealed Jeſuit in 1595. It

GRAVE Muſes, march in triumph and with prayſes;
Our Goddeſſe here hath given you leave to land;
And biddes this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her ſacred hand.
Deſertes findes dew in that moſt princely doome,
In whoſe ſweete breſt are all the Muſes bredde:
So did that great Auguſtus erſt in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Even of the faireſt that the world hath ſeene!

H. B.[f]

WHEN ſtout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece deviſd,
Thinking by ſleight the fatall warres to ſcape,
In womans weedes him ſelfe he then diſguiſde;
But this deviſe Ulyſſes ſoone did ſpy,
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spenſer ſaw the fame was ſpredd ſo large,
Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
To ſeeme a ſhepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sydney heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulyſſes brought faire Thetis ſonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spenſer was by Sidney's ſpeaches wonne
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;

---

is juſt as likely that Ralph Sidley, Richard Smith, or Richard Stanyhurſt was the author of them. The laſt was an Iriſhman, the tranſlator of four books of Virgil's Æneid into hexameters, and with him Spenſer may have become acquainted while reſident in the county of Cork. There was alſo a Richard Stapleton, a verſifier of that period. C.

[f] *H. B.*] Theſe initials may belong to the ſame individual who wrote a dialogue between the Reader and Chaucer, prefixed to Speght's edition of that poet's works in 1598. We have no means of aſcertaining his name: Ritſon and others only mention theſe lines to Spenſer as produced by H. B. C.

For well he knew, his Muſe would ſoone be tyred
In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in thoſe warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
So Spenſer now, to his immortall prayſe,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taſke exceed a humaine witt,
He is excus'd, ſith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.[g]

TO looke upon a worke of rare deviſe
The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deſerved priſe
That unto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
Doth either prove the judgement to be naught,
Or els doth ſhew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,
Would raiſe a jealous doubt, that there didl urke
Some ſecret doubt whereto the prayſe did tend;
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
'Tis needleſſe for the hoaſt to have a ſygne.

Thus then, to ſhew my judgement to be ſuch
As can diſcerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde[h] from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch
As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
Not for to ſhew the goodneſs of the ware;

---

[g] *W. L.*] Poſſibly William Liſle, who tranſlated "The Colonyes of Bartas," firſt printed in 1604, and again in 1625. He was alſo the author of "The Fair Ethiopian," from Heliodorus, which came out as late as 1631. C.

[h] *As alls to free my minde.*] i. e. As *alſo*, or *likewiſe*, to free my mind. "As alls" is equivalent to *As well as*. C.

But ſuch hath beene the cuſtome heretofore,
And cuſtomes very hardly broken are;
And when your taſt ſhall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you give your hoaſt his utmoſt dew.

IGNOTO.[i]

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[i] *Ignoto.*] A common ſignature to poems of unknown authors; and more than a dozen inſtances of its uſe are to be found in "England's Helicon," 1600 and 1614. The verſes here found have no ſuch merit as to render it very material to whom they ſhould be aſcribed. C.

SONNETS

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &c.[a]

To the Right honourable Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England &c.[b]

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counſels wiſe
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did ſuſtaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyranniſe
And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from thoſe grave affaires were wont abſtaine,

---

[a] *Sonnets addreſſed, by the Author of the Faerie Queene, to various Noblemen, &c.*] Todd printed theſe ſonnets, not in the order in which they ſtand in the firſt edition,—a courſe we have avoided. The places may have been arbitrarily changed, or Spenſer may have had reaſon to alter the ſucceſſion afterwards, but we adopt his earlieſt intention. In a copy of the firſt edition in our hands, which once belonged to the poet John Marſton, four of the ſonnets, viz. thoſe to Sir C. Hatton, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Earl of Eſſex are repeated, and ſuch is the caſe with a few other copies. The pagination is continued to p. 604: it then breaks off for eight pages, each containing two ſonnets, and then begins again with p. 605, which has the Sonnets to Lady Carew, and to the Ladies of the Court, and p. 606, which is occupied by the "Faults eſcaped in the Print." C.

[b] *Lord high Chauncelor of England.*] Sir Chriſtopher Hatton was made Lord Chancellor in 1587 and died in 1591, when Robert Greene

With the ſweet Lady Muſes for to play:
So Ennius[c] the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæſars cares allay.
So you, great Lord, that with your counſell ſway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes ſometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy;
And to theſe ydle rymes lend litle ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

To the moſt honourable and excellent Lo. the Earle of Eſſex.[d] *Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſſe, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whoſe vertues excellent,
Doe merit a moſt famous Poets witt
To be thy living praiſes inſtrument,
Yet doe not ſdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this baſe Poeme, for thee far unfitt:
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby;
But when my Muſe, whoſe fethers, nothing flitt,[e]
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,

---

wrote a long ſeparate poem on his deceaſe, called "The Maiden's Dream," of which only one copy is known, viz. that in the Lambeth Library. It was reprinted by the Shakeſpeare Society in 1845; but the Rev. A. Dyce was not aware of its exiſtence when he publiſhed Greene's Works in 1831. C.

[c] *So Ennius,* &c.] The meaning is, "So Ennius allayed the cares of Scipio Africanus, and ſo Virgil, &c." Claudian relates the ſame circumſtance of Ennius. Præf. in Lib. 3. T. Warton.

[d] *the Earle of Eſſex.*] Queen Elizabeth's wayward, impetuous, ambitious, generous and unfortunate favourite—himſelf a poet. C.

[e] *But when my Muſe, whoſe fethers, nothing flitt.*] *Flitt* is the adjective *fleet*, thus written for the ſake of the rhyme; as the verb *fleet*, in other places: See F. Q. iv. xi. 34.

"Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge *flit.*"

And in *Aſtrophell*:

"Forthwith her ghoſt out of her corps did *flit.*" T. Warton.

With bolder wing ſhall dare alofte to ſty[f]
To the laſt praiſes of this Faery Queene;
Then ſhall it make more famous memory[g]
Of thine Heroicke parts, ſuch as they beene:
Till then, vouchſafe thy noble countenaunce
To theſe firſt labours needed furtheraunce.

To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,[h] Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c.

RECEIVE, moſt Noble Lord, in gentle gree,[i]
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which by thy countenaunce doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Envies poiſnous bit.
Which ſo to doe may thee right well beſit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine aunceſtry
Under a ſhady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And alſo for the love which thou doeſt beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, moſt deare:

---

[f] *ſhall dare alofte to ſty.*] To *ſty* is a verb in not unfrequent uſe by Spenſer and his contemporaries: it is from the A. S. *ſtigan*, to aſcend, and is ſometimes ſpelt *ſtigh* and *ſtighe*. C.

[g] *Then ſhall it make more famous memory.*] Todd miſprinted "more," as it ſtands in the firſt and in later editions, *moſt*, and ſince his time the blunder has been repeated. C.

[h] *the Earle of Oxenford.*] Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was himſelf a poet, which is what Spenſer refers to when in this Sonnet he ſpeaks of the Earl's love for "th' Heliconian imps." For an enumeration of ſome extant pieces by him, ſee Ritſon's "Bibl. Poet." p. 381. The rareſt of his productions is the poem at the cloſe of Naſh's edition of Sidney's "Aſtrophel and Stella," 4to. 1591. C.

[i] *Receive, moſt Noble Lord, in gentle gree.*] "Gree" is *favour*. See the F. Q. i. v. 16. TODD.

Deare as thou art unto thy ſelfe, ſo love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.[k]

THE ſacred Muſes have made alwaies clame
To be the Nourſes of nobility,
And Regiſtres of everlaſting fame,
To all that armes profeſſe and chevalry.
Then, by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the ſervice of ſweete Poetry,
By whoſe endevours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praiſe,
Which gives them life, that els would ſoone have dide,
And crownes their aſhes with immortall baies.
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I ſend
This preſent of my paines, it to defend.

To the right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Oſſory.[l]

RECEIVE, moſt noble Lord, a ſimple taſte
Of the wilde fruit which ſalvage ſoyl hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left almoſt waſte,

---

[k] *the Earle of Northumberland.*] Warton ſays that this was Henry Percy, brother to Thomas, who was beheaded at York in 1572. This is a miſtake: Thomas Percy was ſucceeded by his brother Henry; but Henry died in 1585, and this Sonnet by Spenſer, in 1590, was addreſſed to Henry Percy, ſon and heir to Henry, the brother of Thomas. He became K. G., and did not die until 1632, when he was ſucceeded by Algernon Percy. C.

[l] *the Earle of Ormond and Oſſory.*] An Iriſh peer, and in Spenſer's time Lieut.-General of the forces of the Queen in Ireland, being alſo related to Elizabeth. His "brave manſion," mentioned below, was in the Barony of Arclo. C.

With brutiſh barbariſme is overſpredd:
And, in ſo faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnaſſus, nor one Helicone,
Left for ſweete Muſes to be harboured,
But where thy ſelfe haſt thy brave manſione:
There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy perſon, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour ſits.
Such, therefore, as that waſted ſoyl doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard,[m] *Lo. high Admiral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Majeſtie's privie Counſel, &c.*

AND ye, brave Lord, whoſe goodly perſonage
And noble deeds, each other garniſhing,
Make you enſample to the preſent age
Of th' old Heroes, whoſe famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont ſo much to ſing;
In this ſame Pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith thoſe huge caſtles of Caſtilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to diſplace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen inſolent
Through many victories, didſt firſt deface:
Thy praiſes everlaſting monument
Is in this verſe engraven ſemblably,
That it may live to all poſterity.

[m] *the Lord Ch. Howard.*] Created Earl of Nottingham in 1597. He was Lord High Admiral, and this Sonnet celebrates his achievements againſt the Spaniards, in 1588. He died in 1624. C.

To the moſt renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton,[n] *knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

MOST Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muſes pupillage;
Through whoſe large bountie, poured on me rife
In the firſt ſeaſon of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound yours by vaſſalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endleſſe debt, ſo ſure a gage,
Vouchſafe in worth this ſmall guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the reſt that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a ruſtick Muſe did weave
In ſavadge ſoyle, far from Parnaſſo Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loome:
The which vouchſafe, dear Lord, your favorable doome.

To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh,[o] *Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.*

TO thee, that art the ſommers Nightingale,[p]
Thy ſoveraine Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſticke Madrigale,

---

[n] *the Lord Grey of Wilton.*] Spenſer's early patron. See the Life prefixed: ſee alſo "A Commentary on the Services of William Lord Grey of Wilton," by Sir P. de Malpas Grey Egerton (publiſhed by the Camden Society in 1847), Introd. p. xviii. C.

[o] *Sir Walter Raleigh.*] He often ſpelt his own name Ralegh, and that certainly is its moſt ancient form. He was at this date high in the favour of Elizabeth, though he not long afterwards loſt his poſition. The concluſion of this Sonnet refers to Raleigh's Poem called "Cynthia," in praiſe of the Queen, which has not come down to our day. C.

[p] *To thee, that art the ſommers Nightingale.*] See Drayton's "Shepherd's Garland," 1593, Eglog. vi, where he applies the ſame words to the Counteſs of Pembroke.

That may thy tunefull eare unſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty love learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unſavory and ſowre,
To taſt the ſtreames that, like a golden ſhowre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy love's praiſe;
Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy lofty Muſe to raiſe:
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.

To the right honourable the Lo. Burleigh,[q] *Lo. high Threaſurer of England.*

TO you, right noble Lord, whoſe carefull breſt
To menage of moſt grave affaires is bent;
And on whoſe mightie ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burdein of this kingdomes governement,
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament
On Atlas mighty ſhoulders is upſtayd,
Unfitly I theſe ydle rimes preſent,
The labor of loſt time, and wit unſtayd:
Yet if their deeper ſence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure grave.

E. S.

---

[q] *the Lo. Burleigh.*] He always ſpelt his own name *Burghley*. See our Memoir of Spenſer, where reaſons are aſſigned for believing that the Lord Treaſurer oppoſed the grant by Queen Elizabeth of a ſum of money to Spenſer. Lord Burghley's father was only Yeoman, not Maſter (as has been generally ſtated), of the Robes to Henry VIII.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.[r]

REDOUBTED Lord, in whoſe corageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now blooſming faire,
Doth promiſe fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praiſes have left you the haire;
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martial praiſe;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye ſhew'd in late aſſaies,
Yet brave enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which trew honor yee may faſhiond ſee,
To like deſire of honor may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunſdon,[s] *high Chamberlaine to her Majeſty.*

RENOWMED Lord, that, for your worthineſſe
And noble deeds, have your deſerved place
High in the favour of that Empereſſe,
The worlds ſole glory and her ſexes grace;
Here eke of right have you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace:

---

[r] *the Earle of Cumberland.*] A naval commander of great enterpriſe and ſucceſs. The earldom had been conferred upon the Cliffords in 1525; and George Clifford, whom this Sonnet celebrates, came to the title in 1569, and died in 1605. The preceding is the earlieſt ſonnet to which the initials of the poet are appended: the diſtinction ſeems almoſt arbitrary C.

[s] *the Lord of Hunſdon.*] He was raiſed to the peerage juſt after Elizabeth, his couſin by the mother's ſide, came to the throne. He died in 1596, being ſtill Lord Chamberlain. C.

Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be ſeene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene[t]
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their diſloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Live, Lord, for ever in this laſting verſe,
That all poſteritie thy honor may reherſe.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurſt,[u] *one of her Majeſties privie Counſell.*

IN vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her owne record
In golden verſe, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leaſure to the ſame)
Thy gracious Soverain praiſes to compile,
And her imperiall Majeſtie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke ſtile.
But, ſith thou maiſt not ſo, give leave a while
To baſer wit his power therein to ſpend,
Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And unadviſed overſights amend.

---

[t] *and fearfull deene.*] T. Warton is right in explaining "deene" here as *din, noiſe;* but entirely wrong in his example from Skelton's "Colin Clout:" the expreſſion

"With ſuche ſtoryes *bydene*,"

there uſed, means with ſuch ſtories *collected*. In his "Hiſt. Engliſh Poetry" he is equally miſtaken when he tells us that "bydene" means "by the *dozen*." Vol. iii. p. 169, edit. 8vo. 1824. C.

[u] *the Lord of Buckhurſt.*] Thomas Sackville, created Baron Buckhurſt in 1567, and Earl of Dorſet in 1603, wrote the two laſt acts of "the Tragedy of Gorboduc," printed in 1565, beſides the Induction to "The Mirror for Magiſtrates," and the "Legend of the Duke of Buckingham" in the ſame work. He became Lord Treaſurer on the death of Lord Burghley; and during the later part of his career ſeems to have avoided reference to his own early poetical propenſity. C.

But evermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
Againſt vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walſingham,[x] *knight, principall Secretary to her Majeſty, and one of her honourable privy Counſell.*

THAT Mantuane Poets incompared ſpirit,
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
It firſt advaunſt to great Auguſtus grace,
Might long perhaps have lien in ſilence bace,
Ne bene ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muſe, that learns like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecænas of this age,
As wel to al that civil artes profeſſe,
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with Martial rage,
And craves protection of her feebleneſſe:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayſe
In bigger tunes to ſound your living prayſe.

E. S.

To the right noble Lord and moſt valiaunt Captaine, Sir John Norris,[y] *knight, Lord preſident of Mounſter.*

WHO ever gave more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe then did the Martiall crew,
That their brave deeds ſhe might immortaliſe

---

[x] *Sir Fr. Walſingham.*] He was made one of the Queen's Secretaries in 1573, and in 1586 eſtabliſhed a new divinity lecture at Oxford, more effectually to oppoſe the encroachments of Rome. As he died the 6th of April 1590, the date of this Sonnet may be conſidered aſcertained; and hence we may infer that the whole of them were written in the winter of 1589, or in the ſpring of 1590. This is a point that ſeems to have hitherto received no attention. C.

[y] *Sir John Norris.*] A very valiant and ſucceſsful ſoldier in the Low

In her ſhril tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Moſte noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and advizement ſage,
Hath fild ſad Belgicke with victorious ſpoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately ſhakt the Luſitanian ſoile.
Sith, then, each where thou haſt diſpredd thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the right honourable and moſt vertuous Lady the Counteſſe of Penbroke.[z]

REMEMBRAUNCE of that moſt Heroicke ſpirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues, crown'd with laſting baies
Of hevenlie blis and everlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me, moſt noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine reſemblaunce of your face;

Countries, France, Ireland, &c. and at one time, as the title of this Sonnet informs us, Lord Preſident of Munſter. His expedition to "the Luſitanian ſoil" was not fortunate, and he died in 1597. C.

[z] *the Counteſſe of Penbroke.*] Siſter to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom Spenſer alludes. She was herſelf a Poeteſs, and tranſlated a tragedy, called "Antonie," from the French, which was completed in 1590, but was not printed until five years afterwards. She alſo wrote ſeveral ſhort poems, and died in 1621. To her Sidney dedicated his "Arcadia," firſt publiſhed in 4to. 1590; and ſhe is the Pandora of Drayton's Eglog. vi.—"Pandora thou, our Phœbus was thy brother." Edit. 1593,

Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And native beauty deck with heavenlie grace:
For his, and for your owne eſpecial ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the moſt vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew.[a]

NE may I, without blot of endleſſe blame,
You, faireſt Lady, leave out of this place;
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond moſt ye grace
And deck the world, adorne theſe verſes baſe.
Not that theſe few lines can in them compriſe
Thoſe glorious ornaments of hevenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in ſubdued harts do tyranyſe;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And ſilver leaves, them rightly to deviſe;

ſign. G. In the State Paper Office are preſerved various letters from Lady Pembroke and her huſband reſpecting the marriage of their ſon with Bridget, daughter to Lord Burghley. The intended bride was then (1597) only 13 years old; and it was propoſed that her huſband ſhould travel for a few years after the union, and the wife remain with the Counteſs. To ſhow how true was Gifford's remark on the confidence repoſed in "ſervants" of the nobility, it may be mentioned that the whole affair was negociated by Maſſinger, the father of the poet, then one of the moſt truſted retainers of the Pembroke family. As to the Chriſtian name of that father, the intelligence derived from the ſame ſource is deciſive, for one or more letters are ſubſcribed "Arth. Maſsynger;" ſo that there can be no doubt that his name was not like that of his ſon, Philip, but Arthur. See Gifford's "Maſſinger," edit. 1813, vol. i. p. xxxvii. C.

[a] *the Lady Carew.*] Second daughter to Sir John Spenſer of Althorpe, and wife to Sir George Carew, or Carey, who ſucceeded to the title of Lord Hunſdon on the death of his father in 1596. She had a daughter of the ſame names, and to both various works of ſcience and imagination were dedicated. C.

But to make humble preſent of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchaſe may,
In ampler wiſe it ſelfe will forth diſplay.

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.[b]

THE Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more abſolute, deſird
Of all the faireſt Maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, to draw the ſemblant trew
Of beauties Queene, the worlds ſole wonderment,
To ſharpe my ſence with ſundry beauties vew,
And ſteale from each ſome part of ornament.
If all the world to ſeeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I ſee
Then that brave court doth to mine eie preſent;
That the worlds pride ſeemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I ſtole by cunning thefte:
Forgive it me, faire Dames, ſith leſſe ye have not lefte.

E. S.

---

[b] *Ladies in the Court.*] This Sonnet, as well as the preceding, was not reprinted in the later impreſſions of the Faery Queene; for what reaſon, is, we believe, nowhere ſtated. C.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

1.

O! I, the man whoſe Muſe whylome did maſke,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds, [taſke,
Am now enforſt, a farre unfitter
For trumpets ſterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And ſing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whoſe praiſes having ſlept in ſilence long,
Me, all too meane, the ſacred Muſe areeds
To blazon broade emongſt her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.

2.

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne,[a]
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlaſting ſcryne[b]

---

[a] *O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne.*] This invocation is addreſſed to Clio. So, in vii. vii. 1, "*Thou greater Muſe.*" See too F. Q. iii. iii. 4, and vii. vi. 37. CHURCH.

[b] *thine everlaſting ſcryne.*] An *eſcritoir*, or *deſk*, from the Latin *ſcri-*

The antique rolles, which there lye hidden ſtill,
Of Faerie knights, and fayreſt Tanaquill,
Whom that moſt noble Briton Prince ſo long
Sought through the world, and ſuffered ſo much ill,
That I muſt rue his undeſerved wrong:
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and ſharpen my dull tong!

3.

And thou, moſt dreaded impe of higheſt Jove,
Faire Venus ſonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight ſo cunningly didſt rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,[c]
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous ſpoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

4.

And with them eke, O Goddeſſe heavenly bright!
Mirrour of grace and Majeſtie divine,
Great Ladie of the greateſt Iſle, whoſe light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth ſhine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,[d]
And raiſe my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to heare vouchſafe, O deareſt dread, a while!

---

nium. "*Scryn*, a *ſhrine*; anciently a *cheſt* or *cofer*:" Verſtegan. UPTON. Spenſer uſes the word again in B. ii. C. 9, ſt. 56. C.

[c] *with you bring triumphant Mart.*] So the Italians, *Marte*, the god of war; and ſo too our poets: Fairfax, "Taſſ." ii. 89.

"Thou proud deſpiſer of inconſtant *Marte*."

Chaucer, "Kn. Tale," v. 2023.

"Nought was forgett the infortune of *Mart*."

And Lydgate, "Of the Troj. War," B. ii.

"For aye of *Mart* doubtous is the cure." UPTON.

[d] *into my feeble eyne.*] In the firſt edit. the text is "into *mine* feeble eyne," an obvious error, corrected in ſubſequent impreſſions. C.

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holineſſe
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocriſie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

1.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and ſilver ſhielde,[a]
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry ſteede did chide his foming bitt,
As much diſdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly[b] knight he ſeemd, and faire did ſitt,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fitt.

---

[a] *Ycladd in mightie armes and ſilver ſhielde.*] Hardyng, from Nennius, ſays in his Chronicle, printed in 1543, that, when Joſeph of Arimathea converted Arviragus, he

" ——— gave hym then a *ſhilde of ſilver* white,
" A croſſe endlong and overtwart full perfecte:
" Theſe armes were uſed through all Britain
" For a common ſigne eche manne to know his nacion
" From enemies; which now we call certain
" *Sainct Georges* armes." CHURCH.

[b] *Full jolly knight.*] Handſome: Fr. *joli.* Cotgrave's tranſlation of *joli* minutely paints a hero of romance, viz. "gay, trim, fine, gallant, neat, handſome, feat, well-faſhioned, minion, compt, polite." TODD.

2.

And on his breſt a bloodie Croſſe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweete ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did ſeeme too ſolemne ſad;[c]
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greateſt Gloriana to him gave,
(That greateſt Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worſhippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he moſt did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puiſſance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearne.

4.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beſide,
Upon a lowly Aſſe more white then ſnow,
Yet ſhe much whiter; but the ſame did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;[d]
And over all a blacke ſtole ſhee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, ſo was ſhe ſad,

---

[c] *too ſolemne ſad.*] "Sad" generally means *grave, ſerious, heavy*, in the writings of Spenſer's time: but in the next ſtanza but one he ſays of Una, "ſo was ſhe ſad," i. e. not merely *grave* and *ſerious*, but as one lamenting ſome ſecret misfortune, ſome "hidden care." C.

[d] *Under a vele, that wimpled was full low.*] A veil and a wimple ſeem to have been different names for the ſame thing; and when Lydgate, in a paſſage quoted by T. Warton, ſpeaks of "your veile, your wimple," he merely calls it by two different names. A "veil that wimpled was full low" is a veil that covered, or concealed, not merely the face of Una, but a part of her perſon. C.

And heavie ſate upon her palfrey ſlow;
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe ſhe lad.

5.

So pure and innocent, as that ſame lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by deſcent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their ſcepters ſtretcht from Eaſt to Weſterne ſhore,
And all the world in their ſubjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwaſted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge ſhe had this Knight from far compeld.

6.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That laſie ſeemd, in being ever laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they paſt,
The day with cloudes was ſuddeine overcaſt,
And angry Jove an hideous ſtorme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap[e] ſo faſt,
That everie wight to ſhrowd it did conſtrain;
And this faire couple eke to ſhroud themſelves were fain.

7.

Enforſt to ſeeke ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhadie grove not farr away they ſpide,
That promiſt ayde the tempeſt to withſtand;
Whoſe loftie trees, yclad with ſommers pride,
Did ſpred ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,

---

[e] *into his Lemans lap.*] "Leman" uſually meant *ſweet-heart* or *miſtreſs*; and ſo Spenſer employs it, B. ii. C. v. St. 28, where he ſpeaks of the "leman" of Cymochles. It is a very old word in our language, and has been derived from the Fr. *l'aimante*. C.

With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them ſeems; ſo in they entred ar.

8.

And foorth they paſſe, with pleaſure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes ſweete harmony,
Which, therein ſhrouded from the tempeſt dred,
Seemd in their ſong to ſcorne the cruell ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees[f] ſo ſtraight and hy,
The ſayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, ſole king of forreſts all;
The Aſpine good for ſtaves; the Cypreſſe funerall;

9.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets ſage; the Firre that weepeth ſtill;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for ſhaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe ſweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;

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[f] *Much can they praiſe the trees.*] The reader will find this expreſſion very often, *Much can they praiſe*—i. e. *Much they praiſed.* It is often uſed thus in Chaucer, and much oftener in G. Douglaſs, the tranſlator of Virgil. The Greeks and Latins have exactly the ſame idiom. UPTON. Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Statius, and Claudian, have all left us a deſcription of trees; but Spenſer, in this before us, ſeems more immediately to have had his favourite Chaucer in his eye: ſee the "Aſſemb. of Fowles," v. 176.

"The bilder oke, and eke the hardie aſhe,
"The piller elme, the coffir unto caraine,
"The boxe pipe-tree, the holme to whippis laſhe,
"The ſailing firre, the cipres death to plaine,
"The ſhooter ewe, the aſpe for ſhaftis plaine,
"The olive of peace, and eke the dronken vine,
"The victor palme, the laurer to divine."

In Chaucer's "Complaint of the Blacke Knight," we meet with another deſcription of trees, from which Spenſer ſeems alſo to have drawn one or two circumſtances.

"The mirre alſo that wepith ever of kinde
"The cedris hie, as upright as a line." T. WARTON.

The warlike Beech; the Aſh for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple ſeeldom inward ſound.

10.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the bluſtring ſtorme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did ſtray,
They cannot finde that path, which firſt was ſhowne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neereſt weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, ſo many turnings ſeene,
That which of them to take in diverſe doubt they been.

11.

At laſt reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten ſeemd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
Eftſoones diſmounted from his courſer brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needleſſe ſpere he gave.

12.

"Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde,
"Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe ye too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without ſmoke,
And perill without ſhow: therefore your ſtroke,[g]
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah Ladie," (ſayd he) "ſhame were to revoke

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[g] *therefore your ſtroke.*] It is "*hardy* ſtroke" in the edit. 1590; but the epithet is directed to be eraſed in the faults eſcaped in the preſs. Nevertheleſs it was not eraſed, and the line remains of twelve ſyllables, even in the folio 1611. C.

The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Vertue gives her ſelfe light through darkneſſe for to wade."[h]

13.

" Yea but" (quoth ſhe) " the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though nowe too late
To wiſh you backe returne with foule diſgrace,
Yet wiſedome warnes, whileſt foot is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware." " Fly, fly!" (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) " this is no place for living men."

14.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be ſtaide;
But forth unto the darkſom hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a ſhade;
By which he ſaw the ugly monſter plaine,
Halfe like a ſerpent horribly diſplaide,
But th'other halfe did womans ſhape retaine,
Moſt lothſom, filthie, foule, and full of vile diſdaine.

15.

And, as ſhe lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overſpred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall ſting. Of her there bred
A thouſand yong ones, which ſhe dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poiſnous dugs; each one

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[h] *Vertue gives her ſelfe light through darkneſſe for to wade.*] Milton had the ſame beautiful idea in his mind, and perhaps this paſſage, when he wrote the following in " Comus:"

" Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
" By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
" Were in the flat ſea ſunk." UPTON.

Of ſundrie ſhapes,[i] yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

16.

Their dam upſtart out of her den effraide,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curſed head; whoſe folds diſplaid
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entraile.[k]
She lookt about, and ſeeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, ſought backe to turne againe;
For light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any plaine.

17.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to ſtay:
Therewith enrag'd ſhe loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her ſpeckled taile advaunſt,
Threatning her angrie ſting, him to diſmay;
Who, nought aghaſt, his mightie hand enhaunſt:
The ſtroke down from her head unto her ſhoulder glaunſt.

18.

Much daunted with that dint her ſence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her ſelfe ſhe gathered round,
And all attonce her beaſtly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed ſterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his ſhield, and her huge traine
All ſuddenly about his body wound,

---

[i] *Of ſundrie ſhapes.*] It is "ſhapes" in the edits. 1590 and 1596, and became *ſhape* in 1611: we retain "ſhapes." C.

[k] *at length without entraile.*] i. e. without *coil* or *involution.* C.

That hand or foot to ſtirr he ſtrove in vaine.
God helpe the man ſo wrapt in Errours endleſſe traine![1]

19.

His Lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint,
Cride out, "Now, now, Sir knight, ſhew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high diſdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with ſo great paine,
That ſoone to looſe her wicked bands did her conſtraine.

20.

Therewith ſhe ſpewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyſon horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunck ſo vildly,[m] that it forſt him ſlacke
His graſping hold, and from her turne him backe.
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping ſought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake[n] all the place defiled has.

21.

As when old father Nilus gins to ſwell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,

---

[1] *in Errours endleſſe traine.*] Church would read "Errours endleſſe *chaine*," but without warrant, though not, perhaps, without ſome improvement. All old impreſſions have "traine;" and although it rhymes with the ſame word above, yet they are to be taken in different ſenſes: in the firſt inſtance it means, naturally, the tail, and in the ſecond, allegorically, *fraud* or *impoſition*. C.

[m] *Which ſtunck ſo vildly.*] Here Spenſer, or his printer, for the firſt time employed the old and corrupt ſpelling of *vilely:* elſewhere vile and vild, as well as vilely and vildly, ſeem uſed indifferently, unleſs the rhyme require the one or the other. C.

[n] *Her filthie parbreake.*] i. e. *vomit;* but, ſtrictly, to parbreake means merely to *break out* or *forth*, and the ſubſtantive *out-break*.

His fattie waves doe fertile ſlime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later ſpring gins to avale,[o]
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thouſand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful ſeed;
Such ugly monſtrous ſhapes elſwher may no man reed.

22.

The ſame ſo ſore annoyed has the knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly ſtinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
Whoſe corage when the feend perceivd to ſhrinke,
She poured forth out of her helliſh ſinke
Her fruitfull curſed ſpawne of ſerpents ſmall,
Deformed monſters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which ſwarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred ſore, but could not hurt at all.

23.

As gentle ſhepheard in ſweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in weſt,[p]
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infixe their feeble ſtinges,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt;
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft,[q] and oft doth mar their murmurings.

---

[o] *But, when his later ſpring gins to avale.*] To "avale" is to *lower* or *ſink down:* in the edit. 1590, "ſpring" is *ebbe;* but among the errors of the preſs we are told to ſubſtitute "ſpring" for *ebbe:* nevertheleſs *ebbe* is ſtill retained in the folio 1611. C.

[p] *gins to welke in weſt.*] To "welk" is to *roll,* to *go down,* from A. S. *wealan.* C.

[q] *He bruſheth oft.*] It deſerves remark that in Drayton's copy of the folio 1611, that poet has altered "oft" to *off*—"he bruſheth off"— by a pencil note in the margin. The old copies are uniform. C.

24.

Thus ill beſtedd, and fearefull more of ſhame
Then of the certeine perill he ſtood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Reſolvd in minde all ſuddenly to win,
Or ſoone to loſe, before he once would lin;[r]
And ſtroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie ſin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorſe:
A ſtreame of cole-black blood forth guſhed from her corſe.

25.

Her ſcattred brood, ſoone as their Parent deare
They ſaw ſo rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themſelves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withſtood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And ſucked up their dying mothers bloud;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26.

That deteſtable ſight[s] him much amazde,
To ſee th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurſt,
Devoure their dam; on whom while ſo he gazd,
Having all ſatisfide their bloudy thurſt,
Their bellies ſwolne he ſaw with fulneſſe burſt,
And bowels guſhing forth: well worthy end
Of ſuch as drunke her life the which them nurſt!
Now needeth him no lenger labour ſpend,
His foes have ſlaine themſelves, with whom he ſhould contend.

---

[r] *he once would lin.*] i. e. he once would *ceaſe*. A. S. *linnan*. C.

[s] *That deteſtable ſight.*] The accent appears to have been uſual on the firſt ſyllable of *deteſtable*. See F. Q. ii. xii. 8, and *délectable*, ii. xii. 12. See alſo Shakeſpeare, "Rom. and Jul." A. v. Sc. 3. TODD.

27.

His Lady, ſeeing all that chaunſt from farre,
Approcht in haſt to greet his victorie;
And ſaide, "Faire knight, borne under happie ſtarre,
Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong enimie;
Your firſt adventure: many ſuch I pray,
And henceforth ever wiſh that like ſucceed it may!"

28.

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward ſought to wend.
That path he kept which beaten was moſt plaine,
Ne ever would to any byway bend,
But ſtill did follow one unto the end;
The which at laſt out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He paſſed forth, and new adventure ſought:
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ought.

29.

At length they chaunſt to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
Sober he ſeemde, and very ſagely ſad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breſt, as one that did repent.

30.

He faire the knight ſaluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited,[t] as that courteous was;

[t] *Who faire him quited.*] *Requited*, payed him back his ſalutations again, F. Q. v. vii. 17.

"Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was."

See alſo Fairfax, "Taſſ." B. xvii. 59. UPTON.

And after aſked him, if he did know
Of ſtraunge adventures, which abroad did pas?
" Ah! my dear ſonne," (quoth he) " how ſhould, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his treſpas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father ſits not with ſuch thinges to mell.[u]

31.

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye deſire to heare,
Of a ſtraunge man I can you tidings tell,
That waſteth all this countrie, farre and neare."
" Of ſuch," (ſaide he,) " I chiefly doe inquere,
And ſhall thee well rewarde to ſhew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
For to all knighthood it is foule diſgrace,
That ſuch a curſed creature lives ſo long a ſpace."

32.

" Far hence" (quoth he) " in waſtfull wilderneſſe
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever paſſe, but thorough great diſtreſſe."
" Now," (ſaide the Ladie,) " draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what ſo ſtrong,
But, wanting reſt, will alſo want of might?

---

[u] *With holy father ſits not with ſuch thinges to mell.*] There is no doubt that " ſits " and " fits " would be eaſily printed one for the other; and in later impreſſions " ſits " was altered to *fits*, perhaps purpoſely. Nevertheleſs, " ſits " appears to be what Spenſer wrote, and what he was well warranted by precedent in writing. Chaucer repeatedly employs " ſits " where we ſhould now place *fits*: ſee Tyrwhitt's " Gloſſary." " Sits " is to be taken in the ſenſe of *ſuits*; and Spenſer, in his introductory Sonnet to the Earl of Oxford, uſes *beſit*, which has been commonly miſprinted *befit*. To " mell " is to *meddle*, and perhaps only an abridgment of the latter, which is from the Fr. *meſler*. Richardſon in his " Dict." treats " mell " and *meddle* as the ſame word, and Shakeſpeare frequently employs it: in " Meas. for Meas." A. iv. Sc. 2, he has it in the form of *meald*. C.

The Sunne, that meaſures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his ſteedes the Ocean waves emong.

33.

" Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely reſt,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they ſay, gives counſell beſt."
" Right well, Sir knight, ye have adviſed bin,"
Quoth then that aged man: " the way to win
Is wiſely to adviſe; now day is ſpent:
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this ſame night." The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34.

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a foreſts ſide,
Far from reſort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,[w]
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to ſay
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a chriſtall ſtreame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35.

Arrived there, the litle houſe they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Reſt is their feaſt, and all thinges at their will:
The nobleſt mind the beſt contentment has.
With faire diſcourſe the evening ſo they pas;
For that olde man of pleaſing wordes had ſtore,
And well could file his tongue as ſmooth as glas:
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He ſtrowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

---

[w] *an holy chappell edifyde.*] i. e. *built:* the uſe of the verb to "edify" in this way was by no means uncommon: it is, of courſe, its moſt ancient and etymological ſenſe. C.

36.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them faſt;
And the ſad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As meſſenger of Morpheus, on them caſt
Sweet ſlombring deaw, the which to ſleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his gueſtes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly ſleepe he findes,
He to his ſtudie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of ſundrie kindes,
He ſeekes out mighty charmes to trouble ſleepy minds.

37.

Then chooſing out few words moſt horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verſes frame;
With which, and other ſpelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grieſly Dame;
And curſed heven; and ſpake reprochful ſhame
Of higheſt God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their ſervice he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt twoo,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes:
The one of them he gave a meſſage too,
The other by him ſelfe ſtaide, other worke to doo.

39.

He, making ſpeedy way through ſperſed ayre,[x]

[x] *through ſperſed ayre.*] i. e. through *diſperſed* air, perhaps, *thin* air; the word alſo occurs in old writers in the form of *ſparſed*, from the Lat. *ſpargere:* ſee Richardſon's "Dict." "Sparſe:" he has not "ſperſe," although he cites this paſſage from Spenſer. C.

And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus houſe doth haſtily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed[y]
Doth ever waſh, and Cynthia ſtill doth ſteepe
In ſilver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles ſad Night over him her mantle black doth ſpred.

40.

Whoſe double gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one faire fram'd of burniſht Yvory,
The other all with ſilver overcaſt;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to baniſh Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth paſſe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowſie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

41.

And more to lulle him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtreame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the ſowne
Of ſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwowne.
No other noyſe, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As ſtill are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careleſſe Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall ſilence farre from enimyes.

---

[y] *there Tethys his wet bed.*] Upton remarks that Drayton, throughout his "Polyolbion," blunders between Tethys and *Thetis*. This is the more ſingular becauſe, in his copy of the folio 1611, of the F. Q. he has eſpecially noted in the margin this noble picture of the dwelling-place of Morpheus, and has put a mark under Tethys; who, as Upton truly ſtates, was the wife of Oceanus, while Thetis was a Nereid. S. Daniel has not confounded the two in his maſque of "Tethys' Feſtival," 1610. Thetis was the granddaughter of Tethys. C.

42.

The Meſſenger approching to him ſpake;
But his waſte wordes retournd to him in vaine:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thruſt, and puſht with paine,
Whereat he gan to ſtretch; but he againe
Shooke him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeake.
As one then in a dreame, whoſe dryer braine
Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weake,[z]
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence breake.

43.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompiſh head, with blame
Halfe angrie aſked him, for what he came.
"Hether" (quoth he,) "me Archimago ſent,
He that the ſtubborne Sprites can wiſely tame,
He bids thee to him ſend for his intent
A fit falſe dreame, that can delude the ſleepers ſent."[a]

44.

The God obayde; and, calling forth ſtraight way
A diverſe Dreame out of his priſon darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;[b]

---

[z] *Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weake.*] It is *ſighes* for "ſights" in the edit. 1590, but among the errata at the end we are told to read *ſighes* "ſights;" and "ſights" is duly ſubſtituted in the later impreſſions. C.

[a] *that can delude the ſleepers ſent.*] "Sent," for the rhyme's ſake, is probably here put for *ſenſe* or *perception*—a dream that could delude the faculties of the ſleeper. Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, has put a croſs againſt "ſent," as if to note the peculiarity. C.

[b] *devoide of careful carke.*] Strictly, the expreſſion "careful carke" is tautologous, meaning "careful care." Carke is derived from the A. S. *carc*, care; but if we could accept "carke" as from the It. *caricare*, to load, the tautology would be avoided, for the meaning of "careful carke" would then be careful *weight*, or *burden*. C.

Whoſe ſences all were ſtraight benumbd and ſtarke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In haſt unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and ſo like in all mens ſight,
That weaker ſence it could have raviſht quight:
The maker ſelfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with ſo goodly ſight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Caſt a black ſtole, moſt like to ſeeme for Una fit.[c]

46.

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he ſlept ſoundly void of evil thought,
And with falſe ſhewes abuſe his fantaſy,
In ſort as he him ſchooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,[d]
Full of the makers guyle, with uſage ſly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whoſe ſemblance ſhe did carrie under feigned hew.

---

[c] *Caſt a black ſtole, moſt like to ſeeme for Una fit.*] Here is the firſt diſcovery of the name of the Lady that accompanied the Red-croſſe Knight. Our author's reſidence in Ireland furniſhed him with the name of *Una*, or Oonah: Lloyd ("Archæol.") obſerves, that it is there a common name of a woman. Spenſer might at the ſame time intend to denote, by *Una*, ſingular and unparallelled excellence. T. Warton.

[d] *borne without her dew.*] i. e. not according to the *due* courſe of nature; and in the folio 1611 it is printed, not "dew," as in the 4to. 1590, but *due*, while "trew," that rhymes with it, is ſpelt *true*, although "hew" is there ſtill retained in the old form. Upton underſtands "dew" to mean the *due* and proper qualities of a woman; but ſhe was not deſtitute of ſome of thoſe qualities—ſuch as the faculty of ſpeech. C.

47.

Thus, well inſtructed, to their worke they haſte;
And, comming where the knight in ſlomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaſte,
And made him dreame of loves and luſtfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliſ[e] and wicked joy.
Then ſeemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that falſe winged boy
Her chaſte hart had ſubdewd to learne Dame Pleaſures toy.

48.

And ſhe her ſelfe, of beautie ſoveraigne Queene,
Fayre Venus, ſeemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chaſteſt flowre that aye did ſpring
On earthly braunch; the daughter of a king,
Now a looſe Leman to vile ſervice bound:
And eke the Graces ſeemed all to ſing,
Hymen Iö Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylſt freſheſt Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

49.

In this great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He ſtarteth up, as ſeeming to miſtruſt
Some ſecret ill, or hidden foe of his.
Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke ſtole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe bluſhing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandiſhment and lovely looke,
Moſt like that Virgin true which for her Knight him took.

---

[e] *Bathed in wanton blis.*] There is an ambiguity in Todd's note upon this not unuſual figure, ſince it makes it appear as if "the Hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra" (upon the ſame ſtory as Shakeſpeare's "Meaſure for Meaſure") was by Spenſer, when it is well known to have been a drama in two parts by George Whetſtone, and publiſhed in 1578. The original novel is by Giraldi Cinthio, and Whetſtone alſo introduced a proſe tranſlation of it in his "Heptameron of Civil Diſcourſes," 1582.

50.

All cleane diſmayd to ſee ſo uncouth ſight,
And halfe enraged at her ſhameleſſe guiſe,
He thought have ſlaine her[f] in his fierce deſpight;
But haſtie heat tempring with ſufferance wiſe,
He ſtayde his hand; and gan himſelfe adviſe
To prove his ſenſe, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wiſe,
Tho can ſhe weepe, to ſtirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51.

And ſayd, "Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my love,
Shall I accuſe the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie cauſes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched ſtate,
You, whom my hard avenging deſtinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

52.

"Your owne deare ſake forſt me at firſt to leave
My fathers kingdom"—There ſhe ſtopt with teares;
Her ſwollen hart her ſpeech ſeemd to bereave,
And then again begonne;[g] "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for ſuccour and ſure ayde:

---

[f] *He thought have ſlaine her.*] The folio 1611 has it "He thought t'have ſlaine her," and the eliſion ſeems needleſs in the 4to. 1590, though, of courſe, it was common to print *to have* "t'have," when it was wanted as a monoſyllable. However, Spenſer has the ſame elliptical form of expreſſion elſewhere. C.

[g] *And then again begonne.*] "Begonne" is the old paſt tenſe of to begin; but Todd, deſerting the oldeſt copy, prints *begun:* if he altered at all it ſhould have been *began;* but we adhere, as in other caſes, to the ſpelling of the edit. 1590, when not evidently corrupted. C.

Let me not die in languor and long teares."
"Why, Dame," (quoth he,) "what hath ye thus diſmayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?"

53.

"Love of your ſelfe," ſhe ſaide, "and deare conſtraint,
Lets me not ſleepe, but waſte the wearie night
In ſecret anguiſh and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in careleſſe ſleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suſpect her truth; yet ſince no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule diſdainefull ſpight
He would not ſhend; but ſaid, "Deare dame, I rew,
That for my ſake unknowne ſuch griefe unto you grew.

54.

"Aſſure your ſelfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all ſo deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needleſſe ſmart,
Where cauſe is none; but to your reſt depart."
Not all content, yet ſeemd ſhe to appeaſe
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not choſe but pleaſe:
So, ſlyding ſoftly forth, ſhe turnd as to her eaſe.

55.

Long after lay he muſing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame ſo light,
For whoſe defence he was to ſhed his blood.
At laſt, dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt aſleepe his irkeſome ſpright,
That troublous dreame gan freſhly toſſe his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he ſaw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed ſpright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcroſſe Knight from Truth:
Into whoſe ſtead[a] *faire falſhood ſteps,*
And workes him woefull ruth.

I.

BY this the Northerne wagoner had ſet[b]
His ſevenfold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtarre
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In haſt was climbing up the Eaſterne hill,
Full envious that night ſo long his roome did fill:

---

[a] *Into whoſe ſtead.*] This line affords an inſtance how old compoſitors were ſometimes miſled by the occurrence of a ſimilar word in, or near, the ſame line: "ſtead" is miſprinted *ſteps* in the edit. 1590, but it was afterwards corrected. C.

[b] *By this the Northerne wagoner had ſet.*] The *northerne wagoner* is *Boötes*, one of the conſtellations; his *ſevenfold teme* are the ſeven ſtars in the tail and hinder part of the Greater Bear, and vulgarly called *Charles's wain;* and the *ſtedfaſt ſtarre* is the *Pole-ſtar*. CHURCH.

2.

When thoſe accurſed meſſengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,
Came to their wicked maiſter, and gan tel
Their booteleſſe paines, and ill ſucceeding night:
Who, all in rage to ſee his ſkilfull might
Deluded ſo, gan threaten helliſh paine,
And ſad Proſerpines wrath, them to affright;
But, when he ſaw his threatning was but vaine,
He caſt about, and ſearcht his baleful bokes againe.

3.

Eftſoones he tooke that miſcreated faire,
And that falſe other Spright, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and luſty hed
His wanton daies that ever looſely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thoſe twoo he tooke, and in a ſecrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

4.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haſt
Unto his gueſt, who, after troublous ſights
And dreames, gan now to take more ſound repaſt;
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghaſt with feends or damned ſprights,
And to him cals; "Riſe, riſe! unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themſelves in Venus ſhameful chaine:
Come, ſee where your falſe Lady doth her honor ſtaine."

5.

All in amaze he ſuddenly up ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoone him brought into a ſecret part,

Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment[c]
In wanton luſt and leud enbracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reaſon was with rage yblent;
And would have ſlaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was reſtreined of that aged ſire.

6.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guilty ſight,
He could not reſt; but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſt his inward gall with deepe deſpight,
Yrkeſome of life, and too long lingring night.
At laſt faire Heſperus in higheſt ſkie
Had ſpent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily:
The dwarfe him brought his ſteed; ſo both away do fly.

7.

Now when the roſy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan diſcovered,
The royall virgin ſhooke off drouſy hed;
And, riſing forth out of her baſer bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre:
Then gan ſhe wail and weepe to ſee that woeful ſtowre.

8.

And after him ſhe rode, with ſo much ſpeede
As her ſlowe beaſt could make; but all in vaine,
For him ſo far had borne his light-foot ſteede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce diſdaine,

---

[c] *full cloſely ment.*] We have already had *meint* in the ſenſe of *mingled*, in "The Shep. Cal." p. 132, and here it occurs again, with the ſame meaning, but differently ſpelt. C.

That him to follow was but fruitleſſe paine:
Yet ſhe her weary limbes would never reſt;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did ſearch, ſore grieved in her gentle breſt,
He ſo ungently left her, whome ſhe loved beſt.

9.

But ſubtill Archimago, when his gueſts
He ſaw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forreſts,
Th' end of his drift, he praiſd his diveliſh arts,
That had ſuch might over true meaning harts:
Yet reſts not ſo, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further ſmarts;
For her he hated as the hiſſing ſnake,
And in her many troubles did moſt pleaſure take.

10.

He then deviſde himſelfe how to diſguiſe;
For by his mighty ſcience he could take
As many formes and ſhapes in ſeeming wiſe,
As ever Proteus to himſelfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, ſometime a fiſh in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himſelfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick ſpel?

11.

But now ſeemde beſt the perſon to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled gueſt:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And ſilver ſhield; upon his coward breſt
A bloody croſſe, and on his craven creſt
A bounch of heares diſcolourd diverſly.
Full jolly knight he ſeemde, and wel addreſt;
And when he ſate uppon his courſer free,
Saint George himſelfe ye would have deemed him to be.

12.

But he, the knight whoſe ſemblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him aſtray.
At laſt him chaunſt to meete upon the way
A faithleſſe Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whoſe great ſhield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in ſcarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich aſſay;
And like a Perſian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garniſhed,
The which her laviſh lovers to her gave.
Her wanton palfrey all was overſpred
With tinſell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whoſe bridle rung with golden bels and boſſes brave.

14.

With faire diſport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But, when ſhe ſaw the knight his ſpeare advaunce,
Shee ſoone left of her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addreſſe him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
Forth ſpurred faſt: adowne his courſers ſide
The red bloud trickling ſtaind the way, as he did ride.

15.

The knight of the Redcroſſe, when him he ſpide
Spurring ſo hote with rage diſpiteous,
Gan fairely couch his ſpeare, and towards ride.
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,

That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their ſteeds doe ſtagger, and amazed ſtand;
And eke themſelves, too rudely rigorous,
Aſtonied with the ſtroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

16.

As when two rams, ſtird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the ſhocke
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenceleſſe as a blocke,[d]
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So ſtood theſe twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both ſtaring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17.

The Sarazin, ſore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his ſword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puiſſaunce envies,
And through their iron ſides with cruell ſpies[e]

---

[d] *both ſtand ſenceleſſe as a blocke.*] In the 4to. 1590, "ſenceleſſe" having been miſprinted *fenceleſſe*, by the ordinary miſtake of the long *ſ* and *f*, the Poet corrected it in the liſt of "faults eſcaped in the print" at the end of Book iii. C.

[e] *with cruell ſpies.*] So the emendation made by Spenſer in his liſt of errata; but, nevertheleſs, *cruelties* runs through all the ancient editions. "The meaning (ſays Upton) is, each envies the other's equal valour, and each does ſeek with cruell eyes, (*ſortitus fortunam oculis,*) to pierce through the other's ſides, which are armed with iron. He ſeems plainly to have Homer in view, where Achilles is deſcribed brandiſhing his deadly dart againſt Hector, Il. χ'. 320. Or Virgil's expreſſion, Æn. xi. 748. Or his deſcription of Æneas ſhaking his mortal ſpear, and marking out *with cruel ſpies* the deſtined wound, Æn. xii. 919. See alſo Arioſto, Orl. Fur. C. xlvi. 118. *Repining courage,* is virtus indignata; illi indignantes." Upton's reference to Arioſto has little or no application, for it is there only ſaid that the two contending knights endeavoured with their ſwords to diſcover *dove il ferro era più raro* of their armour. C.

Does ſeeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flaſhing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning ſhields;
And ſtreams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18.

"Curſe on that Croſſe," (qd. then the Sarazin,)
"That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddeſt bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now aſſured ſitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his creſt
With rigor ſo outrageous he ſmitt,
That a large ſhare it hewd out of the reſt,
And glauncing downe his ſhield from blame him fairly bleſt.

19.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſpark
Of native vertue gan eftſoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtroke, that it the ſteele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghoſt did ſtrive
With the fraile fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whether the ſoules doe fly[f] of men that live amis.

20.

The Lady, when ſhe ſaw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,

---

[f] *Whether the ſoules doe fly.*] "Whether" for *whither* is very common in our old writers. Spenſer ſometimes uſes "whether" for *who* or *which*, as in B. iv. C. iv. St. 12,

"And then it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
"*Whether* ſhall have the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill."

See alſo this Canto, St. 37.—"*Whether* in beauties glorie," &c. C.

But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily gan ſcowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins ſhield, ſigne of the conqueroure.
Her ſoone he overtooke, and bad to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread her to diſmay.

21.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchſafe to ſhow
On ſilly Dame, ſubject to hard miſchaunce,
And to your mighty wil!" Her humbleſſe low,
In ſo ritch weedes, and ſeeming glorious ſhow,
Did much emmove his ſtout heroïcke heart;[g]
And ſaid, "Deare dame, your ſuddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

22.

Melting in teares, then gan ſhee thus lament.
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens liſt to lowre,
And fortune falſe betraide me to thy powre,[h]
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)
Borne the ſole daughter of an Emperour;
He that the wide Weſt under his rule has,
And high hath ſet his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

23.

"He, in the firſt flowre of my freſheſt age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire

---

[g] *his ſtout heroïcke heart.*] The word "heroïcke" is ſo printed in the old copies, to ſhow that it was to be pronounced as a triſyllable. We may perhaps, therefore, preſume that of old the practice was not, as now, uniform. C.

[h] *betraide me to thy powre.*] So the edit. 1590; but Todd followed the later impreſſions, and read "*your* powre." C.

Of a moſt mighty king, moſt rich and ſage:
Was never Prince ſo faithfull and ſo faire,
Was never Prince ſo meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of ſpouſall ſhone,
My deareſt Lord fell from high honors ſtaire
Into the hands of hys accurſed fone,
And cruelly was ſlaine; that ſhall I ever mone.

24.

"His bleſſed body, ſpoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid: of whoſe moſt innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great ſorrow my ſad ſoule aſſaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corſe to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I ſtraid,
A virgin widow; whoſe deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languiſh, as the ſtriken hind.

25.

"At laſt it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in ſoveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule diſhonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldeſt of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad ſire, whoſe youngeſt is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

26.

"In this ſad plight, friendleſſe, unfortunate,
Now miſerable I, Fideſſa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my ſtate,
To doe none ill, if pleaſe ye not doe well."
He in great paſſion[i] al this while did dwell,

---

[i] *He in great paſſion.*] Spenſer, like other poets of his time, uſes

More buſying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what ſhee did tell;
And ſaid, "faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeſerved woes and ſorrowes, which ye ſhew.

27.

"Henceforth in ſafe aſſuraunce may ye reſt,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And loſt an old foe that did you moleſt:
Better new friend then an old foe is ſaid."
With chaunge of chear the ſeeming ſimple maid
Let fal her eien, as ſhamefaſt, to the earth,
And yeelding ſoft, in that ſhe nought gainſaid,
So forth they rode, he feining ſeemely merth,
And ſhee coy lookes: ſo dainty, they ſay, maketh derth.[k]

28.

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at laſt
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did ſpred
Their armes abroad, with gray moſſe overcaſt;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blaſt,
Made a calme ſhadowe far in compaſſe round:
The fearefull ſhepheard, often there aghaſt,
Under them never ſat, ne wont there ſound
His mery oaten pipe, but ſhund th' unlucky ground.

29.

But this good knight, ſoone as he them can ſpie,
For the coole ſhade him thither haſtly got:

"paſſion" for *agitation* or *commotion*. Shakeſpeare puts "paſſioning" for *grieving;*

"'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
"For Theſeus' perjury." Two Gent. Ver. A. iv. Sc. 4.

In "Rich. III." A. i. Sc. 4, he has "paſſionate humour" for *compaſſionate* diſpoſition. C.

[k] *And ſhee coy lookes: ſo dainty, they ſay, maketh derth.*] Proverb. "Quæ rara, chara." UPTON.

For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,[1]
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame ſo ſcorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themſelves to hide
From the fierce heat, and reſt their weary limbs a tide.

30.

Faire ſeemely pleaſaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purpoſes,[m] there as they ſit;
And in his falſed fancy he her takes
To be the faireſt wight that lived yit;
Which to expreſſe he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of thoſe braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whoſe rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the ſame.

31.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O! ſpare with guilty hands to teare
My tender ſides in this rough rynd embard;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Leaſt to you hap that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;
O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"

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[1] *For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie.*] The poet himſelf corrects this place among the errata of the firſt edition. Yet all the ſubſequent editions retain the error *that mounted*, till thoſe of 1751 in quarto, of Church and Upton in 1758, and of Tonſon's edition in 1758. Todd.

[m] *With goodly purpoſes.*] *Diſcourſes.* Fr. *propos.* Spenſer frequently uſes *purpoſe* for *converſation.* See F. Q. iii. viii. 14. So Chaucer, p. 284, edit. Urr.

"Creſeide unto that *purpoſe* naught anſwerde." Church.

Shakeſpeare ("Much ado," &c. A. iii. Sc. 1.) employs "propoſe" in the ſame way: ſuch is the word in the 4to. 1600, but altered to *purpoſe* (Spenſer's word) in the folio 1623. C.

Aſtond he ſtood,[n] and up his heare did hove;
And with that ſuddein horror could no member move.

32.

At laſt whenas the dreadfull paſſion
Was overpaſt, and manhood well awake,
Yet muſing at the ſtraunge occaſion,
And doubting much his ſence, he thus beſpake:
"What voice of damned Ghoſt from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull ſpright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes miſtake,
Sends to my doubtful eares theſe ſpeaches rare,
And ruefull plaints,[o] me bidding guiltleſſe blood to ſpare?"

33.

Then, groning deep; "Nor damned Ghoſt," (qd. he,)
"Nor guileful ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeake;
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whoſe nature weake
A cruell witch, her curſed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plaſt in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And ſcorching Sunne does dry my ſecret vaines;
For though a tree I ſeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

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[n] *Aſtond he ſtood.*] "Aſtond" means more than *aſtonied* or aſtoniſhed: he was *ſtunned*, and ſo affected as to be unable to move. In Painter's "Palace of Pleaſure," edit. Marſh, fol. 105, we are told, "The good gentleman, hearing this ſtraung caſe, was aſtonned like one that had been ſtroken with a flaſh of lightening." R. Johnſon, in his "Seven Champions," edit. 1608, pt. 2, uſes *aſtonied* for ſtunned: She "gave him ſo ſtrong a blow upon the burgonet, that he fell *aſtonied* to the earth, without any feeling." Again, on the ſame page, "She ſtroke the Magitian ſo furiouſly that ſhe made him once againe to fall to the ground all *aſtonied*." With reference to the laſt clauſe of the line, "and up his heare did hove," Upton quotes, Ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν, from Hom. Il. 359, which Chapman rather metaphraſtically renders, "Upright upon his *languiſhing* head his hair ſtood." C.

[o] *And ruefull plaints.*] In the 4to. 1590, "ruefull plaints" is *tuefull plants*; but in the liſt of errata we are told that *tuefull* ought to be "ruefull," but no correction is made of *plants*. The neceſſary emendation is derived from later impreſſions. C.

34.

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Qd. then the Knight; " by whoſe miſchievous arts
Art thou misſhaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts,
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who ſtriveth to ſuppreſſe."
" The author then," (ſaid he) " of all my ſmarts,
Is one Dueſſa, a falſe ſorcereſſe,
That many errant knights hath broght to wretchedneſſe.

35.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
Firſt kindled in my breſt, it was my lott
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye ſee
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his ſyde;
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Dueſſa hyde.

36.

" Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand,
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my ſpeare: ſuch is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon to be at my call.

37.

" So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeede,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede:

A Roſy girlond was the victors meede.
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.
Fræliſſa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever falſe Dueſſa ſeemde as faire as ſhee.

38.

" The wicked witch, now ſeeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to ſway,
What not by right ſhe caſt to win by guile;
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreight way
A foggy miſt that overcaſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her diſgrace:
Then was ſhe fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

39.

" Then cride ſhe out, 'Fye, fye! deformed wight,
'Whoſe borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens ſight:
'O! leave her ſoone, or let her ſoone be ſlaine.'
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
Eftſoones I thought her ſuch as ſhe me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to treen mould.[p]

40.

" Thensforth I tooke Dueſſa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time;

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[p] *now is turnd to treen mould.*] "Treen," from *tree*, was formerly not an unuſual adjective, and ſometimes it is the plural ſubſtantive. We meet with it much earlier, and in Spenſer's time in the "Par. of Dainty Devices," edit. 1578, Sign. A iiij.

"At homely boord his quiet foode, his drinkes in *treene* be tane,
"When oft the proud in cuppes of gold with wine receive their bane."

He took his drink from wooden veſſels and not from golden cups. C.

Ne ever wiſt but that ſhe was the ſame;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,[q]
When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunſt to ſee her in her proper hew,
Bathing her ſelfe in origane and thyme:[r]
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

41.

"Her neather partes misſhapen, monſtruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not ſee;
But they did ſeeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans ſhape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her moſt beaſtly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to ſlipp away,
Soone as appeard ſafe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not aſſurd decay,
I ſaw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to ſtray.

42.

"The diveliſh hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in ſleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did beſmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight:

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[q] *Till on a day (that day is everie Prime.*] *Prime* is uſed by Spenſer in different ſignifications, (often for *morning;*) here, for the ſpring, or beginning of the year; or, it may mean the prime of the moon, at the firſt appearing of the new moon, called the *Prime:* and this explanation has reference to Hecate, who is the ſame as the moon, and preſides over witchcraft. UPTON.

[r] *Bathing her ſelfe in origane and thyme.*] For this "filthy foule old woman," in the more minute deſcription which the poet gives of her, F. Q. i. viii. 47, is deſcribed with "a *ſcabby ſkin;*" and *origane*, or baſtard marjoram, is more eſpecially mentioned as a cure for ſuch unſeemly diſorders: "*Organie* healeth ſcabs, itchings, and ſcuruineſſe, being *vſed in bathes.*" Gerarde's "Herball," fol. 1597. p. 542. *Thyme* is deemed of ſimilar virtue with *organie* in Langham's "Garden of Health," 2nd. ed. 1633, p. 453. TODD.

Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
And by my wretched lovers ſide me pight;
Where now, encloſd in wooden wals full faſte,
Baniſht from living wights, our wearie daies we waſte."

43.

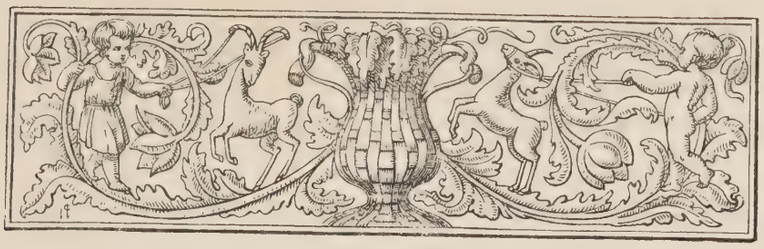
" But how long time," ſaid then the Elfin knight,
" Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
" We may not chaunge," (quoth he,) " this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell."
" O! how," ſayd he, " mote I that well out find,
That may reſtore you to your wonted well?"
" Time and ſuffiſed fates to former kynd
Shall us reſtore; none elſe from hence may us unbynd."

44.

The falſe Dueſſa, now Fideſſa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the living tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

45.

Her ſeeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well ſhe knew;
And paynd himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too ſimple and too trew)
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.



CANTO III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

1.

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollowneſſe,
That moves more deare compaſſion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchedneſſe
Through envies ſnares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and faſt fëalty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perſt with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pitty I could dy.

2.

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For faireſt Unaes ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my frayle eies theſe lines with teares do ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhe through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,

Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in deſpayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches ſhayre.

3.

Yet ſhe, moſt faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace,[a] as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtrayd,
To ſeeke her knight; who, ſubtily betrayd
Through that late viſion which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and waſtnes wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydinges none of him unto her brought.

4.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkeſome way,
From her unhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight;
And on the graſſe her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecrete ſhadow, far from all mens ſight:
From her fayre head her fillet ſhe undight,
And layd her ſtole aſide. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, ſhyned bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhady place;
Did never mortall eye behold ſuch heavenly grace.

5.

It fortuned, out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corſe;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aſwaged with remorſe,

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[a] *Far from all peoples preace.*] *Preſs* or *crowd.* So Chaucer, "Wif of Bathes Prol." 6104. ed. Tyrwhitt:

"Great *prees* at market maketh dere ware." TODD.

And, with the ſight amazd, forgat his furious forſe.

6.

In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O, how can beautie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yielded pryde and proud ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compaſſion;
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.

7.

"The Lyon, Lord of everie beaſt in field,"
Quoth ſhe, "his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my ſad eſtate:
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever moſt adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

8.

Redounding teares did choke[b] th' end of her plaint,
Which ſoftly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, ſad to ſee her ſorrowfull conſtraint,
The kingly beaſt upon her gazing ſtood:
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At laſt, in cloſe hart ſhutting up her payne,
Aroſe the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her ſnowy Palfrey got agayne,
To ſeeke her ſtrayed Champion if ſhe might attayne.

---

[b] *Redounding teares did choke.*] Here "redounding" is uſed for *overflowing, redundant;* but in the paſſage quoted by Richardſon, from Lord Berner's "Froiſart," (I. c. 185) it means *reſounding,* for he ſpeaks of the clattering of armour heard in a neighbouring abbey. C.

9.

The Lyon would not leave her deſolate,
But with her went along, as a ſtrong gard
Of her chaſt perſon, and a faythfull mate
Of her ſad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when ſhe ſlept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when ſhe wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble ſervice to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10.

Long ſhe thus traveiled through deſerts wyde,
By which ſhe thought her wandring knight ſhold pas,
Yet never ſhew of living wight eſpyde;
Till that at length ſhe found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the ſteepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The ſame ſhe followes, till at laſt ſhe has
A damzel ſpyde, ſlow footing her before,
That on her ſhoulders ſad a pot of water bore.

11.

To whom approching ſhe to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her anſwerd nought at all:
She could not heare, nor ſpeake, nor underſtand;
Till, ſeeing by her ſide the Lyon ſtand,
With ſuddeine feare her pitcher downe ſhe threw,
And fled away:[c] for never in that land
Face of fayre Lady ſhe before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her caſt in deadly hew.

---

[c] *And fled away.*] After having told us, that, ſeeing the lion ſtand by her, ſhe fled away for fear, he adds, that this was becauſe ſhe had never ſeen a lady before, which certainly was no reaſon why ſhe ſhould fly from the lion. What our author intended to expreſs here, was, that "at ſeeing the lion, and ſo beautiful a lady, an object never ſeen before in that country, ſhe was affrighted, and fled." T. WARTON.

12.

Full faſt ſhe fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home ſhe came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could ſhe ſay;
But, ſuddeine catching hold, did her diſmay
With quaking hands, and other ſignes of feare:
Who, full of ghaſtly fright and cold affray,
Gan ſhut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

13.

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint aſtoniſhment,
Shee found them both in darkſome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater noſters* every day,
And thriſe nine hundred *Aves* ſhe was wont to ſay.

14.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thriſe every weeke in aſhes ſhee did ſitt,
And next her wrinkled ſkin rough ſackecloth wore,
And thriſe three times did faſt from any bitt;
But now, for feare her beads ſhe did forgett:
Whoſe needleſſe dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length ſhe gan them pray,
That in their cotage ſmall that night ſhe reſt her may.

15.

The day is ſpent; and commeth drowſie night,
When every creature ſhrowded is in ſleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:

In ſtead of reſt ſhe does lament and weepe,
For the late loſſe of her deare loved knight,
And ſighes, and grones, and evermore does ſteepe
Her tender breſt in bitter teares all night;
All night ſhe thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the ſhinie Caſſiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly ſleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked faſt, and often curſt, and ſware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly ſtelths, and pillage ſeverall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.[d]

17.

He was, to weete, a ſtout and ſturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich veſtiments
He did diſrobe, when all men careleſſe ſlept,
And ſpoild the Prieſts of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in ſafety kept,
Then he by conning ſleights in at the window crept.

18.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this houſe he brought, and did beſtow
Upon the daghter of this woman blind,
Abeſſa, daughter of Corceca ſlow,
With whom he whoredome uſd, that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feaſt of offerings,

---

[d] *by purchas criminall.*] Spenſer here, like many other poets of his period, uſes "purchas" in the ſenſe of booty—property obtained by diſhoneſt "pillage." C.

And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Ne ſpared he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his ſtolen things.

19.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett;
Yet of thoſe fearfull women none durſt rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger ſtay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that diſdainfull beaſt,
Encountring fierce, him ſuddein doth ſurprize;
And, ſeizing cruell clawes on trembling breſt,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath ſuppreſt.

20.

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;[e]
Who ſtreight him rent in thouſand peeces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath: the thirſty land
Dronke up his life; his corſe left on the ſtrand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor ſeeme to underſtand
The heavie hap which on them is alight;
Affraid leaſt to themſelves the like miſhappen might.

21.

Now when broad day the world diſcovered has,
Up Una roſe, up roſe the lyon eke;
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to ſeeke,

---

[e] *in the vengers hand.*] In Spaniſh the forefeet of beaſts are called *manos*. And Cicero, ſpeaking of the proboſcis of the elephant, ſays, "*Manus* etiam data elephantis," &c. "Nat. Deor." ii. 47. But what is nearer to our purpoſe, Lucian calls the forefoot of the lion, ἡ χεὶρ ἡ δεξιά. I might mention too Dante, "Inferno," C. vi. in his deſcription of Cerberus,

"E'l ventre largo, ed unghiate *le mani*."

And Dan. vi. 27. "Who hath delivered Daniel from the *power* of the lions." Heb. *hand*. UPTON.

With paines far paſſing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his love refuſed deitye.
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still ſeeking him, that from her ſtill did flye;
Then furtheſt from her hope, when moſt ſhe weened nye.

22.

Soone as ſhe parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there ſlayne,
For anguiſh great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their breſts, and naked fleſh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the cauſer of their ill.

23.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accuſing of diſhoneſty,
That was the flowre of faith and chaſtity:
And ſtill, amidſt her rayling, ſhe did pray
That plagues, and miſchiefes, and long miſery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endleſſe error ſhe might ever ſtray.

24.

But, when ſhe ſaw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way, as ſhee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes emboſt,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boſt;
But ſubtill Archimag, that Una ſought
By traynes into new troubles to have toſte.
Of that old woman tidings he beſought,
If that of ſuch a Lady ſhee could tellen ought.

25.

Therewith ſhe gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott ſhe too lately knew,
That cauſd her ſhed ſo many a bitter teare;
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her feare.
Much ſeemed he to mone her hapleſſe chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted ſteed, and eke his charmed launce.

26.

Ere long he came where Una traveild ſlow,
And that wilde champion wayting her beſyde;
Whome ſeeing ſuch, for dread hee durſt not ſhow
Him ſelfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when ſhe him ſpyde,
By his like ſeeming ſhield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh, ſhe wiſt it was the ſame;
And with faire fearefull humbleſſe[f] towards him ſhee came:

27.

And weeping ſaid, "Ah, my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my ſight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye diſpleaſen might,
That ſhould as death unto my deare heart light:
For ſince mine eie your joyous ſight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to cheareleſſe night,
And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;

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[f] *And with faire fearefull humbleſſe.*] Spenſer alſo uſes *humbleneſs* when the verſe requires three ſyllables, F. Q. B. v. C. xii. St. 24; and he has "humbleſſe" again in this Book, C. xii. St. 8. Chaucer has "humbleſſe" in his "Knight's Tale;" but Gower, the Latiniſed form of *humility*. Shakeſpeare and others avail themſelves of *nobleſs* for nobility ("Rich. II." A. iv. Sc. 1); and Spenſer again has "nimbleſſe" for *nimbleneſs*, wanting a diſſyllable, in F. Q. B. v. C. ix. St. 29. C.

But welcome now, my light, and ſhining lampe of blis!"

28.

He thereto meeting ſaid, "My deareſt Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I ſo much ſhould ſhame,
As you to leave that have me loved ſtil,
And choſe in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where nobleſt knights were to be found on earth.
The earth ſhall ſooner leave her kindly ſkil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

29.

"And ſooth to ſay, why I lefte you ſo long,
Was for to ſeeke adventure in ſtraunge place;
Where, Archimago ſaid, a felon ſtrong
To many knights did daily worke diſgrace;
But knight he now ſhall never more deface:
Good cauſe of mine excuſe, that mote ye pleaſe
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull ſervice, that by land and ſeas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint appeaſe."

30.

His lovely words her ſeemd due recompence
Of all her paſſed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of ſorrow can diſpence;
A dram of ſweete is worth a pound of ſowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful ſtowre
For him ſhe late endurd; ſhe ſpeakes no more
Of paſt: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
Before her ſtands her knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

31.

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,

Ofte ſouſt in ſwelling Tethys ſaltiſh teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce Orions hound;[g]
Soone as the port from far he has eſpide,
His chearfull whiſtle merily doth ſound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

32.

Such joy made Una, when her knight ſhe found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous ſeemde no leſſe
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ſhip far come from watrie wilderneſſe;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth bleſſe.
So forth they paſt; and all the way they ſpent
Diſcourſing of her dreadful late diſtreſſe,
In which he aſkt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as ſhe went.[h]

33.

They had not ridden far, when they might ſee
One pricking towards them with haſtie heat,
Full ſtrongly armd, and on a courſer free
That through his fierſneſſe fomed all with ſweat,
And the ſharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder ſpurd his chauffed ſide:
His looke was ſterne, and ſeemed ſtill to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his ſhield *Sanſloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

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[g] *And ſcorching flames of fierce Orions hound.*] Sirius, or the *Dog-ſtar;* ſo called by Homer. JORTIN.

[h] *Who told her all that fell, in journey as ſhe went.*] This line is a little inverted, but the meaning is that Una, in her journey as ſhe went, told Archimago all that befell her. Some needleſs notes have been written upon the paſſage; and Todd ſays that the folio 1611 reads "Who told *him*," &c. which is a miſtake, for the text there is preciſely the ſame as in the firſt edition, though the punctuation is varied. C.

34.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And ſaw the Red-croſſe which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftſoones prepare
Himſelfe to batteill with his couched ſpeare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taſte th' untryed dint of deadly ſteele:
But yet his Lady did ſo well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his ſpeare, and ſpurd his horſe with yron heele.

35.

But that proud Paynim forward came ſo ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his ſharphead ſpeare,
Through vainly croſſed ſhield he quite did perce;
And, had his ſtaggering ſteed not ſhronke for feare,
Through ſhield and body eke he ſhould him beare:
Yet, ſo great was the puiſſance of his puſh,
That from his ſadle quite he did him beare.
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did ruſh,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did guſh.

36.

Diſmounting lightly from his loftie ſteed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly ſaid; "Lo! there the worthie meed
Of him that ſlew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghoſt, freed from repining ſtrife,
In peace may paſſen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aſlake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookſt, Sanſloy ſhall from thee take."

37.

Therewith in haſte his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:

Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquiſht ſtand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withſtand;
For he is one the trueſt knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whileſt him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore, of life him not deprive."

38.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have ſlayne him ſtreight; but when he ſees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His haſty hand he doth amaſed hold,
And halfe aſhamed wondred at that ſight:
For the old man[i] well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round liſts, to fight:

39.

And ſaid, "Why Archimago, luckleſſe ſyre,
What doe I ſee? what hard miſhap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taſte mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In ſtead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
He anſwered nought, but in a traunce ſtill lay,
And on thoſe guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did ſit. Which doen away,
He left him lying ſo, ne would no lenger ſtay:

40.

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amaſed ſtands, her ſelfe ſo mockt to ſee
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For ſo misfeigning her true knight to bee:

---

[i] *For the old man.*] Todd read, without authority, "For *that* old man:" even the folio 1611, by which he was generally guided, has the original text. He blames Church for printing "at *that* ſight" in the preceding line, though warranted by the errata in the 4to. 1590. C.

Yet is ſhe now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that ſame Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her viſage to behold.

41.

But her fiers ſervant, full of kingly aw
And high diſdaine, whenas his ſoveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he ſaw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his ſhield, did weene the ſame
Have reft away with his ſharp rending clawes:
But he was ſtout, and luſt did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his ſhield redeemd, and forth his ſwerd he drawes.

42.

O! then, too weake and feeble was the forſe
Of ſalvage beaſt his puiſſance to withſtand;
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
As ever wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely underſtand.
Eft ſoones he perced through his chaufed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne breſt.

43.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yielded pray to ſave or ſpill:
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and diſdaineful ſpight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courſer light:
Her prayers nought prevaile; his rage is more of might.

44.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, ſhe filleth his dull eares,
That ſtony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way ſhe wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her ſervile beaſt yet would not leave her ſo,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More mild in beaſtly kind then that her beaſtly foe.

CANTO IV.

To ſinfull hous of Pryde Dueſsa
guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

1.

YOUNG knight whatever, that doſt armes profeſſe,
And through long labours hunteſt after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved Dame;
Leaſt thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater ſhame,
Then lightneſſe and inconſtancie in love:
That doth this Redcroſſe knights enſample plainly prove.

2.

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light miſdeeming of her loialtie;
And falſe Dueſſa in her ſted had borne,
Called Fideſs', and ſo ſuppoſd to be,
Long with her traveild; till at laſt they ſee
A goodly building bravely garniſhed:
The houſe of mightie Prince it ſeemd to be,

And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

3.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having ſcaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule diſgrace;
Which ever after in moſt wretched caſe,
Like loathſome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Dueſſa badd him bend his pace;
For ſhe is wearie of the toilſom way,
And alſo nigh conſumed is the lingring day.

4.

A ſtately Pallace built of ſquared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whoſe wals were high, but nothing ſtrong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them diſplaid,
That pureſt ſkye with brightneſſe they diſmaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that ſo faire a mould
Did on ſo weake foundation ever ſitt:
For on a ſandie hill, that ſtill did ſlitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could ſpie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6.

Arrived there, they paſſed in forth right;
For ſtill to all the gates ſtood open wide:

Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,[a]
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every ſide
With rich array and coſtly arras dight.[b]
Infinite ſortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wiſhed ſight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

7.

By them they paſſe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Preſence mount; whoſe glorious vew
Their frayle amazed ſenſes did confound.
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endleſſe richeſſe, and ſo ſumpteous ſhew;
Ne Perſia ſelfe, the nourſe of pompous pride,
Like ever ſaw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies ſtood on every ſide,
Which with their preſence fayre the place much beautifide.

8.

High above all a cloth of State was ſpred,
And a rich throne, as bright as ſunny day;
On which there ſate, moſt brave embelliſhed
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that ſhone as Titans ray,

---

[a] *was to a Porter hight.*] i. e. was to a porter *committed:* "hight" generally means *called* or *named;* but ſuch can hardly be its ſignification here, becauſe "hight" is immediately followed by the word "cald." As Todd ſays, "behight" often means *entruſted*, and for the ſake of the meaſure Spenſer here omitted the prefix. C.

[b] *and coſtly arras dight.*] "Dight" is *furniſhed:* the walls of the hall were hung with tapeſtry, uſually made at Arras; but it may be doubted whether tapeſtry did not in ſome way differ from Arras, for in a paſſage, cited by Todd, (though he does not obſerve the diſtinction,) Harriſon, the continuator of Holinſhed, ſpeaks of the apartments of the wealthy as "hanged with tapeſtry, arras work, or painted cloths." We know that painted cloth was conſidered a poor ſubſtitute for tapeſtry, and Harriſon mentions the three, as if there were as much difference between tapeſtry and arras work, as between arras work and painted cloth. He may mean that tapeſtry was arras work. C.

In gliſtring gold and pereleſſe pretious ſtone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did aſſay
To dim the brightneſſe of her glorious throne,
As envying her ſelfe, that too exceeding ſhone:

9.

Exceeding ſhone, like Phœbus fayreſt childe,
That did preſume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of ſteedes, unwonted wilde,
Through higheſt heaven with weaker hand to rayne:
Proud of ſuch glory and advancement vayne,
While flaſhing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way moſt beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the ſkyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to ſhyne.

10.

So proud ſhe ſhyned in her princely ſtate,
Looking to heaven, for earth ſhe did diſdayne;
And ſitting high, for lowly ſhe did hate:
Lo! underneath her ſcornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand ſhe held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face ſhe often vewed fayne,
And in her ſelfe-lov'd ſemblance took delight;
For ſhe was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11.

Of grieſly Pluto ſhe the daughter was,
And ſad Proſerpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did ſhe thinke her peareleſſe worth to pas
That parentage, with pride ſo did ſhe ſwell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, ſhe claymed for her ſyre,
Or if that any elſe did Jove excell;
For to the higheſt ſhe did ſtill aſpyre;
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it deſyre.

12.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her ſelfe a Queene, and crownd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome ſhe had none at all,
Ne heritage of native ſoveraintie;
But did uſurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the ſcepter which ſhe now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And ſtrong advizement of ſix wiſards old,
That with their counſels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13.

Soone as the Elfin knight in preſence came,
And falſe Dueſſa, ſeeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Huſher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and paſſage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the loweſt ſtayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeyſaunce, did the cauſe declare,
Why they were come her roiall ſtate to ſee,
To prove the wide report of her great Majeſtee.

14.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke ſo lowe,
She thancked them in her diſdainefull wiſe;
Ne other grace vouchſafed them to ſhowe
Of Princeſſe worthy; ſcarſe them bad ariſe.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deviſe
Themſelves to ſetten forth to ſtraungers ſight:
Some frounce their curled heare[c] in courtly guiſe;
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does ſpight.

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[c] *Some frounce their curled heare.*] Moſt likely the word "frounce" is what has now degenerated to *flounce:* it is from the Fr. *froncer,* to plait or wrinkle: here it ſeems to mean the curling and crinkling of the hair. To "prank the ruff," in the next line, is to diſplay the ruff oſtentatiouſly; and "dight" we have already had (p. 228) in the ſenſe of *furniſhed:* here it rather means to *prepare* their gay attire. C.

15.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increaſt their crew;
But to Dueſs' each one himſelfe did payne
All kindneſſe and faire courteſie to ſhew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the ſtout Faery mongſt the middeſt crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princeſſe too exceeding prowd,
That to ſtrange knight no better countenance allowd.

16.

Suddein upriſeth from her ſtately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth;[d] and ſhe, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the Eaſt the dawning day doth call.
So forth ſhe comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

17.

So forth ſhe comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That ſeemd as freſh as Flora in her prime;
And ſtrove to match, in roiall rich array,

---

[d] *All hurtlen forth.*] To "hurtle" has been a word in our poetry ever ſince the time of Chaucer, and it generally means to daſh or ſtrike againſt violently. Shakeſpeare, in "Julius Cæſar," A. ii. Sc. 2, tells us, "The noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air;" and he uſes the participle *hurtling* in a nearly correſponding ſenſe in "As you like it." It was either not underſtood, or groſsly miſprinted afterwards; for "hurtled" became *hurried* in Shakeſpeare, ſubſequently to the folio 1623; and in Spenſer "hurtlen" was altered to *hurlen* in the folios 1609 and 1611, and ſo it continued, as Todd mentions, until 1751, when the original word was reſtored. Drayton made no change in his folio 1611. "Hurtle" has been derived from the old Fr. *heurteler*. C.

Great Junoes golden chayre;[e] the which, they ſay,
The gods ſtand gazing on, when ſhe does ride
To Joves high hous through heavens braſ-paved way,
Drawne of fayre Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles diſpredden wide.

18.

But this was drawne of ſix unequall beaſts,
On which her ſix ſage Counſellours did ryde,[f]
Taught to obay their beſtiall beheaſts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the firſt, that all the reſt did guyde,
Was ſluggiſh Idleneſſe,[g] the nourſe of ſin;
Upon a ſlouthfull Aſſe he choſe to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;[h]
Like to an holy Monck, the ſervice to begin.

19.

And in his hand his Porteſſe ſtill he bare,

---

[e] *Great Junoes golden chayre.*] The chaire or chariot of Juno, was famous among poets: hence Virgil, Æn. i. 21. *Hìc currus fuit*, here at Carthage was her chaire. Spenſer ſays *golden chaire:* Homer deſcribes it chiefly of gold, Il. ε. 720. The which *chayre*, the gods ſtand gazing on: he alludes perhaps to Homer's expreſſion, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι. UPTON.

[f] *On which her ſix ſage Counſellours did ryde.*] The moral allegory hints at the Seven deadly Sins, as they are called. The chief of all is Pride: ſhe with her *ſix* ſage counſellours make up the number. See "The Parſon's Tale," (or rather Sermon,) in Chaucer, p. 197, edit. Urr. UPTON.

[g] *Was ſluggiſh Idleneſſe.*] He calls Idleneſſe the nourſe of Sin, and ſo Chaucer, in the "Second Nonnes Prologue," v. 1.

"The miniſter and *norîce* unto *vices* —."

He is pictured as an idle monk, arrayed in a black gown and amis; in his hand he has his porteſſe. UPTON.

[h] *and amis thin.*] Milton has "*amice* gray," applied to the clothing of the morning, in "Par. Reg." iv. 12; and Richardſon ſtates that the "amis," or amice, is the firſt of the ſix veſtments common to the biſhop and preſbyters, faſtened round the neck and ſpread over the ſhoulders. The "porteſſe," mentioned in line 1 of the next Stanza, was the ſmall portable prayer, or ſervice book: it was ſpelt of old in various ways, *portus, portis, porteſſe, portaſs, porthoſe*, &c. C.

That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in ſleepe, and moſt of his daies dedd:
Scarſe could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May ſeeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
When ſuch an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or elſe aſtray.

20.

From worldly cares himſelfe he did eſloyne,[i]
And greatly ſhunned manly exerciſe;
From everie worke he chalenged eſſoyne,[k]
For contemplation ſake: yet otherwiſe
His life he led in lawleſſe riotiſe:
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his luſtleſſe limbs, through evill guiſe,
A ſhaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idleneſſe, firſt of this company.

21.

And by his ſide rode loathſome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie ſwyne.
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatneſſe ſwollen were his eyne;
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he ſwallowed up exceſſive feaſt,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
He ſpued up his gorge,[l] that all did him deteaſt.

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[i] *From worldly cares himſelfe he did eſloyne.*] *Withdraw.* A Galliciſm. See Cotgrave, "*S' eloigner de*, to get him farre from." We have a kindred word, F. Q. iv. x. 24. "*Diſloign'd* from common gaze," that is, *far*, or *remote*. Todd.

[k] *From everie worke he chalenged eſſoyne.*] *Excuſe.* This is a law phraſe: ſee Cowell's "Law Dict." Art. *Eſſoine*. Todd.

[l] *He ſpued up his gorge.*] *Gorge*, Fr. the throat. Here it means that which was ſwallowed. In Cotgrave's "Dictionary" it is tranſlated,

22.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which faſt trickled downe the ſweat.
Still as he rode he ſomewhat ſtill did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,[m]
Of which he ſupt ſo oft, that on his ſeat
His dronken corſe he ſcarſe upholden can:
In ſhape and life more like a monſter then a man.

23.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to ſtirre or go;
Not meet to be of counſell to a king,
Whoſe mind in meat and drinke was drowned ſo,
That from his frend he ſeeldome knew his fo.
Full of diſeaſes was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropſie through his fleſh did flow,[n]
Which by miſdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the ſecond of that crew.

24.

And next to him rode luſtfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whoſe rugged heare,

---

among other interpretations, "a *meale*, or *gorgefull* given unto birds, eſpecially hawks." In other places of this poem it means ſimply the *throat* or *ſwallow*. See i. i. 19, i. xi. 13. So, in Hall's "Virgidemiarum," edit. 1597, p. 51, "The *gorge* of greedy man." TODD.

[m] *And in his hand did beare a bouzing can.*] A *drinking* can. *Buyzen*, to *bouſe:* Sewel's "Dutch and Eng. Dict." 1691. See alſo Cotgrave's "Fr. Dict." in which *boire* is tranſlated "to drinke, *bouſe*, bib, ſwill, &c." TODD.

[n] *And a dry dropſie through his fleſh did flow.*] This line has occaſioned doubt and diſpute: Upton would read "*dire* dropſy," naturally enough not underſtanding how a "dry dropſy" could flow. T. Warton ſuggeſts that the poet may have meant a dropſy which was *the cauſe of thirſt;* but may not Spenſer have written, not "dry dropſy," but "*hy*-dropſy," which was miſread by the old compoſitor, and therefore printed as two words? C.

And whally eies[o] (the ſigne of geloſy,)
Was like the perſon ſelfe whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare:
Unſeemely man to pleaſe faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid ſtanden by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantaſy?

25.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthineſſe;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new fangleneſſe:
For he was falſe, and fraught with fickleneſſe,
And learned had to love with ſecret lookes;
And well could daunce; and ſing with ruefulneſſe;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes,
And thouſand other waies to bait his fleſhly hookes.

26.

Inconſtant man, that loved all he ſaw,
And luſted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looſer life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and conſumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

27.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,

---

[o] *And whally eies.*] This paſſage is quoted by Richardſon, under "wall," and he derives "whally" from the A. S. *Hwelan, contabeſcere, putreſcere;* but ſurely its origin is from the A. S. *walwian*, which means "to roll." The poet ſeems to refer to the ſuſpicious and rolling eyes of jealouſy: when the eyes are rolled the white is much ſhown; and a horſe with a *whall* eye is a horſe with a white eye, or an eye in which the white greatly predominates. C.

Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers[p] hong on either ſide,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,[q]
And unto hell him ſelfe for money ſold:
Accurſed uſury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaſte;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled ſhoes, hee ware;
Ne ſcarſe good morſell all his life did taſte,
But both from backe and belly ſtill did ſpare,
To fill his bags, and richeſſe to compare:[r]
Yet childe ne kinſman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to loſe his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himſelfe unknowne.

29.

Moſt wretched wight, whom nothing might ſuffiſe;
Whoſe greedy luſt did lacke in greateſt ſtore;

---

[p] *Two iron coffers.*] It is *coffets* in the edit. 1590, but amended afterwards: few things were more common than for old printers to miſtake *t* and *r*. C.

[q] *For of his wicked pelfe his God he made.*] Here Spenſer uſes "pelfe" figuratively, as was not uncommon; but as Puttenham ſays, in his "Art of Engl. Poeſie," 1589, 4to. it properly means "the ſcrappes or ſhreds of taylors and of ſkinners, which are accompted of a vile price," (p. 229;) and Stephen Goſſon, in his "Quip for newfangled Gentlewomen," 1595 and 1596, employs it for traſh or trumpery:—

"This ſtarch and theſe rebating props,
as though ruffes were ſome rotten houſe;
All this new *pelfe* now ſold in ſhops,
in value true not worth a louſe," &c.

And again afterwards:

"To carry all this *pelfe* and traſh
becauſe their bodies are unfit," &c. C.

[r] *To fill his bags, and richeſſe to compare.*] *Procure.* Lat. *Comparare* divitias. JORTIN.

Whoſe need had end, but no end covetiſe;
Whoſe welth was want, whoſe plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yett wiſhed ever more;
A vile diſeaſe: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full ſore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor ſtand.
Such one was Avarice, the forth of this faire band.

30.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and ſtill did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,[s]
That all the poiſon ran about his chaw;[t]
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever ſad,
For death it was, when any good he ſaw;
And wept, that cauſe of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

31.

All in a kirtle of diſcolourd ſay
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his boſome ſecretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall ſting implyes.
Still as he rode he gnaſht his teeth to ſee
Thoſe heapes of gold with griple Covetyſe;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

---

[s] *Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode.*] Ovid feigns that Envy was found eating the fleſh of vipers, a fiction not much unlike Spenſer's picture. This perſonage is again introduced, F. Q. v. xii. 29, chewing a ſnake, of which circumſtance a moſt beautiful uſe is there made, St. 39. T. Warton.

[t] *ran about his chaw.*] "Chaw" and *jaw* are the ſame word, although we now ſpell the ſubſtantive jaw, and the verb *chaw* or *chew*. Spenſer elſewhere has *jaw*, and, why not here? other authors have both *jaw* and "chaw." "Chaw" is from the A. S. *ceowan*. C.

32.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did uſe;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe.
So every good to bad he doth abuſe;
And eke the verſe of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and ſpightfull poiſon ſpues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did ſitt.[u]

33.

And him beſide rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth ſparcles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all that him beheld;
As aſhes pale of hew, and ſeeming ded;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage when choler in him ſweld.

34.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized raſhnes woxen wood;[w]
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpaſt,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecaſt,

---

[u] *that fifte in row did ſitt.*] It is "*firſte* in row" in the 4to. 1590, and although among the printer's errors it is pointed out as a miſtake, it was, neverthelefs, continued as late as the edit. 1611. Drayton wrote "5th." in his margin. C.

[w] *Through unadvized raſhnes woxen wood.*] i. e. grown *mad:* from the A. S. *wod.* It is a word of perpetual occurrence; and Shakeſpeare puns upon it in "Midſ. N. Dream," A. ii. Sc. 2. C.

How many miſchieves ſhould enſue his heedleſſe haſt.

35.

Full many miſchiefes follow cruell Wrath:
Abhorred bloodſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All theſe, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint Fraunces fire.
Such one was Wrath, the laſt of this ungodly tire.[x]

36.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
Rode Sathan with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the laeſy teme,
So oft as Slowth ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy; and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculls and bones of men whoſe life had gone aſtray.

37.

So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelves to ſport:
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady faire,
The foule Dueſſa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine:[y]
But that good knight would not ſo nigh repaire,

---

[x] *the laſt of this ungodly tire.*] Of this ungodly *rank*, or *order*. C.

[y] *Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine.*] So it is printed in the 4to. 1590, the *a* at the end of Lucifera being elided for the meaſure, although the verſe might ſtand, as in ſubſequent impreſſions,

Of proud Lucifera, as one, &c.

if the reader carried on the vowel at the end of the name to the next word, which begins with the ſame vowel.

Him ſelfe eſtraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeemd far unfitt for warlike ſwaine.

38.

So, having ſolaced themſelves a ſpace
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,[z]
He ſeemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nouriſh bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

39.

Who, when the ſhamed ſhield[a] of ſlaine Sansfoy
He ſpide with that ſame Fary champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother; burning all with rage,
He to him lept, and that ſame envious gage
Of victors glory from him ſnacht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,[b]
Diſdaind to looſe the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him rencountring fierce, reſkewd the noble pray.

40.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,[c]

---

[z] *and fiers hardy hed.*] i. e. *hardyhood:* but it is printed as two words in the firſt edit. and *hardy-head* in ſubſequent impreſſions. The termination *head*, thus uſed, of courſe, always denotes ſtate or condition, as *maidenhead* for maidenhood, or the ſtate of virginity; but though we have *hardyhead*, *luſtyhead*, &c. we ſeldom meet with any change of the ſort in widowhood, and manhood. C.

[a] *Who, when the ſhamed ſhield.*] The propriety of this epithet is explained in Stanza 41. CHURCH.

[b] *But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage.*] Which *owed*, or *owned* "that warlike wage." To "owe" for to *own* is of conſtant occurrence in all the writers of the age of Spenſer. C.

[c] *battaile ready to darrayne.*] To "darrayne" or *darraign* battle

And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwerds on hy,
That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high diſpleaſure that enſewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

41.

"Ah deareſt Dame," qd. then the Paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhameful treaſon, who through guile hath ſlayn
The proweſt knight that ever field did fight,
Even ſtout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whoſe ſhield he beares renverſt, the more to heap diſdayn.

42.

"And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His deareſt love, the faire Fideſſa, loe!
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harveſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand ſhall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour ſhowe."
Him litle anſwerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right:

43.

But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledg
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:

ſeems properly to mean to *prepare* for battle; and the word is employed in this ſenſe by Shakeſpeare: ſee "Henry VI. Pt. 3." A. ii. Sc. 2, edit. Collier, 1858, iv. 143. The probable etymology is the Norm. Fr. *dareigner;* but Spenſer ſometimes uſes the word with a conſiderable degree of licenſe. "Hurtlen," in the preceding line, has been explained in a previous note to this Canto, p. 231. C.

So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to reſt them call.

44.

Now whenas darkſome night had all diſplayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brighteſt ſkye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away ſweet ſleepe from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Uproſe Dueſſa from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent pace.

45.

Whom broad awake ſhe findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-caſting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with ſpeaches ſeeming fitt:
"Ah deare Sansjoy, next deareſt to Sansfoy,
Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new joy;
Joyous to ſee his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to thinke how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo! his Fideſſa, to thy ſecret faith I flye."

46.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecrete of her hart:
Then, ſighing ſoft; "I learne that litle ſweet
Oft tempred is," (quoth ſhe,) "with muchell ſmart:[d]

---

[d] *muchell ſmart.*] The adjective *mochel*, from the Sax. *mochel*, *moche*, that is, *much*, is often uſed by Gower and Chaucer. See Gloſſ. Tyr-

For ſince my breſt was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have waſted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his ſake have felt full many an heavie ſtowre.

47.

" At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was caſt
By this falſe faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull grave:
Me, ſilly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever ſince hath kept in darkſom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

48.

" But ſince faire Sunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,
Under your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowd
From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayſe, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian ſhores, where it doth endleſſe move."

49.

Thereto ſaid he, " Faire Dame, be nought diſmaid
For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent perill be affraid,
For needleſſe feare did never vantage none;
And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.

---

whitt's " Chaucer." And ſee again, F. Q. i. vi. 20, " *muchell* fame." But, in his " Shep. Cal." July, v. 16, he writes *mickle*, the Scottiſh word for *much*, and indeed pronounced by the Scots *muckle*. TODD.

Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are paſt,
Though greeved ghoſt for vengeance deep do grone:
He lives that ſhall him pay his dewties laſt,
And guiltie Elfin blood ſhall ſacrifice in haſt."

50.

"O! but I feare the fickle freakes," (quoth ſhee)
"Of fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why, dame," (quoth he) "what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?"
"Yea, but," (quoth ſhe) "he beares a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."
"Charmd or enchaunted," (anſwerd he then ferce)
"I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

51.

"But, faire Fideſſa, ſithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and reſt a while,
Till morrow next that I the Elfe ſubdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."[e]
"Ay me! that is a double death," (ſhe ſaid)
"With proud foes ſight my ſorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my ſecret aide
Shall follow you." So, paſſing forth, ſhe him obaid.

---

[e] *dead dowry you endew.*] For *endow*, the rhyme requiring *endew*, as Mr. Upton obſerves. In other places the poet uſes *endew* for *clothe*, *inveſt*. See F. Q. iii. viii. 40, v. iii. 20. The word before us may vindicate the tranſlation of the Bible from a ſuppoſed miſprint with which Dr. Johnſon charges it: ſee Gen. xxx. 20. "And Leah ſaid, God hath *endued* me with a good dowry." Todd.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithleſſe foe;
Whom falſe Dueſſa ſaves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

1.

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never reſt, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such reſtleſſe paſſion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greateſt honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

2.

At laſt, the golden Orientall gate[a]

[a] *At laſt, the golden Orientall gate,* &c.] Spenſer, as Dr. Jortin obſerves, here plainly alludes to Pſal. xix. 5.—"In them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the ſun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his courſe." But our author has ſtrangely inverted the circumſtances. The Pſalmiſt alludes to the Jewiſh cuſtom of the bridegroom being conducted from his chamber at midnight, with ſolemn pomp, and preceded by a numerous train of torches. This is the illuſtration of the admirable Dr. Jackſon, a theologiſt in the reign of James I: and without it the compariſon is of no force or propriety. T. WARTON.

Of greateſt heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phoebus, freſh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his deawie hayre,
And hurls his gliſtring beams[b] through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, ſtreight way,
He ſtarted up, and did him ſelfe prepayre
In ſunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

3.

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtraunger knights may fall.
There many Minſtrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile[c] all armed warily;
And ſternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie ſpices fetch from furtheſt Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a ſolemne oth they bynd
T' obſerve the ſacred lawes of armes that are aſſynd.

---

[b] *And hurls his gliſtring beams.*] Todd and others, for no aſſigned reaſon, and againſt ancient authority, printed *hurld* inſtead of "hurls," of the 4to. 1590, and of other old editions. C.

[c] *In woven maile.*] Virgil, Æn. iii. 467.—"Loricam *conſertam* hamis." *Maile*, Fr. *maille*, Ital. *maglia*, properly the meſh of a net, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, is applied to a coat of armour compacted with hooks and rings of iron with little meſhes; and thus "*linked mayles*," F. Q. iii. v. 19. Todd.

5.

At laſt forth comes that far renowmed Queene :[d]
With royall pomp and princely majeſtie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under ſtately canapee,
The warlike feates of both thoſe knights to ſee.
On th' other ſide in all mens open vew
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his ſhield is hangd with bloody hew;
Both thoſe the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6.

A ſhrilling trompett ſownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them ſelves addreſſe:
Their ſhining ſhieldes about their wreſtes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe bleſſe,
The inſtruments of wrath and heavineſſe.
With greedy force each other doth aſſayle,
And ſtrike ſo fiercely, that they do impreſſe
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

7.

The Sarazin was ſtout and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long:
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled ſtrokes, like dreaded thunders threat;
For all for praiſe and honour he did fight.[e]

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[d] *that far renowmed Queene.*] Spenſer was unuſually ſolicitous about the ſpelling of this word, "renowmed," and not *renowned;* and when it occurs again in the 43rd St. of this Canto, and is there printed *renouned,* he amends it in the errata to "renowmed." The words are, of courſe, the ſame, but the poet preſerved its derivation from the Fr. *renommé.* The practice with ancient authors varied in this reſpect, for while Chaucer has *renoun,* Gower has *renomme* for the ſubſtantive: Caxton printed it *renome,* but in modern times it has been uniformly *renown* and *renowned.* C.

[e] *and honour he did fight.*] So the old copies; but Todd and others

Both ſtricken ſtryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their ſhields forth flyeth firie light,
And hewen helmets deepe ſhew marks of eithers might.

8.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right.
As when a Gryfon, ſeized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore that they the heavens affray:
The wiſe Southſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

9.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would drive his foe:
The cruell ſteele ſo greedily doth bight
In tender fleſh, that ſtreames of blood down flow;
With which the armes, that earſt ſo bright did ſhow,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape ſo wyde,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

10.

At laſt the Paynim chaunſt to caſt his eye,
His ſuddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers ſhield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And ſaid; "Ah! wretched ſonne of wofull ſyre,
Doeſt thou ſit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whyleſt here thy ſhield is hangd for victors hyre?

---

tranſpoſed "he did," and printed *did he*. In the laſt line of the Stanza the 4to. 1590 reads: "And hewen helmets deepe ſhew marks," &c. which is quite intelligible without altering the places of "hewen" and "helmets" as was afterwards done, perhaps accidentally. C.

And, ſluggiſh german, doeſt thy forces ſlake[f]
To after-ſend his foe, that him may overtake?

11.

"Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And ſoone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghoſt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his creſt he ſtroke him ſo,
That twiſe he reeled, readie twiſe to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The falſe Dueſſa, "Thine the ſhield, and I, and all!"

12.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie ſpeake,
Out of his ſwowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt avengd to be,
And with ſo' exceeding furie at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoupe upon his knee:
Had he not ſtouped ſo, he ſhould have cloven bee.

13.

And to him ſaid; "Goe now, proud Miſcreant,
Thyſelfe thy meſſage do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe ſay, his foe thy ſhield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have ſlaine; when lo! a darkeſome clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,

---

[f] *And, ſluggiſh german, doeſt thy forces ſlake.*] The paſſage is wrongly pointed, and I believe has been miſunderſtood, in all the editions. "And, ſluggiſh german, *brother* (δεικτικῶς, *pointing to himſelf*,) doſt *thou* thy forces ſlake."—It had been eaſier thus:

"And, ſluggiſh german, *doe* thy forces ſlake—" UPTON.

But vaniſht is.[g] The Elfe him calls alowd,
But anſwer none receives; the darknes him does ſhrowd.

14.

In haſte Dueſſa from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſayd; "O! proweſt knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did choſe,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conqueſt yours; I yours; the ſhield, and glory yours."

15.

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedy eye
He ſought all round about, his thriſty blade[h]
To bathe in blood of faithleſſe enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade.
He ſtandes amazed how he thence ſhould fade:
At laſt the trumpets Triumph ſound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,

---

[g] *But vaniſht is.*] This duel is ended by ſupernatural interpoſition: Dueſſa, like Homer's gods, flings a darkſome cloud between the two combatants, and thus reſcues her knight. See Il. γ′ v. 380, and Il. έ. v. 345, κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ, *with a darkſome cloud.*—By the ſame kind of interpoſition Neptune ſaved Æneas, Il. ύ. 321. "Nube cavâ rapui:" Æn. v. 810. UPTON.

[h] *He ſought all round about, his thriſty blade.*] The ſecond quarto, and all the later editions, read *thirſty*. But ſee St. 35, "*Thriſty* Tantalus," as it is printed in the firſt quarto. See alſo F. Q. i. x. 38,—"And *thriſty* give to drinke," which is the reading of both quartos. Spenſer likewiſe uſes *thriſted*, F. Q. i. vi. 38, and *thriſt*, ii. vi. 17, the former of which both the quartos alſo read; and the latter is the reading of the firſt edition. CHURCH. There is no doubt that "thirſty" is what is meant, and it ſtands *thirſtie* in the fol. 1611. See Shakeſpeare's "Coriolanus," A. ii. Sc. 1, where "thirſt" has been uniformly miſprinted *firſt*, to which ſome recent editors ſtrangely adhere, in ſpite of the moſt obvious fitneſs of the change. See "Shakeſpeare," edit. Collier, 1858, vol. iv. p. 630. C.

Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmitie.

16.

Wherewith he goeth to that ſoveraine Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſervice ſeene:
Which ſhe accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

17.

Home is he brought, and layd in ſumptuous bed,
Where many ſkilfull leaches him abide
To ſalve his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyle they waſh his woundes wide,[i]
And ſoftly gan embalme on everie ſide:
And all the while moſt heavenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Dueſſa wept full bitterly.

18.

As when a wearie traveiler, that ſtrayes
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which, in falſe griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears;

---

[i] *In wine and oyle they waſh his woundes wide.*] The remedy here mentioned is according to Scripture, "But a certain Samaritaine—went to him and bound up his *wounds*, pouring in *oil and wine*." Luke x. 34. Though other writers, I find, mention too the ſame; "In diverſorium citiſſimè abimus, & haud altè vulnerati in lecto plagas *oleo et vino* medemur." *Petronius.* UPTON.

The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is ſwallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

19.

So wept Dueſſa untill eventyde,
That ſhyning lampes in Joves high houſe were light;
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight,
In ſlombring ſwownd, nigh voyd of vitall ſpright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the Eaſterne coaſt of heaven makes ſpeedy way:

20.

Where grieſly Night, with viſage deadly ſad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durſt never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkſome mew;
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet ſtood,[k]
Already harneſſed for journey new,
And cole blacke ſteedes yborne of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſty bits did champ as they were wood.

21.

Who when ſhe ſaw Dueſſa, ſunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels ſhining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
And th' unacquainted light[l] began to feare;

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[k] *Before the dore her yron charet ſtood,* &c.] Spenſer gives Night a chariot and horſes, for which he has the authority of many ancient poets. Without citing the particular paſſages, which are frequent and obvious, I ſhall take occaſion to remark, that what Spenſer ſays of the *horſes of Night*, in all probability, tempted Milton's fancy to go further, and to give them names. See "In Quint. Novemb." ver. 151 et ſeq.
T. WARTON.

[l] *And th' unacquainted light.*] This uſe of the participle is not com-

For never did ſuch brightnes there appeare;
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches ſpeach ſhe gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
Abyde, till I have told the meſſage which I have."

22.

She ſtayd; and foorth Dueſſa gan proceede:
"O! thou moſt auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at firſt didſt breede,
Or that great houſe of Gods cæleſtiall;
Which waſt begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
And ſawſt the ſecrets of the world unmade;
Why ſuffredſt thou thy Nephewes deare[m] to fall,
With Elfin ſword moſt ſhamefully betrade?
Lo! where the ſtout Sansjoy doth ſleepe in deadly ſhade.

23.

"And him before, I ſaw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy ſhrinck underneath his ſpeare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles ſonnes ſo evill heare?
Or who ſhall not great Nightes children ſcorne,
When two of three her Nephews are ſo fowle forlorne?

24.

"Up, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene!
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or elſe goe them avenge, and let be ſeene

---

mon: unacquainted is *ſtrange*, to which ſhe was not accuſtomed, extraordinary. So in Robert Greene's "Arbaſto," 1617, we read "Strange thoughts, *unacquainted* paſſions, pinching fancies, waking viſions, and ſlumbring watchings diſquieted my head." Chap. 2. C.

[m] *Why ſuffredſt thou thy Nephewes deare.*] i. e. Thy grandchildren, as *nepotes* is uſed in the Latin language. UPTON.

That dreaded Night in brighteſt day hath place,
And can the children of fayre light deface."
Her feeling ſpeaches ſome compaſſion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pity in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore ſhe hated, never lov'd:

25.

And ſaid, " Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good ſucceſſes which their foes enſew:
But who can turne the ſtreame of deſtinee,
Or breake the chayne of ſtrong neceſſitee,
Which faſt is tyde to Joves eternall ſeat?
The ſonnes of Day he favoureth, I ſee,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others loſſe is bad excheat."[n]

26.

" Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all,
For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt;
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath ſpilt.
But what art thou, that telſt of Nephews kilt?"
" I, that do ſeeme not I, Dueſſa ame,"
Quoth ſhe, " how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came,
Dueſſa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

27.

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, ſhe kiſt
The wicked witch, ſaying, " In that fayre face

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[n] *To make one great by others loſſe is bad excheat.*] *Excheat* or *eſcheat* (Fr. *eſcheute* or *eſchoëtte*) is a law term, and ſignifies any lands or profits that fall to a lord within his manor by forfeiture, &c. Night here intimates that to riſe upon the ruins of our neighbour is by no means deſirable, as any ſuch acceſſion of fortune is in ſome meaſure obtained by injury. CHURCH.

The falſe reſemblaunce of Deceipt, I wiſt,
Did cloſely lurke; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
It carried, that I ſcarſe in darkſome place
Could it diſcerne; though I the mother bee
Of falſhood, and roote of Dueſſaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to ſee,
And now have ſeene unwares. Lo! now I goe with thee."

28.

Then too her yron wagon ſhe betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch.
Through mirkeſome aire her ready way ſhe makes:
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,[o]
Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne ever ſtamp
Unleſſe ſhe chaunſt their ſtubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre,[p] their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

29.

So well they ſped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward ſence and native ſtrength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And ſight of men, ſince his late luckeleſſe fray.
His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud congeald,
They binden up ſo wiſely as they may,
And handle ſoftly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, cloſe in night conceald.

30.

And, all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,

---

[o] *yet each to each unlich.*] "Unlich" for *unlike* is an archaiſm for the ſake of the rhyme. Gower has "unliche," and Chaucer, *unlike*. C.

[p] *Then, foming tarre.*] i. e. what appeared like tar in colour: we are juſt before told that two of Night's "team" were "blacke as pitch," and the foam from their mouths, as they champed their bits, reſembled tar, or liquid pitch. C.

The wakefull dogs did never ceaſe to bay;[q]
As giving warning of th' unwonted ſound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her dark grieſly looke them much diſmay:[r]
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owle,
With drery ſkriekes did alſo her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo fowle.

31.

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſofte they ſtole,
And brought the heavy corſe with eaſy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that ſame hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
With ſmoake and ſulphur hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature never paſt,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have braſt,
And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

32.

By that ſame way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with ruſty blood,
And downe to Plutoes houſe are come bilive:[s]

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[q] *The wakefull dogs did never ceaſe to bay.*] This alludes to an old ſuperſtitious belief, that dogs are quick-ſighted, and quick-ſcented, at the approach of gods or goddeſſes. See Hom. "Odyſſ." ω'. 162. UPTON.

[r] *And her darke grieſly looke them much diſmay.*] *Did* is to be underſtood before "them," and we have it in the previous line, "*did* them affray." Church urges that "diſmay" is here uſed for *diſmayd*, and cites two paſſages, one from the F. Q. iii. x. 54; and the other from Spenſer's "Daphnaida," which he thinks ſupports his view; but the fact is that in both inſtances "diſmay" is a ſubſtantive, not a verb; and "eyes" in the one caſe and "looks" in the other are, when properly printed, the Saxon genitive;—"and ſtaring eyes' diſmay"—"and diſmal looks' diſmay." C.

[s] *are come bilive.*] "Bilive," or *belive*, is *quickly*. Chaucer has it *blive;* and there is perhaps ſome connection between *blive* and *blithe*, one meaning quickly, and the other ſprightly. Nevertheleſs, the etymology of the firſt is uſually given as from *be* and *live*, and of the ſecond from *be* and *lithe*. C.

Which paſſing through, on every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eies; and all the helliſh brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every ſide,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durſt ride.

33.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many ſoules ſit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharp ſhrilling ſhriekes doe bootleſſe cry,
Curſing high Jove, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſſe paine is built thereby,
In which ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures doe eternally torment.

34.

Before the threſhold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand adders venemous;
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appeaſe; then downe his taile he hong,
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly;
For ſhe in hell and heaven had power equally.[t]

35.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to ſin;
And Siſyphus an huge round ſtone did reele

[t] *had power equally.*] Upton makes it a doubt how Night appeaſed Cerberus, and cites Virgil and Dante, which really have no other application than as they relate to deſcents into hell. The only paſſage of real ſimilarity is that produced by Jortin, in reference to this line:—

"Hecaten cæloque Ereboque potentem." Æn. vi. 247. C.

Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thriſty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were ſtretched on a gin;
Theſeus condemnd to endleſſe ſlouth by law;
And fifty ſiſters water in leke veſſels[u] draw.

36.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their ſmart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furtheſt part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneaſy, dolefull, comfortleſſe,
In which ſad Aeſculapius far apart
Empriſond was in chaines remedileſſe;
For that Hippolytus rent corſe he did redreſſe.

37.

Hippolytus a jolly huntſman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore:
He all his Peeres in beauty did ſurpas;
But Ladies love as loſſe of time forbore:
His wanton ſtepdame loved him the more;
But, when ſhe ſaw her offred ſweets refuſd,
Her love ſhe turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treaſon falſe accuſd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abuſd:

38.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god ſyre beſought
Some curſed vengeaunce on his ſonne to caſt.
From ſurging gulf two Monſters ſtreight were brought;
With dread whereof his chacing ſteedes aghaſt[x]

---

[u] *And fifty ſiſters water in leke veſſels.*] That is, *leaky;* corrected from the errata of the firſt edition, which reads *lete*. See F. Q. vi. viii. 24. CHURCH. The fol. 1611 prints it *leake*. C.

[x] *his chacing ſteedes aghaſt.*] A queſtion was raiſed by Upton whe-

Both charett ſwifte and huntſman overcaſt:
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

39.

His cruell ſtep-dame, ſeeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her ſonne.
Which hearing, his raſh fyre began to rend
His heare, and haſty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his ſmart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aeſculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

40.

Such wondrous ſcience in mans witt to rain
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endleſſe life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thruſt him downe alive,
With flaſhing thunderbolt ywounded ſore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies ſtrive
Himſelfe with ſalves to health for to reſtore,[y]
And ſlake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

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ther "chacing" ought not to be *chaſing;* as if "chacing" had been ſpelt in the 4to. 1590 *chaſing:* it became *chaſing* afterwards, but the original ſpelling is "chacing." If it had been *chaſing*, there might have been a doubt whether the long *ſ* and *f* had not been confounded by the old printer, as in "Timon of Athens," A. i. Sc. 1, where in all the folios "chafes" is miſprinted *chaſes:* the corrected fol. 1632 makes it pretty certain that the poet's word there was "chafes," and not *chaſes.* In this caſe, "chacing" not having been ſpelt with an *ſ*, but with a *c*, no ſuch difficulty can really ariſe. C.

[y] *Himſelfe with ſalves to health for to reſtore.*] Jortin makes an odd blunder here, obſerving, "what Spenſer ſays of Æſculapius endeavouring to heal the wounds of Hippolytus, is his own, I believe, and is finely

41.

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aeſculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whome having ſoftly diſaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him diſcover all his harmes,
Beſeeching him with prayer and with praiſe,
If either ſalves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raiſe,
He would at her requeſt prolong her nephews daies.

42.

"Ah Dame," (qd. he,) "thou tempteſt me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew;
And the old cauſe of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thruſt from heaven dew,
Here endleſſe penaunce for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
Thou biddeſt me to eeke? Can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?"

43.

"Not ſo," (qd. ſhe;) "but, ſith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing;[z]
And feareſt not that more thee hurten might,

---

imagined." Spenſer does not ſay that Æſculapius endeavoured to heal the wounds of Hippolytus; but that at the inſtance of Diana he "did heale them all againe:" it was his own injuries, inflicted by Jove's thunderbolt, that Æſculapius endeavoured to heal. Todd and others have, nevertheleſs, quoted Jortin's note, as if it were really a correct piece of criticiſm. C.

[z] *Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing.*] That is, why ſhouldſt thou fear, who haſt nothing to hope for? Milton has borrowed this ſentiment, and has judiciouſly put it into the mouth of Satan, "Par. Loſt," B. iv. 108.

"Then farewell, hope; and with hope farewell, fear!" CHURCH.

Now in the powre of everlaſting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed ſonne
Of great Apollo! ſhew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne[a]
Great pains, and greater praiſe, both never to be donne."

44.

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els the which his art did teach:
Which having ſeene, from thence aroſe away
The mother of dredd darkneſſe, and let ſtay
Aveugles ſonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilſt Phoebus pure
In weſterne waves his weary wagon did recure.

45.

The falſe Dueſſa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to ſtately pallace of Dame Pryde:
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald unready were to ryde.[b]
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had ſpyde

---

[a] *that els hath to thee wonne.*] We are here probably to take "els" in the common ſenſe of *elſewhere*, referring to the immortal reputation Æſculapius had acquired on earth before he was condemned to hell. Todd would conſider "els" as equivalent to *already*, to which there is not much objection, and it is certainly preferable to Church's *als*. C.

[b] *unready were to ryde.*] Upton and Todd put in parentheſis "his woundes wyde not throughly heald," by which means they deprive the verb "were" of its government: the old copies print the paſſage as we have given it. It is almoſt needleſs to remark that here, as in many other places, "woundes" is to be pronounced as a diſſyllable; and, in order to make ſure that it ſhould not be read as a monoſyllable, in the folio 1611 the word is printed *woundez*. Todd put two dots over the laſt ſyllable; but ſuch a courſe is needleſs with any ear capable of underſtanding and appreciating the meaſure of verſe. C.

Where in a dungeon deepe huge nombers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day;

46.

A ruefull ſight as could be ſeene with eie;[c]
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetiſe,
Through waſtfull Pride and wanton Riotiſe,
They were by law of that proud Tyranneſſe,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercileſſe,
Where they ſhould live in wo, and dye in wretchedneſſe.[d]

47.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon;
Till, through celeſtiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
There alſo was king Crœſus, that enhaunſt
His hart too high through his great richeſſe ſtore;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunſt
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altares daunſt.

48.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd;[e]

---

[c] *A ruefull ſight as could be ſeene with eie.*] Here again modern editors have thruſt a parentheſis into the text not warranted by any old copy, and not required, ſince the ſenſe ſpeaks ſufficiently for itſelf. C.

[d] *Where they ſhould live in wo, and dye in wretchedneſſe.*] So all the editions. Perhaps, "*lye* in wretchedneſſe." Unleſs he means they ſhould be always *dying*, and yet never *die*. As in F. Q. i. viii. 38.

"———— that here lye *dying* every ſtound,
"Yet *live* perforce —"

So Adam ſays, "Par. Loſt," B. x. 787.

"———— Who knows
"But I ſhall die a *living death* —" CHURCH.

[e] *That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd.*] *Made war upon.*

And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There alſo was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native ſyre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons ſonne be magnifide,
Till, ſcornd of God and man, a ſhamefull death he dide.

49.

All theſe together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkaſes of beaſtes in butchers ſtall.
And in another corner wide were ſtrowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the Grandſyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and ſtubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla, and ſterne Marius;
High Caeſar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

50.

Amongſt theſe mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whoſe ſides transfixt
With ſonnes own blade her fowle reproches ſpoke:
Fayre Sthenobœa, that her ſelfe did choke
With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with ſtroke
Of Aſpes ſting her ſelfe did ſtoutly kill;
And thouſands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

51.

Beſides the endleſſe routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were aſſembled day by day

See alſo F. Q. ii. x. 21, 50, and 72; and iii. v. 48. Thus Chaucer, "Kn. Tale," 1486. "On Theſeus to help him to *warraye*." And Lydgate, in his "Prol. to the Troj. Warres:"—"The worthy Grekis helpe to *warrey* again Troyens." Latino-Bar. *guerrire* et *werrire*, to make war. UPTON. Richardſon prefers the Fr. *guéroyer*. C.

From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and waſted welthes decay.
But moſt of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres;
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Conſumed had their goods and thriftleſſe howres,
And laſtly thrown themſelves into theſe heavy ſtowres.

52.

Whoſe caſe whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould,
And made enſample of their mournfull ſight
Unto his Maiſter, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely roſe; and, ere that dawning light
Diſcovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Poſterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be ſpyde;
For, doubtleſſe, death enſewd if any him deſcryde.

53.

Scarſe could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall,[f]
Of murdred men, which therein ſtrowed lay
Without remorſe or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princeſſe pride did fall,
And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſyde,
Forth ryding underneath the caſtell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcaſes he ſpyde;
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of Pryde.

---

[f] *For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall.*] A place to lay dung or rubbiſh in. In the neighbourhood of Gray's-Inn Lane there was once a receptacle of this kind; upon which houſes having been ſince built, it is now called *Layſtall* Street. TODD.

CANTO VI.

From lawleſſe luſt by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releaſt:
Whom ſalvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wiſe beheaſt.

1.

AS when a ſhip, that flyes fayre under ſayle,
An hidden rocke eſcaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet in doubt[a] ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie overſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt joy and cares
The dreadleſſe corage of this Elfin knight,
Having eſcapt ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

2.

Yet ſad he was, that his too haſtie ſpeed
The fayre Dueſs' had forſt him leave behind;
And yet more ſad, that Una, his deare dreed,

---

[a] *and yet in doubt.*] It is "*it* doubt" in the 4to. 1590, but corrected in the liſt of errata at the end: nevertheleſs, in the fol. 1611 "*it* doubt" remains, and Drayton, ſeeing that it muſt be wrong, amended *it* to "in." There have been diſputes among editors regarding the punctuation; Jortin contending for a ſemicolon after "doubt," while Urry and Church were for no ſtop at all: in this reſpect we follow the 4to. 1590. "Yet in doubt" is parenthetical. C.

Her truth had ſtaynd with treaſon ſo unkind:
Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her own ſelfe ſake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to ſeeke, ne ever would forſake;
Till her unwares the fiers Sanſloy did overtake:

3.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a foreſt wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to luſtfull heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vaſſall of his pleaſures vilde.
Yet firſt he caſt by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to perſuade that ſtubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conqueſt of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

4.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant hart did tempt with diverſe guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and ſighes ſhe did abhore;
As rock of Diamond ſtedfaſt evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie luſtfull eye,
He ſnatcht the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautie ſhyne as brighteſt ſkye,
And burnt his beaſtly hart t'efforce her chaſtitye.[b]

5.

So when he ſaw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And ſubtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort aſſayle,
Whereof he weend poſſeſſed ſoone to bee,

---

[b] *t'efforce her chaſtitye.*] Why Todd and others here printed *enforce* for "efforce" they do not ſtate: "efforce" is a well-known verb in our language, and Spenſer uſes it elſewhere ſeveral times: it is "efforce" in the old impreſſions. C.

And win rich ſpoile of ranſackt chaſtitee.
Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance juſt ſo long withhold,
And hurle not flaſhing flames upon that Paynim bold?

6.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortleſſe,
Does throw out thrilling ſhriekes, and ſhrieking cryes;
The laſt vaine helpe of wemens greate diſtreſſe,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the ſkyes;
That molten ſtarres doe drop like weeping eyes,
And Phœbus, flying ſo moſt ſhameful ſight,
His bluſhing face in foggy cloud implyes,[c]
And hydes for ſhame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now deviſe to quitt a thrall from ſuch a plight?

7.

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her ſelfe a way.
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her ſhrill outcryes and ſhrieks ſo loud did bray,
That all the woodes and foreſtes did reſownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far a way
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus ſlept in ſhady arber ſownd.

8.

Who, when they heard that pitteous ſtrained voice,
In haſte forſooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight ſo loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpyde,

[c] *in foggy cloud implyes.*] i. e. folds himſelf up, or conceals himſelf in foggy cloud: this ſenſe of the verb to "imply" was frequent in the time of Spenſer, and ſcarcely requires a note. C.

A rude, miſhapen, monſtrous rablement,
Whoſe like he never ſaw, he durſt not byde,
But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away gan ryde.

9.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, deſolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
All ſtand amazed at ſo uncouth ſight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie ſtate:
All ſtand aſtonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of ſo wofull plight.

10.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does ſhake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through honger fell,
A ſeely Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feaſt to make,
A Lyon ſpyes faſt running towards him,
The innocent pray in haſt he does forſake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to ſee the lyon looke ſo grim.

11.

Such fearefull fitt aſſaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to ſpeake, ne joynt to move, ſhe had:
The ſalvage nation feele her ſecret ſmart,
And read her ſorrow in her count'nance ſad;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,
And ruſtick horror, all aſyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, ſhew a ſemblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ

Her ſingle perſon to their barbarous truth;
But ſtill twixt feare and hope amazd does ſitt,
Late learnd what harme to haſty truſt enſu'th.
They, in compaſſion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie ſoverayne,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth;
And, all proſtrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kiſſe her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

13.

Their harts ſhe gheſſeth by their humble guiſe,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground ſhe feareleſſe doth ariſe,
And walketh forth without ſuſpect of crime.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and ſinging all a ſhepheards ryme;
And with greene braunches ſtrowing all the ground,
Do worſhip her as Queene with olive girlond cround.

14.

And all the way their merry pipes they ſound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleaſant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyſe awaked, commeth out
To weet the cauſe, his weake ſteps governing
And aged limbs on cypreſſe ſtadle ſtout;[d]
And with an yvie twyne his waſte is girt about.

---

[d] *To weet the cauſe, his weake ſteps governing*
And aged limbs on cypreſſe ſtadle ſtout.] I do not remember that Sylvanus is any where deſcribed as *infirm* with old age. Neither would the young cypreſs-tree which he carried in his hand, a ſapling, or ſmall plant torn up by the root, have ſerved for this purpoſe. Virgil addreſſes him "Georg." i. 20.

"——— teneram ab radice ferens, Sylvane, cupreſſum." T. WARTON.

15.

Far off he wonders what them makes ſo glad;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,[e]
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their God preſent
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
The God himſelfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

16.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worſhip her as Goddeſſe of the wood;
And old Sylvanus ſelfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight ſo fayre, but gazing ſtood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus ſelfe he ſeemes to ſee;
But Venus never had ſo ſober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But miſſeth bow and ſhaftes, and buſkins to her knee.

17.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and deareſt Cypariſſe;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he ſlew with glauncing dart amiſſe
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliſſe:
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy;

---

[e] *Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent.*] Later impreſſions, after the firſt, miſprint "*Of* Bacchus merry fruit," &c. which ſeems to have puzzled ſome editors, who do not appear to have ſeen that "Or" in the firſt inſtance is to be taken as *either*.—"*Either* Bacchus' merry fruit they had *found*, or Cybele's frantic rites had made them mad." There is thus no ambiguity, which has only been introduced by the unauthoriſed alteration of the poet's language. C.

But pynd away in anguiſh and ſelfewild annoy.

18.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to ſee her lovely face;
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle diſgrace:
But all the Satyres ſcorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

19.

Glad of ſuch lucke, the luckeleſſe lucky mayd
Did her content to pleaſe their feeble eyes;
And long time with that ſalvage people ſtayd,
To gather breath in many miſeryes.
During which time her gentle wit ſhe plyes
To teach them truth, which worſhipt her in vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootleſſe zeale ſhe did reſtrayne
From her own worſhip, they her Aſſe would worſhip fayn.

20.

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By juſt occaſion to that forreſt came
To ſeeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his weldeſerved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might:
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of ſhame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21.

A Satyres ſonne, yborne in forreſt wyld,
By ſtraunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,

Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
That was in ſacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a looſe unruly ſwayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forreſt wyde,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſt with buſie payne,
Then ſerve his Ladies love, and waſte in pleaſures vayne.

22.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lovers company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerve her turne,
And ſeeke her ſpouſe that from her ſtill does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunſt her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her perſon thrall unto his beaſtly kind.

23.

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captive to his ſenſuall deſyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly ſweld,
And bore a boy unto that ſalvage ſyre:
Then home he ſuffred her for to retyre,
For ranſome leaving him the late-borne childe;
Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aſpyre,
He nouſled up in life and manners wilde,
Emongſt wild beaſtes and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

24.

For all he taught the tender ymp[f] was but
To baniſh cowardize and baſtard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put

---

[f] *the tender ymp.*] It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſtate that an "imp" is properly a *ſcion*, and that the verb to imp is from the A. S. *impan*, and means to inſert or implant: hence it is often applied to the repairing of the wings of a hawk—the inſertion or addition of feathers, to amend or ſupply ſuch as are deficient. C.

Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
And from the ſhe Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beaſt for feare of him did fly, and quake.

25.

Thereby ſo feareleſſe and ſo fell he grew,
That his owne ſyre, and maiſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him adviſe
The angry beaſtes not raſhly to deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon ſtoup to him in lowly wiſe,
(A leſſon hard) and make the Libbard ſterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

26.

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beaſtes in yron yokes he would compell;
The ſpotted Panther, and the tuſked Bore,
The Pardale[g] ſwift, and the Tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell;[h]
And them conſtraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had their ſtubborne harts to quell,
And ſturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheaſt they feared as a tyrans law.

27.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to ſee her little ſonne;

---

[g] *The Pardale*, &c.] The panther and pardale are generally thought to be the ſame: but Xenophon (no bad authority) diſtinguiſhes them. Λέοντες δὲ, ΠΑΡΔΑΛΕΣ, λύγκες, ΠΑΝΘΗΡΕΣ, κ. τ. λ. ΚΥΝ, κεφ. ια΄. UPTON.

[h] *both fiers and fell.*] In the original impreſſion for "fiers and fell" we have "ſwift and cruell;" but the change is made on the authority of the "faults eſcaped in the print," in the 4to. 1590. C.

And chaunſt unwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſportes and cruell paſtime donne;
When after him a Lyoneſſe did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes ſhe ſaw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childiſh feare.

28.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning backe gan faſt to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perſwaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words gan ſay:
"Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find ſome other play-fellowes, mine own ſweet boy."

29.

In theſe and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that forreſt, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught[i]
Deſyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for ſtraunge adventures ſought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures ſpent,
Unto thoſe native woods for to repaire,

---

[i] *his courage haught.*] "Haught" is *lofty;* from the Fr. *haut.* Shakeſpeare, in "Rich. II." A. iv. Sc. 1, makes the King call Northumberland a "haught, inſulting man;" and it occurs elſewhere in his dramas, but he more frequently has *haughty.* C.

To ſee his ſyre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the faireſt Una found,
Straunge Lady in ſo ſtraunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her ſat around,
Trew ſacred lore, which from her ſweet lips did redound.

31.

He wondred at her wiſedome hevenly rare,
Whoſe like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her ſad ſorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which ſuch troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, ſo hurtleſſe and ſo trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her diſcipline of faith and verity.

32.

But ſhe, all vowd unto the Redcroſſe Knight,
His wandring perill cloſely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguiſh did torment,
And all her witt in ſecret counſels ſpent,
How to eſcape. At laſt in privy wiſe
To Satyrane ſhe ſhewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain ſuch favour, gan deviſe,
How with that penſive Maid he beſt might thence ariſe.

33.

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their ſervice to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he ſeekes that having cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with carefull paine,

That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the plaine.

34.

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haſt to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcroſſe;
But he them ſpying gan to turne aſide
For feare, as ſeemd, or for ſome feigned loſſe:
More greedy they of newes faſt towards him do croſſe.

35.

A ſilly man, in ſimple weeds forworne,
And foild with duſt of the long dried way;
His ſandales were with toilſome travell torne,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had traveild many a ſommers day
Through boyling ſands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand[k] a Jacobs ſtaffe, to ſtay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36.

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aſke, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,

---

[k] *In his hand*, &c.] In his hand he has a *Jacob's ſtaff*, a pilgrim's ſtaff; ſo called becauſe they uſed ſuch in their pilgrimages to St. Jacob's or St. James's ſhrine, "P. Plowman," i. 2.

"Pilgrimes and palmers plight them together
"For to ſeke S. James and Saints at Rome."

Pilgrims were thoſe who were going their pilgrimages; Palmers, thoſe who returned from their pilgrimages, and carried a ſtaff or bough of a palm-tree, in token of their having performed their vows. But this diſtinction is not always obſerved. Upton.

That in his armour bare a croſlet red?
"Ay me! Deare dame," (qd. he) "well may I rew
To tell the ſad ſight which mine eies have red;
Theſe eies did ſee that knight both living and eke ded."

37.

That cruell word her tender hart ſo thrild,
That ſuddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And ſtony horrour all her ſences fild
With dying fitt, that downe ſhe fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, ſhe bad him tellen plaine
The further proceſſe of her hidden griefe:
The leſſer pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief.

38.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: "I chaunſt this day,
This fatall day that ſhall I ever rew,[1]
To ſee two knights, in travell on my way,
(A ſory ſight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew.
My feareful fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thirſted after life:
What more? the Redcroſſe knight was ſlain with Paynim knife."

39.

"Ah! deareſt Lord," (qd. ſhe) "how might that bee,
And he the ſtouteſt knight that ever wonne?"[m]

---

[1] *that ſhall I ever rew.*] We only notice theſe words in order to mention that Todd errs here in imputing to the fol. 1611 an inverſion that does not exiſt in it: it does not read "that I ſhall ever rew," as Todd ſtates, but like our text, "that ſhall I ever rew," conſiſtently with the 4to. 1590. C.

[m] *And he the ſtouteſt knight that ever wonne.*] Here *wonne* means *that ever conquered in battle.* The word rhyming to it means *doth dwell.* Germ. *wonnen,* habitare. Chaucer uſes it, and Milton has alſo admitted it into his "Paradiſe Loſt," B. vii. 457. UPTON. See alſo "Par. Reg." B. i. 426. TODD. Few old words are more common. C.

"Ah! deareſt dame," (qd. hee) "how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," (ſaid Satyrane) "that Paynims ſonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte?"
"Not far away," (qd. he)[n] "he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte
Waſhing his bloody wounds, that through the ſteele were cleft."

40.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles Una, with huge heavineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas that Pagan proud him ſelfe did reſt
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountaine ſide:
Even he it was, that earſt would have ſuppreſt
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane eſpide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

41.

And ſaid; "Ariſe, thou curſed Miſcreaunt,
That haſt with knightleſſe guile, and trecherous train,
Faire knighthood fowly ſhamed, and doeſt vaunt
That good knight of the Redcroſſe to have ſlain:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin, this hearing, roſe amain,
And, catching up in haſt his three-ſquare ſhield
And ſhining helmet, ſoone him buckled to the field.

42.

And, drawing nigh him, ſaid; "Ah! miſborn Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither ſent
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy ſelfe:

---

[n] "*Not far away*," (*qd. he*).] It is "qd. *ſhe*" in the 4to. 1590; but "he" in ſubſequent impreſſions, and rightly, though the variation has been paſſed over without notice. In the next Stanza, "thence," of the old copies, has been miſprinted *then*. C.

Yet ill thou blameſt me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcroſſe knight, perdie, I never ſlew;
But had he beene where earſt his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his errour ſhould not rew:
But thou his errour ſhalt, I hope, now proven trew."

43.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierſly to aſſaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell;
That with their force they perſt both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleſhes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their ſides did raile;°
But floods of blood could not them ſatisfie:
Both hongred after death; both choſe to win, or die.

44.

So long they fight, and full revenge purſue,
That, fainting, each themſelves to breathen lett;
And, ofte refreſhed, battell oft renue.
As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely frett;
Til breathleſſe both themſelves aſide retire,
Where foming wrath their cruell tuſkes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may reſpire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

45.

So fierſly, when theſe knights had breathed once,

° *adowne their ſides did raile.*] *Flow.* So again, F. Q. ii. viii. 37; iii. xi. 46; iv. ii. 18. And "*rayling* tears," *guſhing forth*, F. Q. iii. iv. 57. Chaucer uſes this word, "Lament. Mary M." ver. 181, edit. Urr.

"The purple blode eke fro the hartis vain
"Doune *railid* right faſt —"

And G. Douglas, "Virg." p. 390, v. 43.

"Quhil al the blude haboundantly furth *ralis*." UPTON.

They gan to fight retourne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both, deformed, ſcarſely could bee known.
By this, ſad Una fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe which through the aire was throwne,
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had ſown.

46.

Whom all ſo ſoone as that proud Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane, with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bad him other buſineſſe plie
Then hunt the ſteps of pure unſpotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd theſe bitter ſpeaches ſaid.

47.

"O fooliſh faeries ſonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenſt to haſt thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenceleſſe man he, that himſelfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight;[p] the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim ſore afrayd.

---

[p] *So they to fight.*] So the 4to. 1590, but the fol. 1611 has "So they *two* fight:" we reſtore the original text, the meaning being merely that the knights renew the conflict, while Una fled from the ſcene. It is very true, as Upton remarks, that "to" is often employed as an augmentative, but it is not wanted, and was not intended here. C.

48.

But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,[q]
Being in deed old Archimage, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he ſaw the Damſell paſſe away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.[r]

---

[q] *which that leaſing told.*] i. e. which told that *lye*, or *lying*. "Leaſing" for *lying* is a very frequent word with our older poets; and Shakeſpeare uſes it more than once: ſee edit. Collier, 1858, vol. ii. p. 654; and vol. iv. p. 703. C.

[r] *will need another place.*] The poet ſoon returns to Una, and her lamentable caſe; but no mention is made of Satyrane till F. Q. iii. vii. 28, where he attacks the monſter that purſued Florimel. This is plainly an omiſſion, if not a forgetfulneſs. UPTON.

CANTO VII.

The Redcroſſe knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud oppreſt:
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

1.

WHAT man ſo wiſe, what earthly witt ſo ware,
As to diſcry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maſke in viſour faire,
And caſt her coulours, died deepe in graine,
To ſeeme like truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſſe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe Dueſſa, cloked with Fideſſaes name.

2.

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where ſhe had left the noble Redcroſſe knight,
Her hoped pray, ſhe would no lenger byde,
But forth ſhe went to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe fownd, whereas he wearie ſate
To reſt him ſelfe foreby a fountaine ſyde,

Diſarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſy forage ate.

3.

Hee feedes upon the cooling ſhade,[a] and bayes
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of ſundry kynd
Doe chaunt ſweet muſick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of careleſnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, ſoure gall with hony ſweet.

4.

Unkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the joyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whoſe bubbling wave did ever freſhly well,
Ne ever would through fervent ſommer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5.

The cauſe was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of ſcorching ayre,
Satt downe to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The goddeſſe wroth gan fowly her diſgrace,

---

[a] *Hee feedes upon the cooling ſhade.*] That is, *enjoys.* So Virgil, "Æn." iii. 339.

"Quid puer Aſcanius? ſuperatne, et *veſcitur auras?*"

So the ancient books read, and not *aurâ:* And does he *feed upon the vital air?* Again, St. 22.

"Why do ye longer *feed* on loathed light." UPTON.

And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be ſuch as ſhe her ſelfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and ſlow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

6.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying downe upon the ſandie graile,[b]
Dronke of the ſtreame, as cleare as chriſtall glas:
Eftſoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie ſtrong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at firſt them ſelves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan aſſayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie ſwelt.

7.

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pourd out in looſneſſe on the graſſy grownd,
Both careleſſe of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadfull ſownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror ſeemd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith aſtownd,
Upſtarted lightly from his looſer make,[c]
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his ſhield, his monſtrous enimy

---

[b] *upon the ſandie graile.*] i. e. *gravèl.* Spenſer ſeems the only writer who has availed himſelf of this form of the word: he has it again in the "Viſions of Bellay," (Sonn. 12) where he ſpeaks of the "golden grayle" of Pactolus. It means ſmall particles of any kind, and has been derived by Todd in his "Dict." from the Fr. *grêle*, hail. C.

[c] *from his looſer make.*] "Make" and *mate* mean the ſame thing, if indeed they are not the ſame word. Shakeſpeare, in his 9th Sonnet, has the adjective *makeleſs*, meaning without a "make" or *mate:* he generally uſes *mate* for companion. See alſo this Canto, St. 15. C.

With ſturdie ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Geaunt,[d] horrible and hye,
That with his tallneſſe ſeemd to threat the ſkye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt ſonnes of mortall ſeed.

9.

The greateſt Earth his uncouth mother was,
And bluſtring Æolus his boaſted ſyre;
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpyre,
And fild her hidden caves with ſtormie yre,
That ſhe conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of wemen doe expyre,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlyme,
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with ſinfull cryme.

10.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe;[e] his ſtalking ſteps are ſtayde
Upon a ſnaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he diſmayde.

11.

That, when the knight he ſpyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and inſupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;

---

[d] *An hideous Geaunt.*] Todd, of courſe by a mere miſprint, reads "*And* hideous Geaunt." C.

[e] *And left to loſſe.*] Shakeſpeare employs the phraſe "condemn'd to loſs" in "The Winter's Tale," A. ii. Sc. 3.

Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe, all in vaine
Did to him pace ſad battaile to darrayne,
Diſarmd, diſgraſte,[f] and inwardly diſmayde;
And eke ſo faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

12.

The Geaunt ſtrooke ſo maynly mercileſſe,
That could have overthrowne a ſtony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him bleſſe,
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his ſences ſtoond that ſtill he lay full low.

13.

As when that diveliſh yron Engin, wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and framd by Furies ſkill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyſe, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor ſee, nor heare at will,
Through ſmouldry cloud of duſkiſh ſtincking ſmok;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath eſcapt the ſtroke.

14.

So daunted when the Geaunt ſaw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to duſt thought to have battred quight,
Untill Dueſſa loud to him gan crye,

---

[f] *Diſarmd, diſgraſte.*] *Diſſolute, debauched,* ſays Church; but "diſgraſte" is here rather to be taken in the ordinary ſenſe of *degraded, put to ſhame.* C.

"O great Orgoglio! greateſt under ſkye,
O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies ſake;
Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to dye,[g]
But vanquiſht thine eternall bondſlave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take."

15.

He hearkned, and did ſtay from further harmes,
To gayne ſo goodly guerdon as ſhe ſpake:
So willingly ſhe came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the ſlombred ſenceleſſe corſe;
And, ere he could out of his ſwowne awake,
Him to his caſtle brought with haſtie forſe,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorſe.

16.

From that day forth Dueſſa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne ſet on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majeſtye.
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monſtrous beaſt ybredd in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſom den.

17.

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona ſlew,
Long foſtred in the filth of Lerna lake:

---

[g] *Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to dye.*] So Chaucer, "Rom. R." 1061.

"———— And *doen to dye*
"Theſe loſengeours, with her flatterie."

The inſtances of this expreſſion are innumerable, both in Chaucer, and in our author. This is, *Je lui ferai mourir*, Fr. *Farollo morire.* Ital. T. WARTON.

Whoſe many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endleſſe labor to ſubdew.
But this ſame Monſter much more ugly was;
For ſeven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron breſt, and back of ſcaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did ſhine as glas.

18.

His tayle was ſtretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught;
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd ſtrength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The ſacred thinges, and holy heaſtes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beaſt with ſevenfold head
He ſett the falſe Dueſſa, for more aw and dread.

19.

The wofull Dwarfe, which ſaw his maiſters fall
Whiles he had keeping of his graſing ſteed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was paſt, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie Armour, miſſing moſt at need;
His ſilver ſhield, now idle, maiſterleſſe;
His poynant ſpeare that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavineſſe;
And with them all departes to tell his great diſtreſſe.

20.

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Faſt flying from that Paynims greedy pray,[h]

---

[h] *that Paynims greedy pray.*] So the 4to. 1590; but later editions "*the* Paynims." Todd, by a ſingular miſtake, prints "that," but tells us that *the* was probably Spenſer's own correction. He intended to print *the*, but omitted to ſtrike out "that;" which we adopt, becauſe it is warranted by the earlieſt copy, and is not corrected among the errata, as it would certainly have been if Spenſer had preferred *the*. C.

Whileſt Satyrane him from purſuit did let:
Who when her eyes ſhe on the Dwarf had ſet,
And ſaw the ſignes that deadly tydinges ſpake,
She fell to ground for ſorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her ſad breſt did forſake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be ſeene to pant and quake.

21.

The meſſenger of ſo unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly ſome little comfort ſhewes.
At laſt, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does toſſe and turne.
So hardly he the flitted life does win[i]
Unto her native priſon to retourne;
Then, gins her grieved ghoſt thus to lament and mourne:

22.

"Ye dreary inſtruments of dolefull ſight,
That doe this deadly ſpectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the ſtony dart of ſenceleſſe cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie ſide,
And let eternall night ſo ſad ſight[k] fro me hyde.

23.

"O lightſome day! the lampe of higheſt Jove,
Firſt made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkneſſe he in deepeſt dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,

---

[i] *So hardly he the flitted life does win.*] i. e. Thus with difficulty he wins back her vaniſhed life. C.

[k] *And let eternall night ſo ſad ſight.*] *Sight* is omitted in the firſt edition, but ſupplied in the ſecond. CHURCH.

And ſhut up heavens windowes ſhyning wyde;
For earthly ſight can nought but ſorrow breed,
And late repentance which ſhall long abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie ſhall feed,
But ſeeled up with death ſhall have their deadly meed."

24.

Then downe againe ſhe fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thriſe did ſhe ſinke adowne in deadly ſwownd,
And thriſe he her reviv'd with buſie paine.
At laſt when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wreſtled his ſtrong enimy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," (quoth ſhe) "the wofull Tragedy,
The which theſe reliques ſad preſent unto mine eye.

25.

"Tempeſtuous fortune hath ſpent all her ſpight,
And thrilling ſorrow throwne his utmoſt dart:
Thy ſad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
If death it be, it is not the firſt wound
That launched hath my breſt with bleeding ſmart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull ſtound;
If leſſe then that I feare, more favour I have found."

26.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole diſcourſe declare;
The ſubtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of falſe Fideſſa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquiſh Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treen mould;
The houſe of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The luckleſſe conflict with the Gyaunt ſtout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

27.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And ſtrove to maiſter ſorrowfull aſſay,
Which greater grew the more ſhe did contend,
And almoſt rent her tender hart in tway;
And love freſh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the loſſe.
Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then ſhe did love the knight of the Redcroſſe;
For whoſe deare ſake ſo many troubles her did toſſe.

28.

At laſt when fervent ſorrow ſlaked was,
She up aroſe, reſolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her aſſynd:
And evermore, in conſtant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with freſh renewed bale.
Long toſt with ſtormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and meaſurd many a vale.

29.

At laſt ſhe chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight,[1] faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour ſhined far away,

---

[1] *At laſt ſhe chaunced by good hap to meet*
A goodly knight.] This is the firſt time that the Briton Prince makes his appearance; and, that his image might well be impreſſed on the reader's mind, he is deſcribed at large, and takes up nine whole ſtanzas.—Spenſer departs from Jeffry of Monmouth, and the romance hiſtory of Prince Arthur; and indeed from all the ſtories of our old Engliſh writers, in many of the circumſtances relating to this Britiſh prince, that he might make a hero for his poem, and not a poem for his hero. They tell you that his ſhield was named *Pridwen;* his ſword *Caliburn* or *Excalibur* (Spenſer, *Mordure*) and his ſpear *Roan.* They ſay likewiſe that on Arthur's ſhield was painted the image of the Virgin Mary. UPTON.

Like glauncing light of Phœbus brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may.
Athwart his breſt a bauldrick brave he ware,
That ſhind, like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt pretious rare.

30.

And in the midſt thereof one pretious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like Heſperus emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtrove for to amaze the weaker ſights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory ſheath, ycarv'd with curious ſlights,
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

31.

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſſe and great terrour bredd:
For all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did ſpredd
His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Cloſe couched on the bever, ſeemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright ſparckles fiery redd,
That ſuddeine horrour to faint hartes did ſhow;
And ſcaly tayle was ſtretcht adowne his back full low.

32.

Upon the top of all his loftie creſt,
A bounch of heares diſcolourd diverſly,[m]
With ſprincled pearle and gold full richly dreſt,

---

[m] *A bounch of heares diſcolourd diverſly.*] See Canto ii. St. 11. for the ſame line: the probability is that Spenſer did not recollect that he had previouſly uſed the very ſame words, though Upton would make out that Spenſer repeated the line becauſe "he could not better it." The ſame reaſon would apply to many other lines. C.

Did ſhake, and ſeemd to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.[n]

33.

His warlike ſhield all cloſely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever ſeene;
Not made of ſteele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals ſoon conſumed beene,
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene[o]
It framed was, one maſſy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,

---

[n] *At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.*] This paſſage was employed by Marlowe in the Second Part of his "Tamburlaine the Great," (edit. Dyce, i. 200). He made a few verbal changes, but did not abridge the Alexandrine, and never attempted to conceal his obligation: it was, in fact, the avowed cuſtom of the age for dramatiſts to avail themſelves of whatever would contribute to their purpoſe; ſo that we need entertain no doubt as to Spenſer's title to the original—a point that was formerly diſcuſſed. Peele did preciſely the ſame thing in his "David and Bethſabe," (edit. Dyce, ii. 39,) where he borrowed another ſimile from Spenſer's F. Q. B. i. C. v. St. 2, and would not have ſcrupled at any time to acknowledge the fact. Todd, in his note upon the Stanza above quoted, commits ſeveral errors in his citation from "Tamburlaine," but the text of Marlowe was not then ſo well aſcertained as at preſent. Marlowe's Drama was firſt printed in the ſame year as Spenſer's F. Q.; but many perſons muſt have ſeen the latter in MS., and it was actually quoted by Abr. Fraunce in 1588: parts of it were therefore well known to the literary men of that day. C.

[o] *perfect pure and cleene.*] For "cleene" Upton would read *ſheene*, but Warton clearly proved that "cleene" muſt have been the poet's word. He is in error, however, when he ſays that in Harington's tranſlation of King James's Latin lines on Sir P. Sidney's Death, "cleene" is an epithet applied to the carkanet, or necklace, of Venus:—

"She caſt away her rings and carknet cleene,"

does not mean that the carkanet was "cleene," but that ſhe threw it *clean* away: beſides, Harington's word is "caſt," and not *threw*, as Warton miſquotes it. His reference alſo to Chaucer's "Troilus and Creſſida," B. v. ought not to be v. 9, but v. 2. C.

That point of ſpeare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

34.

The ſame to wight he never wont diſcloſe,
But whenas monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And ſilver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is ſtaynd with magicke arts conſtraint.

35.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
But all that was not ſuch as ſeemd in ſight
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddeine fall:
And when him liſt the raſkall routes appall,
Men into ſtones therewith he could tranſmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the prouder lookes ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36.

Ne let it ſeeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the ſame was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke ſpell:
Both ſhield and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond; where yet it may be ſeene, if ſought.

37.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,

His ſpeare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmeful head, thriſe heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breſt with pikehead ſquare:
A goodly perſon; and could menage faire
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,[P]
And chauſt that any on his backe ſhould ſitt:
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

38.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtraine:
Which to allay, and calme her ſtorming paine,
Faire feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humor fitting purpoſe faine,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelfe for to bewray;
Wherewith enmovd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to ſay.

39.

"What worlds delight, or joy of living ſpeach,
Can hart, ſo plungd in ſea of ſorrowes deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow ſteep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helpleſſe harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe where it may not availe:
My laſt left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

P *did trample as the aire.*] The edit. 1590 has *amble* for "trample," —a not improbable miſprint, corrected in later impreſſions. "Heben wood," of which the ſpear was made, is *ebony;* and Church informs us that the "canon" of the bit is that part which the horſe has in his mouth: the "iron rowels" muſt be the rings on the bit, not the ſpurs of the rider, who, from his rank as an eſquire, wore none: beſides, the horſe could not have bitten the rowels of ſpurs into foam. C.

40.

" Ah Lady deare," qd. then the gentle knight,
" Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your ſorrowes treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete
For to unfold the anguiſh of your hart:
Miſhaps are maiſtred by advice diſcrete,
And counſell mitigates the greateſt ſmart:
Found never help who never would his hurts impart."

41.

" O! but," (qd. ſhe) " great griefe will not be tould,
And can more eaſily be thought then ſaid."
" Right ſo," (qd. he) " but he that never would
Could never: will to might gives greateſt aid."
" But griefe," (qd. ſhe) " does greater grow diſplaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds deſpaire."
" Deſpaire breeds not," (qd. he) " where faith is ſtaid."
" No faith ſo faſt," (qd. ſhe) " but fleſh does paire."
" Fleſh may empaire," (qd. he) " but reaſon can repaire."

42.

His goodly reaſon, and well-guided ſpeach,
So deepe did ſettle in her gracious thought,
That her perſwaded to diſcloſe the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And ſaid; " Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquere the ſecrets of my griefe;
Or that your wiſedome will direct my thought,
Or that your proweſſe can me yield reliefe:
Then, heare the ſtory ſad, which I ſhall tell you briefe.

43.

" The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have ſeene
The laughing ſtocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whoſe parents deare, whiles equal deſtinies

Did ronne about,[q] and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did ſpred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phiſon and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves[r] doe waſh continually:

44.

"Till that their cruell curſed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in ſight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,[s]
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome ſpoild, and countrey waſted quight:
Themſelves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forſt to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight;
Where, faſt embard in mighty braſen wall,
He has them now fowr years beſiegd to make them thrall.

45.

"Full many knights, adventurous and ſtout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monſter to ſubdew:
From every coaſt that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements ſtill purſew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all ſtill ſhronke, and ſtill he greater grew:
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

---

[q] *Did ronne about.*] It is "*come* about" in the 4to. 1590, but amended to "ronne about" in the errata at the end; otherwiſe we might have preferred "*come* about" in the ſenſe of accompliſhed. C.

[r] *Which Phiſon and Euphrates floweth by,*
And Gehons golden waves doe waſh continually.] *Piſon* is one of the rivers of Paradiſe, Gen. ii. 11. "The name of the ſecond river is *Gihon*," ver. 13. "And the fourth river is Euphrates," ver. 14. He omits the name of one of the rivers: and ſpells (according to his cuſtom) ſcarce any according to modern or the uſual ſpelling. UPTON.

[s] *loathly lakes of Tartary.*] For *Tartarus;* but as Jortin, Warton, and Todd ſhowed, *Tartar* or "Tartary" was the common name for Hell in Spenſer's age. Shakeſpeare, in "Henry V." A. ii. Sc. 2, ſpeaks of "vaſty Tartar," as the abode of fiends. C.

46.

" At laſt, yled with far reported praiſe,
Which flying fame throughout the world had ſpred,
Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raiſe,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I ſped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whoſe kingdomes ſeat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine ſome ſuch redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47.

" Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a freſh unproved knight;
Whoſe manly hand imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his proweſſe proofe he ſince hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghoſts of many one diſmaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

48.

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting ſword, and his devouring ſpeare,[t]
Which have endured many a dreadfull ſtowre,
Can ſpeake his proweſſe that did earſt you beare,
And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull loſſe,
And of my dolefull diſaventurous deare.
O! heavie record of the good Redcroſſe,
Where have yee left your lord that could ſo well you toſſe?

---

[t] *His biting ſword, and his devouring ſpeare.*] This apoſtrophe of Una to her knight's ſword and ſpear is not without its elegance and pathos. " His *biting* ſword," is from Horace, L. iv. Od. 6. " Ille *mordaci* velut icta ferro." " His *devouring* ſpear," from Scripture. " My ſword ſhall *devour* fleſh," Deut. xxxii. 42. UPTON.

49.

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor ſhould redeeme:
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His ſence abuſd, and made him to miſdeeme
My loyalty, not ſuch as it did ſeeme,
That rather death deſire then ſuch deſpight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right eſteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might.
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50.

" Thenceforth me deſolate he quite forſooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himſelfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead:
In which him chaunced falſe Dueſſa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and miſſeeming ſweete,
Inveigled him to follow her deſires unmeete.

51.

" At laſt, by ſubtile ſleights ſhe him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him diſarmed, diſſolute, diſmaid,
Unwares ſurpriſed, and with mighty mall[u]
The monſter mercileſſe him made to fall,
Whoſe fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darkeſome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedileſſe for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cauſe of griefe, more great then may be told."

52.

Ere ſhe had ended all ſhe gan to faint:

---

[u] *and with mighty mall.*] i. e. mighty *mallet*,—uſed by many old writers, and ſtill known as "mall" among ſhipwrights. C.

But he her comforted, and faire beſpake:
"Certes, Madame, ye have great cauſe of plaint,
That ſtouteſt heart, I weene, could cauſe to quake:
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquitt[x] your captive knight,
Aſſure your ſelfe I will you not forſake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her cheareleſſe ſpright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

---

[x] *For till I have acquitt.*] *Releaſed.* Fr. *acquitter:* ſee the firſt Stanza of the next Canto. CHURCH. Priſoners, when acquitted, are *releaſed; freed* from crime as well as from durance. Shakeſpeare, and perhaps he only, makes *acquittance* a verb in "Richard III." A. iii. Sc. 7. In St. 10 of the next Canto, Spenſer uſes to "quight" in the ſenſe of *releaſe,*—"his combred clubbe to quight." C.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who ſlayes the Gyaunt,[a] *wounds the beaſt,*
And ſtrips Dueſſa quight.

1.

AY me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquite him out at all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, thorough his own fooliſh pride
Or weaknes, is to ſinfull bands made thrall:
Els ſhould this Redcroſſe knight in bands have dyde,
For whoſe deliverance ſhe this Prince doth thether guyd.

2.

They ſadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a caſtle builded ſtrong and hye:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the ſame,
In which my Lord, my liege, doth luckleſſe ly

[a] *Who ſlayes the Gyaunt.*] It is "*that* Gyaunt" in the 4to. 1590, but an erratum directs us to read "the Gyaunt," as in our text. Todd and others differ about what, in fact, is too clear for doubt. C.

Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay."
The noble knight alighted by and by[b]
From loftie ſteed, and badd the Ladie ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

3.

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that caſtle wall;
Whoſe gates he fownd faſt ſhutt, ne living wight
To warde the ſame, nor anſwere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hong adowne his ſide in twiſted gold
And taſſelles gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that ſame hornes great virtues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uſes manifold.

4.

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be eaſy heard arownd,
And Ecchoes three aunſwer'd it ſelfe againe:
No falſe enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no locke ſo firme and faſt,
But with that percing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

5.

The ſame before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the caſtle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyaunt ſelfe, diſmaied with that ſownd,
Where he with his Dueſſa dalliaunce fownd,
In haſt came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,

---

[b] *alighted by and by.*] Equivalent to *immediately*, or *preſently*, as it was formerly underſtood; viz. at that preſent time. C.

With ſtaring countenance ſterne, as one aſtownd,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſuddein ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

6.

And after him the proud Dueſſa came,
High mounted on her many headed beaſt;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creaſt,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feaſt.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie ſhild
Upon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fierſly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedineſſe through every member thrild.

7.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with ſcornefull wrath and high diſdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged ſnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firſt encounter to have ſlaine.
But wiſe and wary[c] was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke ſuch thunderbolts to beare.

8.

Ne ſhame he thought to ſhonne ſo hideous might:
The ydle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the marke of his miſaymed ſight,
Did fall to ground,[d] and with his heavy ſway

---

[c] *But wiſe and wary.*] It is "*wiſt* and wary" in the oldeſt impreſſion, but the liſt of errata teaches us to read as in our text. C.

[d] *Did fall to ground*, &c.] Such is the unavailing blow of the giant, levelled at Graunde Amoure, from which, as we have juſt ſeen, he *lept aſide:*

"———— ſo that the ſtroke withall
"In the grounde lighted, beſide a ſtone wall,

So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
The ſad earth, wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with ſtrange feare did like an erthquake ſhow.

9.

As when[e] almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall ſins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food[f]
Enrold in flames, and ſmouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry paſſage ſtay;
And, ſhooting in the earth, caſtes up a mount of clay.

10.

His boyſtrous club, ſo buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe ſo light,

"Thre fote and more; and anon then I
"Did lepe vnto him, ſtrikyng full quickely."

A fruitleſs ſtroke of the ſame kind, aimed at Gerard by a giant, is thus well deſcribed in "Hiſt. de tres-noble et chevaleureux Prince Gerard, Comte de Nevers," &c. Par. 1520. "Se Gerard ne ſe fuſt deſtourné, moult grant dommaige lui euſt fait pour le coup qui eſtoit moult grant & peſant, ſi vint *deſcendant comme la fouldre plus d'ung grant pied dedans la terre.*" Ch. xiii. P. 2nd. TODD.

[e] *As when*, &c.] Longinus would have written a whole chapter on the boldneſs and ſublimity of the thoughts and terrible images in this ſimilitude. Compare this ſimile with that in F. Q. iv. vi. 14. See alſo what Pope has obſerved on Homer, Il. xiv. 480. UPTON.

[f] *Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food.*] *Food* is Spenſer's way of ſpelling *feud*, which ſignifies an *irreconcileable hatred*. So all the editions, except Hughes's ſecond edition, which here alters the ſpelling to *feud*. CHURCH. Spelman tranſlates the A. S. *fehth*, inimicitia; and *foe* is ſuppoſed to be derived from the ſame word: "feud" rather means hoſtility, the conſequence of hatred, than hatred itſelf. Spenſer here does not ſpell it "food" for the ſake of the rhyme with "mood," becauſe in a ſubſequent Canto (B. ii. C. i. St. 3,) where it occurs in the middle of a line, it alſo ſtands "food." C.

But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he ſtrove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He ſmott of his left arme,[g] which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large ſtreames of blood out of the truncked ſtock
Forth guſhed, like freſh water ſtreame from riven rocke.

11.

Diſmayed with ſo deſperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beaſtly yelling ſownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyſe, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth ſting,[h]
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.[i]

12.

That when his deare Dueſſa heard, and ſaw
The evil ſtownd that daungerd her eſtate,
Unto his aide ſhe haſtily did draw
Her dreadfull beaſt; who, ſwolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud preſumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,

[g] *He ſmott of his left arme.*] i. e. ſmote *off:* nothing was much more common of old than to print *off* "of," as here: in the fol. 1611 it ſtands, "He ſmote off his left arme." C.

[h] *whom kindly rage doth ſting.*] "Kindly" is according to kind, or nature. The bulls (as Church juſtly explains it, in oppoſition to Jortin's notion of a ſuppoſed catachreſis) roared after their kind with the want of the milky mothers: it was not the calves who bleated for their daily nutriment. The uſe of *kind* and *kindly* in this way was practiſed by nearly all the poets of Spenſer's day. C.

[i] *with hollow murmur ring.*] In the errata we are told to read "murmur ring" as two words, and not *murmuring*, as it ſtands, not only in the 4to. 1590, but in the fol. 1611. The printer of that edition did not introduce the alteration. C.

Encountring fiers with ſingle ſword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke ſtand.

13.

The proud Dueſſa, full of wrathfull ſpight,
And fiers diſdaine to be affronted ſo,[k]
Enforſt her purple beaſt with all her might,
That ſtop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let[l] of ſo unequall foe:
But nathemore would that corageous ſwayne[m]
To her yeeld paſſage gainſt his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous ſtrokes did him reſtraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which ſtill ſhe bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and deſpeyre did many thereof ſup,
And ſecret poyſon through their inner partes,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and ſome enchauntments ſaid,
She lightly ſprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his ſturdie corage ſoon was quayd,[n]
And all his ſences were with ſuddein dread diſmayd.

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[k] *And fiers diſdaine to be affronted ſo.*] To be ſo *encountered* or *oppoſed*. Ital. *affrontare*. So, in "Il Cavaliero della Croce," 1559, cap. x. "Come il Soldano ſi partì con l' eſſercito per *affrontarſi* co'l Turco." The word is often thus employed by Spenſer. Shakeſpeare and Milton uſe it in the ſame ſenſe. The latter has alſo given the like meaning to the ſubſtantive *affront*, in his "Samſon Agon." ver. 531. TODD.

[l] *Scorning the let.*] Scorning the hinderance or obſtruction. The verb to "let," meaning *to hinder*, is from the A. S. *latian*. The verb to *let*, i. e. to permit, is from the A. S. *lætan*. C.

[m] *that corageous ſwayne.*] Swain is from A. S. *ſwang*, and that from *ſwingan*, to toil, to work; but here it is to be taken in the ſenſe merely of *youth*, which it ſometimes bore: Chaucer, in his "Ryme of Sir Thopas," tells us that he was "a doughty ſwaine." C.

[n] *corage ſoon was quayd.*] Spenſer ſeems to be the only writer who uſes this word; and Richardſon doubts whether it is to be taken as a corruption (for the ſake of the rhyme) of *quailed*, or *cowed*. It ſeems of the poet's coinage. C.

15.

So downe he fell before the cruell beaſt,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did ſeize,
That life nigh cruſht out of his panting breſt:
No powre he had to ſtirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well aviſe,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beaſt gan turne his enterpriſe;
For wondrous anguiſh in his hart it wrought,
To ſee his loved Squyre into ſuch thraldom brought:

16.

And, high advauncing his blood-thirſtie blade,
Stroke one of thoſe deformed heades ſo ſore,
That of his puiſſaunce proud enſample made:
His monſtrous ſcalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed ſhape misſhaped more.
A ſea of blood guſht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments ſtaynd with filthy gore;
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over ſhoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

17.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And ſcourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie ſted
Would have caſt downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the Gyaunt ſoone her ſuccoured;
Who, all enrag'd with ſmart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forſt the knight retyre.

18.

The force, which wont in two to be diſperſt,
In one alone left hand° he now unites,

° *In one alone left hand.*] That is, in the one hand which alone was

Which is through rage more ſtrong than both were erſt;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,[p]
And at his foe with furious rigor ſmites,
That ſtrongeſt Oake might ſeeme to overthrow.
The ſtroke upon his ſhield ſo heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare ſo monſtrous blow?

19.

And in his fall his ſhield, that covered was,
Did looſe his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightneſſe through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the ſame endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt ſpyde with ſtaring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and ſoft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have ſlain the man, that on the ground did lye.

20.

And eke the fruitfull-headed Beaſt, amazd
At flaſhing beames of that ſunſhiny ſhield,
Became ſtark blind, and all his ſences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And ſeemd himſelfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maiſtreſſe proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintneſſe reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly ſhe gan call;
"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we periſh all."

21.

At her ſo pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion ſtout; and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,

---

left to him; not his left hand, but his hand left. Church tells us that the fol. 1611 has "*right* hand:" this is a miſtake, for, like the 4to. 1590, it reads, "In one alone left hand." C.

[p] *aloft he dites.*] Aloft he *prepares, dights.* A. S. *dihtan.* C.

But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces[q] ſpend
Them ſelves in vaine: for, ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſences quight.

22.

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addreſt
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke, did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe hartſtrings with keene ſteele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23.

Or as a Caſtle, reared high and round,
By ſubtile engins and malitious ſlight
Is undermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forſt, and feebled quight,
At laſt downe falles; and with her heaped hight
Her haſtie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it ſelfe unto the victours might.
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that ſeemd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24.

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ſteele him ſmot againe ſo ſore,
That headleſſe his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore.

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[q] *In that bright ſhield, and all their forces.*] So all the editions. It ſhould be "*his* forces;" *Orgoglio's*. CHURCH.

But, ſoone as breath out of his breſt did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vaniſht quite; and of that monſtrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

25.

Whoſe grievous fall when falſe Dueſſa ſpyde,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aſyde:
Such percing griefe her ſtubborne hart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that dolefull ſtound,
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deſerved pray.

26.

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In penſive plight and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie,
With ſober gladneſſe and myld modeſtie;
And with ſweet joyous cheare him thus beſpake;
"Fayre braunch of nobleſſe, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the paynes ye ſuffer for my ſake?

27.

"And you, freſh budd of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for ſuch perill paſt
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelfe, and ſervice evermore:
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equall eye, their merites to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with uſuree.

28.

" But ſith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you maſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maiſter eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all ſo well, I pray.
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
For ſhe it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath waſted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"

29.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himſelfe with greedie great deſyre
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did eſpye.
Then gan he lowdly through the houſe to call;
But no man car'd to anſwere to his crye:
There raignd a ſolemne ſilence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeene in bowre or hall.

30.

At laſt, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man,[r] with beard as white as ſnow;
That on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye ſight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unuſed ruſt did overgrow:

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[r] *An old old man.*] Again, F. Q. ii. ix. 55. "An *old old* man.". Ital. *Un ſene vecchio;* ſenex vetulus; γέρων πάλαιος. This expreſſion I have heard in the Weſt. Upton.

This reduplication has been applied to Thomas Parr, the celebrated old man of Shropſhire; of whom an account was publiſhed, entitled "The old old very old man," &c. by John Taylor the Water-Poet, in 1635. Todd.

Thoſe were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them uſe, but kept them ſtill in ſtore.

31.

But very uncouth ſight was to behold,
How he did faſhion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foſter father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

32.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beſeemed well;
And gently aſkt, where all the people bee,
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell:
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Again he aſkt, where that ſame knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puiſſaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall? againe he ſayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other anſwere made.

33.

Then aſked he, which way he in might paſ?
He could not tell, againe he anſwered.
Thereat the courteous knight diſpleaſed was,
And ſaid; "Old ſyre, it ſeemes thou haſt not red
How ill it ſits[s] with that ſame ſilver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wiſe what I demaund of thee."

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[s] *How ill it ſits.*] i. e. *ſuits:* ſee note *u*, p. 186. C.

34.

His anſwere likewiſe was, he could not tell:
Whoſe ſenceleſſe ſpeach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He gheſt his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him ſtepping, from his arme did reach
Thoſe keyes, and made himſelfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to ſtop, nor foe him to empeach.[t]

35.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and reſplendent gold,
And did with ſtore of every thing abound,
That greateſt Princes preſence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltleſſe babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were ſlaine as ſheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And ſacred aſhes over it was ſtrowed new.

36.

And there beſide of marble ſtone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
On which trew Chriſtians blood was often ſpilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye
With cruell malice and ſtrong tyranny:
Whoſe bleſſed ſprites, from underneath the ſtone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,

---

[t] *nor foe him to empeach.*] "Empeach," or *impeach*, ſeems to have two ſenſes, viz. to *hinder* and to *accuſe*; and ſo Minſheu ſtates: but he does not give the different etymology of each word according to the ſenſe it bears, viz. Fr. *empêcher*, to hinder, and *pécher*, to ſin. See Collier's "Shakeſpeare," edit. 1858, vol. i. p. 99, (in the Index the figure 9 has unfortunately dropped out.) C.

That hardeſt heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

37.

Through every rowme he ſought, and everie bowr;
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:[u]
At laſt he came unto an yron doore,
That faſt was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongſt that bounch to open it withall;
But in the ſame a little grate was pight,
Through which he ſent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were houſed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

38.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
Theſe pitteous plaintes and dolours did reſound:
"O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every ſtound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkneſſe bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
O! welcome thou, that doeſt of death bring tydings trew."

39.

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled ſore;
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight ſo fowle forlore:
Which ſhaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,

---

[u] *that wofull thrall.*] That woful *priſoner*. Originally, "thrall" ſeems to have meant a bondſlave, who was marked by a thrill, or drill, through the ear. See Richardſon's "Dict." Afterwards it came to ſignify any captive or perſon under durance. Of courſe, here the application of "thrall" is to the Redcroſs Knight. C.

But all a deepe deſcent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull ſmell.

40.

But nether darkeneſſe fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous ſmell, his purpoſe could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with conſtant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Priſoner up to reare;
Whoſe feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corſe, him ſcarſe to light could beare;
A ruefull ſpectacle of death and ghaſtly drere.[x]

41.

His ſad dull eies, deepe ſunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted ſunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty ſides deceived of their dew,
Could make a ſtony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whoſe mighty brawned bowrs[y]
Were wont to rive ſteele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene conſum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his fleſh ſhronk up like withered flowres.

42.

Whome when his Lady ſaw, to him ſhe ran
With haſty joy: to ſee him made her glad,

---

[x] *and ghaſtly drere.*] Richardſon gives "drear" as a noun, but he produces no inſtance of its uſe: Upton ſays that "drere" is *ſorrow, ſadneſs*, and he refers to "deſpiteous dreare" in F. Q. B. iv. C. viii. St. 42; but it may be doubted whether in either inſtance it is to be conſidered a ſubſtantive, and not an epithet. Perhaps we are to receive "drere" in the ſenſe of "dreriment," or "drerihead," both words of frequent occurrence in Spenſer. C.

[y] *whoſe mighty brawned bowrs.*] i. e. perhaps *benders*. Upton ſays that "the bowrs are what anatomiſts call *muſculi flexores*, ſo named becauſe eaſily bowed;" but Richardſon affords no ſuch ſenſe. Todd, in his edit. of "Johnſon," ſpells it "bower," citing the paſſage in Spenſer in which it is found. C.

And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares ſhe waſted had,
She ſaid; "Ah deareſt Lord! what evil ſtarre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your ſelfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this miſſeeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

43.

"But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
Whoſe preſence I have lackt too long a day:
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whoſe wrathful wreakes them ſelves doe now alay;
And for theſe wronges ſhall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."[z]
The chearleſſe man,[a] whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44.

"Faire Lady," then ſaid that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eare:[b]
But th' only good that growes of paſſed feare
Is to be wiſe, and ware of like agein.

---

[z] *good growes of evils priefe.*] Meaning that good ariſes out of the proof or experience of evil. "Prief" and *preaf* are old forms of proof, and in other places Spenſer uſes *preve* and *preeving* for the verb and active participle. C.

[a] *The chearleſſe man*, &c.] It is unnatural that the Redcroſs Knight ſhould be ſo ſuddenly reconciled to Una, after he had forſaken her for her ſuppoſed infidelity and impurity. The poet ſhould certainly firſt have brought about an eclairciſſement between them. T. Warton.

[b] *Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eare.*] Here ſeems an error often erred in the tranſcribing or printing of this poem, and that is repeating the ſame word twice over. The learned author of the Remarks on Spenſer has marked this paſſage, and propoſes to read, not without reaſon,

"Beſt muſick breeds *diſlike* in loathing eare." Upton.

This daies enſample hath this leſſon deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That bliſſe may not abide in ſtate of mortall men.

45.

" Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maiſter theſe miſhaps with patient might.
Loe! where your foe lies ſtretcht in monſtrous length;
And loe! that wicked woman in your ſight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
" To doe her die," (qd. Una) " were deſpight,
And ſhame t'avenge ſo weake an enimy;
But ſpoile her of her ſcarlot robe, and let her fly."

46.

So, as ſhe bad, that witch they diſaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplaid;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then, when they had deſpoyld her tire and call,
Such as ſhe was their eyes might her behold,
That her miſſhaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

47.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with ſcurfe and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her ſowre breath abhominably ſmeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled ſkin, as rough as maple rind,
So ſcabby was that would have loathd all womankind.

48.

Her neather parts, the ſhame of all her kind,

My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write;
But at her rompe ſhe growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw.
More ugly ſhape yet never living creature ſaw.

49.

Which when the knights beheld amazd they were,
And wondred at ſo fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," (ſaid Una,) "as ſhe ſeemeth here,
Such is the face of falſehood; ſuch the ſight
Of fowle Dueſſa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfeſaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhowne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

50.

Shee, flying faſt from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her diſcovered wide,
Fled to the waſtfull wilderneſſe apace,
From living eies her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long uneſpide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt them ſelves, and weary powres repaire;
Where ſtore they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

END OF VOL. I.

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